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The Chain Library.

Photogravure of the apartment containing chained MSS. in Wimborne Minster.

[Vol. XVI.]

History, Biography, Poetry, Drama, Travel, Adventure, Romance and Essay and Little-Known Literature from the Archives of the Great Libraries of the World.

A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought and Done from the Beginning of History.

WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Thirty . . . Volume 16 . . . Volumes

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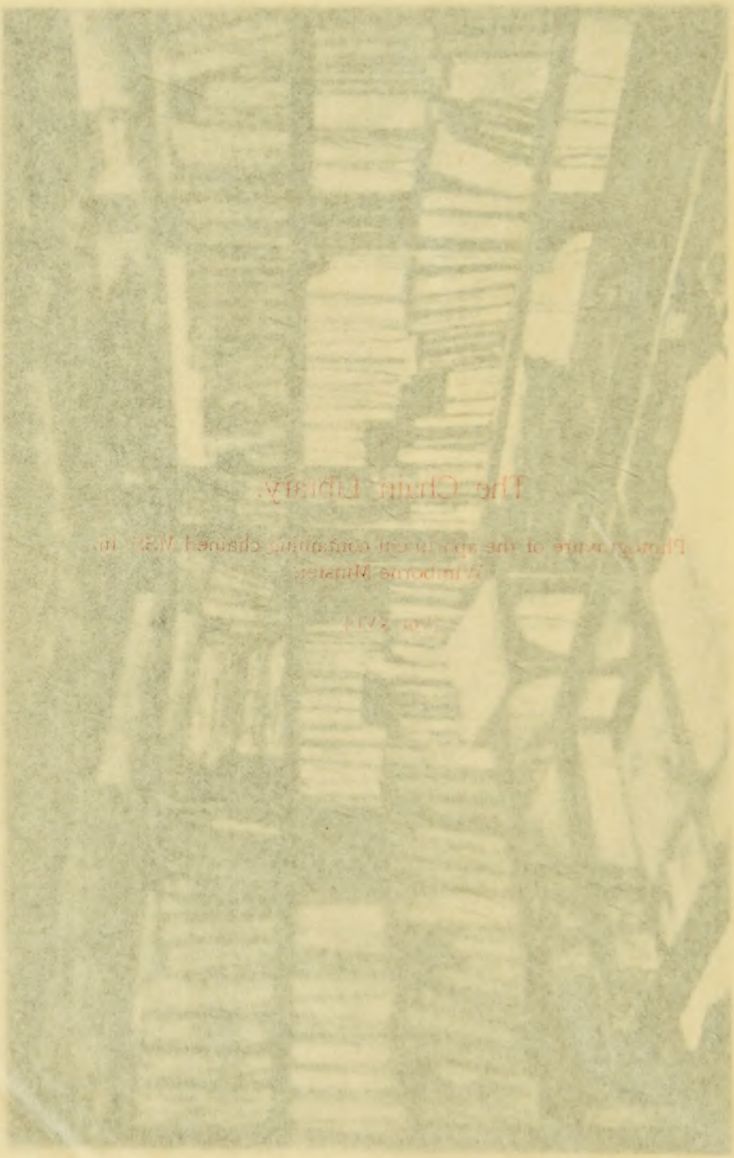

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CLASSIC CHINESE POEMS.

(From the Shi-King: translated by William Jennings.)

A Challenge.

[This is a parallel, from the woman's side, to George Wither's "Shall I, pining in Despair."]

If, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd be thy slave both day and night;
But if thy thoughts are unresigned,
Is there for me no other wight?
Oh craziest of crazy boys!

Say, am I dear to thee, my friend?
'Tis strange you do not make reply;
If with some other maid you wend,
This shall not surely make me die.
Oh craziest of crazy boys!

When fortune smiles on thee, I smile;
When sorrow comes, I seek my knees;
If thou disdain me, yet, awhile,
Some one will bring me peonies.
Oh craziest of crazy boys!

If, friend, thy thoughts of me were sweet,
I'd climb Nan-ling to bring thee joy;
If on the peak we do not meet,
Is there for me no other boy?
Oh craziest of crazy boys!

If, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Tsin;

But if thou be of other mind,
Is there none else my love would win?
O craziest of crazy boys!

Ay, if thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Wei;
But if thy thoughts are else inclined,
Is there none other gallant nigh?
O craziest of crazy boys!

The Absent Husband.

I picked and picked the mouse ears,
Nor gained one basket load;
My heart was with my husband:
I flung them on the road.

I climbed yon rugged mountain,
My ponies all broke down;
I filled my golden goblet
Long anxious thought to drown.

I climbed yon lofty ridges,
With my ponies black and bay;
I filled for me my horn cup
Long torture to allay.

I climbed yon craggy uplands,
My steeds grew weak and ill;
My footmen were exhausted;—
And here I sorrow still!

Lament of a Discarded Wife.

When east winds blow unceasingly,
They bring but gloominess and rain.
Strive, strive to live unitedly,
And every angry thought restrain.
Some plants we gather for their leaves,
But leave the roots untouched beneath;
So, while unsullied was my name,
I should have lived with you till death.

With slow, slow step I took the road,
My inmost heart rebelling sore,
You came not far with me, indeed,
You only saw me to the door.

Who calls the lettuce bitter fare,
The cress is not a whit more sweet.
Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
Well pleased, as when fond brothers meet.

The Wei, made turbid by the king,
Grows limpid by the islets there.
There, feasting with your new-found bride,
For me no longer now you care.
Yet leave to me my fishing dam;
My wicker nets, remove them not.
My person spurned — some vacant hour
May bring compassion for my lot.

Where ran the river full and deep,
With raft or boat I paddled o'er;
And where it flowed in shallower stream,
I dived or swam from shore to shore.
And what we had, or what we lost,
For that I strained my every nerve;
When other folks had loss, I'd crawl
Upon my knees, if aught 'twould serve.

And you can show me no kind care,
Nay, treated like a foe am I!
My virtue stood but in your way,
Like traders' goods that none will buy.
Once it was feared we could not live;
In your reverses then I shared:
And now, when fortune smiles on you,
To very poison I'm compared.

I have laid by a goodly store, —
For winter's use it was to be; —
Feast on there with your new-found bride, —
I was for use in poverty!
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
When you came nestling to my side!

Comrades in War Time.

How say we have no clothes?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew, —
We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide,—
We'll do it, side by side!

How say we have no clothes?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armor and arms prepare,—
The toils of war we'll share.

Trust thy Last Friend against the World.

A babbling current fails
To float a load of thorns away,—
Of brothers, few are left us now,
Yet we remain, myself and thou:
Believe not others' tales,
Others will lead thee far astray.

The babbling current fails
To float the firewood fagots far.—
Of brothers there are left but few,
Yet I and thou remain, we two:
Believe not others' tales
For verily untrue they are!

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF GOD.[1]

By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

(From "Ten Great Religions.")

[James Freeman Clarke, an American Unitarian clergyman, theologian, and miscellaneous author, was born at Hanover, N.H., April 4, 1810, and died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. Having graduated at Harvard, he prepared for the ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School; preached at Louisville, Ky., 1833–1840, and in 1841 founded, in Boston, the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for forty-five years. He became noted as a preacher and

[1] Copyright, 1883, by James Freeman Clarke. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

author, and took a prominent part in all educational and reform movements in Boston. His principal publications are: "Ten Great Religions" (1871–1883), "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," "Thomas Didymus," "Common Sense in Religion," "Events and Epochs in Religious History," and "Self-Culture."]

THE mixture of a hidden and private Monotheism with a public Polytheism was the religion of the civilized world, with the exception of Judea, when Christ came. Now, probably, one half of the human race have a Monotheistic religion. These Monotheistic religions are the work of two prophets, Moses and Jesus, from whose teachings Mohammed drew his own inspiration. The semi-Monotheism of China and Eastern Asia is also the result of the teaching of two great souls, Buddha and Confucius. The nature of their inspiration we shall consider in another chapter. Christianity teaches the highest form of Monotheism. Jesus gives no personal name to the Deity, as the religions before him had done. He does not call God by the sacred Jewish name of Yahveh, but by a word designating his character of parental care and love, "Father." The peculiarity of Christian Monotheism is that it combines with the conception of one Supreme, All-perfect Being, Maker and Ruler of all things, which is the philosophic Monotheism, and with that of holy Lawgiver and Judge, and Beneficent Providence, the faith in an infinite tenderness of love. God in Christ comes near to each soul, as an ever-present friend and helper; as one who forgives and saves; a perpetual inspiration and guide; a friend nearer than any other to every child high or low. Farther than this Monotheism can hardly go, for this combines the two extremes of religious thought in a harmonious whole, that of the Being who is infinitely removed from us by his greatness, and the Being who comes nearest to us by his love. This is the fullness of him who fills all in all.

Of all the beliefs of man in regard to the supernatural world, the belief in a human soul as a substantial essence, capable of existing independently of the body, has prevailed most widely. It is found in all parts of the world, in all times, among all classes, however widely separated from each other by physical and moral barriers. The lowest tribes of savages unite with the most sublime philosophers in this conviction. On this point the Hottentot and the Fiji islander agree with Plato and Aristotle.

The evidence of this belief among the lower races, who have no metaphysical theories or language, is to be found in their

universal conviction that all men continue to exist after the death of the body, as disembodied spirits, or, as we say, ghosts.

Our word "ghost," it must be remembered, the same as the German "geist," simply means a spirit. Now the belief of the existence of disembodied spirits is well-nigh universal among the primitive races. All believe in apparitions, in unsubstantial appearances of departed friends. The Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle of North America; the natives of Siberia in the same latitudes in Asia; the Australians and Patagonians at the other extreme of the world; the great religions of antiquity — those of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Peru, the Tartar tribes of Central Asia, the Negroes of Central and Western Africa; the inhabitants of the innumerable islands of the Pacific — have all believed in such a continued spiritual existence of the dead. This belief could only have come from one of two sources — from outward experience or inward consciousness. Either they have all actually seen ghosts, and believe in them for that reason, or else they have not seen them. If they have not seen them, if ghosts have never appeared, this universal belief has prevailed with no facts of outward experience to support it. It must then be based on some profound and universal fact of inward experience. Is there any such fact? There is. We are conscious of a thinking, feeling, and acting self, which has no bodily qualities. This self acts and feels in every part of the body, and yet is not located in any part, for if a part of the body is lost, the thinking and feeling and acting energy remains unimpaired. It seems to go out of the body in dreams, in memory, in imagination, and in thought which makes the past present, the distant near. The soul seems to leave the body in dreams, for then it enters into another world, seemingly as real as this one. It has a marvelous unity, correlating and combining in a central self or ego, imagination, memory, hope and fear, love and hatred, thought and sensation, action, choice, and passive receptivity. It is the one simple ego which has all this experience. Our consciousness does not allow us to suppose that one part of the soul is devoted to thought, another part to feeling, and the like. We say, "I think, I feel, I remember, I am in pain, I like the taste of this fruit, I smell the perfume of that rose, I foresee that some evil may occur, I intend to build a house next year." It is one and the same undivided, indivisible self which does all this. The consciousness of this indivisible unity, a unity of which the

body is incapable, is the same in the savage and the philosopher. It is a primitive, universal, and necessary conviction. The body dissolves at death, but the self within the body is indissoluble. It continues one and the same through all the changes of life, and therefore will continue, men believe, after the physical body dies. Primitive man does not argue in this way, and convince himself thus of his immortality; but the belief is the natural outgrowth of his self-consciousness.

Some eminent thinkers, however, take a different view. They tell us that the man who sleeps and dreams thinks he has two individualities, one of which leaves the other in his sleep, and comes back to it again when he wakes.

Schoolcraft reports that "the North American Indians believe in duplicate souls, one of which remains with the body, while the other departs during sleep." But this is surely a misinterpretation of their idea. There is evidence enough that many primitive races believe that the conscious thinking soul leaves the body during sleep. But there is not a second conscious thinking soul left behind. There is no evidence that any human being, on awakening from a dream, ever remembered that he existed simultaneously in two distinct series of conscious thoughts and actions. His thinking self was only one. It seemed to leave his body and go elsewhere. He saw that the body had a principle of life left with it, but not a second principle of thought. This theory, then, of a double soul is a mere misuse of words, and rests on no scientific basis of observation or experience.

There have been instances of persons who, by some strange cerebral conditions, have passed from one state of consciousness into another, and in the second state have forgotten all they knew in the previous condition. They have then passed back, during an interval of sleep, into their original state, instantly remembering all they learned before while in that condition, but forgetting all they knew in the second. But even this extremely rare phenomenon does not justify the assumption of a double soul. The patient in this case had no double consciousness, but simply forgot in one condition what was remembered in another. This was not having two souls, but it was one soul passing into two different states of thought and life.

It is often asserted that the primitive races regard their shadows as their soul, and hence it is argued that the very notion of the soul may have been derived from the sight of the

shadow. This is reversing the order of thought. The idea of the soul must have existed before it could have been compared to a shadow. When the Romans called a disembodied spirit an "umbra," or shadow, and the Greeks used the same word, they simply meant that it was unsubstantial, like a shadow.

As a shadow is visible, but not tangible, as it retains the outline of the form, so the ghost was believed to be visible but not tangible, and to have a vague outline of the human form. But how could any human being believe that the shadow which always accompanies the body, and is never seen without it, can be the spirit which has no body, and which leaves the body in dreams? The most striking case on record of such an imagination is in the story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow. We ourselves often use the word "shadow" to express something unsubstantial, as when we say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" No one would infer from this that we considered our souls to be the shadows. We can usually best get at the conceptions of the undeveloped races by recalling our own notions when we were children. We shall remember, I think, that our shadow had a mysterious quality to our infantile mind. It aroused our fancy; we may have tried to run away from it; we may have stamped upon it; it was an attendant from which we could not get away. But it never occurred to us for a moment that it was our soul, or self. Similar childish fancies take possession of the childlike races. The natives of Benin call a man's shadow his guide, and believe it will witness if he has done well or ill. The Basutos are careful not to let their shadow fall on the river, lest a crocodile should seize it, and draw them in.

One remarkable and unaccountable exception, if it is an exception, to the universal belief of mankind in the soul as a simple substantial principle of feeling, thought, and will, known by consciousness, is the great religion of Buddha. We are positively assured by the best-informed writers on this religion, that it persistently denies and rejects the notion of a soul in man. This is stated in the most decided form by Rhys Davids, one of the most recent and learned writers. Buddhism, he says, teaches that man is a flux of emotions, thought, acts, with no abiding principle behind them. He quotes a passage from the "Sutta Pitaka," to the effect that the unlearned and sensual man regards the soul as residing in sensation and matter, and so gets the idea "I am." But the wise man who has

escaped both from ignorance and from acquired knowledge does not have this idea, "I am."

Here, however, comes in the necessity of understanding the meaning of words, of entering into the state of mind of the Buddhist thinker. It is of small consequence to have any statement, unless we comprehend the intention of the man who makes it.

Now the whole purpose of original Buddhism was to teach men how to escape the miseries of life by the destruction of desire. Among these desires is the wish for continued existence. This also must be destroyed. Therefore the Pitakas, or oldest religious books, perpetually repeat such statements as this: —

> I see in the world this trembling race given to desire for existences; they lament in the mouth of death, not being free from the desire for reiterated existences. Look on those men trembling with selfishness; let them be unselfish, not having any attachment to existences.

The object being to produce perfect peace by the destruction of all desire — even the desire for continued existence — the remedy must be found in knowledge, which is the Buddhist way of salvation. Brahmanism in the time of Buddha sought the same end. The Laws of Manu say of the sage: "Let him not seek for death, let him not seek for life." But their method of extinguishing all desire was by ascetic mortifications. Buddha had tried these, and found them insufficient. His great discovery was that salvation came through knowledge, knowledge of the laws of being. He reached that state, not by reasoning or philosophy, which he declares can never produce knowledge, but only fluctuating opinion. To him knowledge came by an interior insight of spiritual, moral, and physical law. To destroy all desire, the desire for future existence must be destroyed. This is destroyed by seeing that there is no soul, or personal identity, or ego to continue. Thus Buddhism seems to deny the existence of the soul.

On the other hand it teaches transmigration. This is a fundamental doctrine with Buddhism. But how can there be a migration of souls from one body to another, unless there are souls to migrate? The answer is an ingenious one. Here comes in the great law called Karma, which is the law of cause

and effect made universal. Every moral or immoral action which a man performs produces its result. If he does right he goes up, if wrong he goes down. When a man dies the whole results of his life are summed up in a new being, who takes his place by the law of Karma. He does not pass into another body, but another being appears as the consequence of his conduct. So the Buddhist metaphysicians say that what we call transmigration is really metamorphosis.

But this fine-spun doctrine belongs to the metaphysics, not to the religion of Buddhism. Even Hardy himself tells us that "it is almost universally repudiated." In historical composition, in narrative, and in conversation, the common idea of transmigration is always presented. We meet with innumerable passages like the following: "These four, by the help of Buddha, went after death to the celestial world. 'I myself was the wise merchant of this transaction.'"

This Buddhist doctrine of no soul is, therefore, no exception to the general law. The Buddhists, like the rest of mankind, believe in the personal ego, and its continued existence hereafter. Whatever their metaphysics may demand, their faith is in the continued existence of the individual through many births and deaths till he reach Nirvâna. One of the most learned writers on Buddhism, Samuel Beal, takes this view in his introduction to "The Romantic History of Buddha."

We have seen how belief in a personal self arises through consciousness. Observation of organized life leads to a like conclusion. We observe in all animals and plants an organization in which matter is governed, molded, renewed, correlated, and brought into unity by some power not perceptible to the senses. There is a cause which operates steadily and constantly on every part of the organization, bringing all under the use of the unit,— a law of growth in the plant, of sensation in the animal, of thought in the man. While the vital vortex is going on, all the physical laws to which the molecules of the body are otherwise subject are neutralized and overcome. The law of gravity is neutralized and overcome in the plant which grows upward. The law of inertia is overcome in animals, who can originate motion. The chemical laws are overcome in plants and animals, which resist change and decay. If the phrase vital principle is objected to, no one can deny the existence of a vital unity, which is unexplained by the senses. We are obliged to suppose some cause of all this, and a common

cause of this correlation. Men have decided to call it life or soul.

Not only has the existence of the soul been received in all religions (with the apparent exception of Buddhism), but also it has been the basis of all philosophies which deserve that name.

According to Pythagoras the soul is an emanation of the world soul, and so partakes of the divine nature. At death it leaves this body to take another, and so goes through the circle of appointed forms. The soul in man is a self-moving principle. Ovid describes this Pythagorean view of transmigration in verses thus translated by Dryden: —

> Souls cannot die. They leave a former home
> And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
> Nothing can perish, all things change below,
> For spirits through all forms may come and go.
> Good beasts shall rise to human forms; and men
> If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.
> Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go,
> And thus fulfill its destiny below.

The human soul, according to Plato, is essentially rational. It is pure mind, but associated with a lower animal soul, composed of energy or active power, and desire or passive affection.

The immortality of the soul is argued in the beautiful dialogue of "Phædo," one of the most charming works in all literature. According to Socrates, in this dialogue, the soul is the ego, the mind which thinks, loves, and acts, and when death comes, it is not the mind which dies, but the body. At the close of this long dialogue, one of the disciples of Socrates asks him what he wishes them to do with him after his death. He smiles and says: "Anything you please, if you can catch me."

According to the Stoics, the soul is an emanation of the Deity, an inborn breath of God, extending through the body.

According to Aristotle, all living things have a soul; the plant has a soul which enables it to grow; it is a constructive force. The vital force of the animal adds to this, sensation, desire, locomotion; in man, the faculty of reason is added.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization. (1) Because all we know is sensible phenomena. (2) Because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is

sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible unity; whereas matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain fibers decay, memory goes; without phosphorus, no thought,— is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is dis-

ordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus was not supplied to the brain. But this is no such great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon, no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.

SELF-CULTURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[William Ellery Channing, American Unitarian clergyman, one of the chief founders of his sect in America, was born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. An edition of his sermons, addresses, and other productions was published in 1848.]

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth

and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus

outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and [illegible]

fall to pieces at death, but as a being of free spiritual powers; and I place little value on any culture but that which aims to bring out these and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work bench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or daydreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery!

You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer that Man is greater than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a great work? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all condi-

tions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamt of is needed by our whole race!

A great idea, like this of Self-culture, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important and only sufficient means. Let such consider that the grand volumes of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

A SERMON OF OLD AGE.

By THEODORE PARKER.

[Theodore Parker: An American clergyman; born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in arts in 1834 and in divinity in 1836. His extreme heterodox views brought upon him much adverse criticism. He was intimately associated with the antislavery leaders of the day and is more noted as a speaker than as a writer. He published "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion" (1842), "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology" (1853), etc.]

Alas for the man who has lived meanly! his old age is a sad and wintry day, whereunto the spring offers no promise. He sowed the wind: it is the storm he reaps.

Here is an old sensualist. In his youth he threw the reins on the neck of every lust which wars against the soul. In his graver years, his calculation was only for the appetites of the flesh, ambition for sensual delight. Now he is old, his desire has become habit, but the instruments of his appetite are dull, broken, worn out. He recollects the wine and the debauch once rejoiced in; now they have lost their relish; his costly meat turns to gall in him. He remembers nothing but his feasting, and his riot, and his debauch. He has had his skin full of animal gluttony, nothing more. He thinks of the time when the flesh was strong about him. So the Hebrews, whom Moses led out of thraldom, remembered the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely, and said, "Carry us back to Egypt, that we may serve false gods and be full." He dreams of his old life; some night of sickness, when opium has drugged him to sleep, it comes up once more. His old fellow-sinners have risen from the dead; they prepare the feast; they pour the wine; they sing the filthy ribald song; the lewd woman comes in his dream; — alas! it is only a dream; he wakes with his gout and chagrin. Let us leave him with his bottle and his bloat, his recollection and his gout. Poor old man! his gray hairs not venerable, but stained with drunkenness and lust. So have I seen, in other lands, the snows of winter fall on what was once a mountain that spouted cataracts of fire. Now all is cold, and the volcano's crater is but a bowl of ice, which no mortal summer can melt; and underneath it there are the scoriæ and the lava which the volcano threw up in its heat — cold, barren, ugly to look on. O young man! young maid! would you be buried alive, to die of rot, in such a grave as that?

Here is an old man who loved nothing but money. Instead of a conscience, heart, and soul, he had only a three-headed greedy worm, which longed for money — copper, silver, gold. In youth, he minted his passion into current coin, courting an estate; in manhood, he was ambitious only for gold; in old age, he has his money, the passion and ambition therefor; the triple greedy worm, three times more covetous than before. As the powers of the body fail, his lust for gold grows fiercer in that decay: —

—the interest table is his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.

How afraid he is of the assessor! In youth avarice was a passion; in manhood calculation; but now the passion is stronger, the calculation more intense, and there is the habit of covetousness, eighty years old The accumulated fall of eighty winters gives his covetousness such a momentum as carries him with swiftly accelerated speed down into the bottomless pit of hunkerism. He has no care for right and justice; no love for mankind; none for God. Mammon is his sole divinity, that Godhead a trinity of coin. What an end of what a life! His gray hairs cover only an estate; he is worth nothing.

Did you ever see the old age of a covetous man who for eighty years had gathered gold and nothing more? I have seen more than one such. It is the sin of New England. I spoke of poverty the other day; of want which I saw in the cellars of Broad Street and Burgess Alley, in the attics of the North End Block. There is no want so squalid, no misery of poverty so desperate, as the consciousness of an old miser, in his old age of covetousness. Pass him by.

What a beautiful thing is the old age which crowns a noble life, of rich or poor! How fair are the latter days of many a woman — wife, mother, sister, aunt, friend — whom you and I have known! How proud were the last years of Washington; the old age of Franklin! How beautiful in his late autumn is Alexander von Humboldt! The momentum of manliness bears on the venerable man beyond his four-and-eightieth year. There you see the value of time. It takes much to make a great life, as to make a great estate. No amount of genius that God ever gives a man could enable one to achieve at forty what Humboldt has only done at more than eighty. It was so with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Leibnitz, every great man who has awed the world by the action of a mighty intellect, with corresponding culture.

These are men of high talent, station, genius perhaps. But the old age of a Quaker tailor in Philadelphia and New York was not a whit less fair. The philanthropy of Isaac Hopper blessed the land; in his manhood it enriched the world; in his old age it beautified his own life, giving an added glory to his soul.

How many farmers, mechanics, traders, servants, how many mothers, wives, and aunts have you and I known, whose last days were a handsome finish to a handsome life; the Christian ornament on the tall column of time! Their old age was the slow setting of the sun which left

> The smile of his departure spread
> O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Miss Kindly is aunt to everybody, and has been so long that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her; she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments, threescore years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found the way to college lay through her pocket. Generations not her own rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. That great fortune — when it was a seed, she carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old, very old. The little children, who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas, such an advent is there of blessings from her hand. She has helped lay a Messiah in many a poor man's crib.

Her hands are thin; her voice feeble; her back is bent; she walks with a staff — the best limb of the three. She wears a cap of antique pattern, yet of her own nice make. She has great round spectacles, and holds her book away off the other side of the candle when she reads. For more than sixty years she has been a special providence to the family. How she used to go forth — the very charity of God — to soothe and heal and bless! How industrious are her hands! how thoughtful and witty that fertile mind! Her heart has gathered power to love in all the eighty-six years of her toilsome life. When the birth angel came to a related house, she was there to be the mother's mother; ay, mother also to the newborn baby's soul. And when the wings of death flapped in the street and shook a neighbor's door, she smoothed down the pillow for the fainting head; she soothed and cheered the spirit of the waiting man, opening the curtains of heaven that he might look through and see the welcoming face of the dear Infinite mother: nay,

she put the wings of her own strong, experienced piety under him, and sought to bear him up.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are recollected in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum, her good works are laid up, imperishable, in the geology of her character.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

By HORACE BUSHNELL.

[Horace Bushnell: An American theologian; born in Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802; died at Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1876. He was graduated from Yale in 1827; taught school; studied law; engaged in journalism; and in 1833 became a Congregational clergyman. His liberal views resulted in his trial for heresy, but he was not excommunicated. His works include: "Christian Nature" (1847), "God in Christ" (1849), "Christ in Theology" (1851), "Nature and the Supernatural" (1858), "Sermons for the New Life" (1858), "Character of Jesus" (1861), "Work and Play" (1864), "The Vicarious Sacrifice" (1865), "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868), "Woman Suffrage" (1869), and "Forgiveness and Law" (1874). He received the degree of D.D. from Wesleyan in 1842, and from Harvard in 1852; and that of LL.D. from Yale in 1871.]

Come now, all ye that tell us in your wisdom of the mere natural humanity of Jesus, and help us to find how it is that he is only a natural development of the human; select your best and wisest character; take the range, if you will, of all the great philosophers and saints, and choose out one that is most competent; or if, perchance, some one of you may imagine that he is himself about upon a level with Jesus (as we hear that some of you do), let him come forward in this trial and say — "Follow me," — "Be worthy of me," — "I am the light of the world," — "Ye are from beneath, I am from above," — "Behold a greater than Solomon is here;" — take on all these transcendent assumptions, and see how soon your glory will be sifted out of you by the detective gaze, and darkened by the contempt, of mankind! Why not? is not the challenge fair? Do you not tell us that you can say as divine things as he? Is it not in you too, of course, to do what is human? Are you

not in the front rank of human developments? Do you not rejoice in the power to rectify many mistakes and errors in the words of Jesus? Give us then this one experiment, and see if it does not prove to you a truth that is of some consequence; viz., that you are a man, and that Jesus Christ is — more.

But there is also a passive side to the character of Jesus, which is equally peculiar and which likewise demands our attention. I recollect no really great character in history, excepting such as may have been formed under Christianity, that can properly be said to have united the passive virtues, or to have considered them any essential part of a finished character. Socrates comes the nearest to such an impression, and therefore most resembles Christ in the submissiveness of his death. It does not appear, however, that his mind had taken this turn previously to his trial, and the submission he makes to the public sentence is, in fact, a refusal only to escape from the prison surreptitiously; which he does, partly because he thinks it the duty of every good citizen not to break the laws, and partly, if we judge from his manner, because he is detained by a subtle pride; as if it were something unworthy of a grave philosopher, to be stealing away, as a fugitive, from the laws and tribunals of his country. The Stoics, indeed, have it for one of their great principles, that the true wisdom of life consists in a passive power, viz., in being able to bear suffering rightly. But they mean by this, the bearing of suffering so as not to feel it, a steeling of the mind against sensibility, and a raising of the will into such power as to drive back the pangs of life, or shake them off. But this, in fact, contains no allowance of passive virtue at all; on the contrary, it is an attempt so to exalt the active powers, as even to exclude every sort of passion, or passivity. And Stoicism corresponds, in this respect, with the general sentiment of the world's great characters. They are such as like to see things in the heroic vein, to see spirit and courage breasting themselves against wrong, and where the evil cannot be escaped by resistance, dying in a manner of defiance. Indeed it has been the impression of the world generally, that patience, gentleness, readiness to suffer wrong without resistance, is but another name for weakness.

But Christ, in opposition to all such impressions, manages to connect these nonresisting and gentle passivities with a character of the severest grandeur and majesty; and what is

more, convinces us that no truly great character can exist without them.

Observe him, first, in what may be called the common trials of existence. For if you will put a character to the severest of all tests, see whether it can bear without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life. Many a man will go to his martyrdom, with a spirit of firmness and heroic composure, whom a little weariness or nervous exhaustion, some silly prejudice or capricious opposition, would, for the moment, throw into a fit of vexation or ill nature. Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones. In all the history of his life, we are not able to detect the faintest indication that he slips or falters. And this is the more remarkable, that he is prosecuting so great a work with so great enthusiasm — counting it his meat and drink, and pouring into it all the energies of his life. For when men have great works on hand, their very enthusiasm runs to impatience. When thwarted or unreasonably hindered, their soul strikes fire against the obstacles they meet, they worry themselves at every hindrance, every disappointment, and break out in stormy and fanatical violence. But Jesus, for some reason, is just as even, just as serene, in all his petty vexations and hindrances, as if he had nothing on hand to do. A kind of sacred patience invests him everywhere. Having no element of crude will mixed with his work, he is able, in all trial and opposition, to hold a condition of serenity above the clouds, and let them sail under him, without ever obscuring the sun. He is poor, and hungry, and weary, and despised, insulted by his enemies, deserted by his friends, but never disheartened, never fretted or ruffled.

You see, meantime, that he is no Stoic; he visibly feels every such ill as his delicate and sensitive nature must, but he has some sacred and sovereign good present, to mingle with his pains, which, as it were, naturally and without any self-watching, allays them. He does not seem to rule his temper, but rather to have none; for temper, in the sense of passion, is a fury that follows the will, as the lightnings follow the disturb-

ing forces of the winds among the clouds; and accordingly, where there is no self-will to roll up the clouds and hurl them through the sky, the lightnings hold their equilibrium, and are as though they were not.

As regards what is called preëminently his passion, the scene of martyrdom that closes his life, it is easy to distinguish a character in it which separates it from all mere human martyrdoms. Thus, it will be observed that his agony, the scene in which his suffering is bitterest and most evident, is, on human principles, wholly misplaced. It comes before the time, when as yet there is no arrest and no human prospect that there will be any. He is at large, to go where he pleases, and in perfect outward safety. His disciples have just been gathered round him in a scene of more than family tenderness and affection. Indeed it is but a very few hours since that he was coming into the city, at the head of a vast procession, followed by loud acclamations, and attended by such honors as may fitly celebrate the inaugural of a king. Yet here, with no bad sign apparent, we see him plunged into a scene of deepest distress, and racked, in his feeling, with a more than mortal agony. Coming out of this, assured and comforted, he is shortly arrested, brought to trial, and crucified, where, if there be anything questionable in his manner, it is in the fact that he is even more composed than some would have him to be, not even stooping to defend himself or vindicate his innocence. And when he dies, it is not as when the martyrs die. They die for what they have said, and remaining silent will not recant. He dies for what he has not said, and still is silent.

By the misplacing of his agony thus, and the strange silence he observes when the real hour of agony is come, we are put entirely at fault on natural principles. But it was not for him to wait, as being only a man, till he is arrested, and the hand of death is upon him, then to be nerved by the occasion to a show of victory. He that was before Abraham must also be before his occasions. In a time of safety, in a cool hour of retirement, unaccountably to his friends, he falls into a dreadful contest and struggle of mind, coming out of it finally to go through his most horrible tragedy of crucifixion, with the serenity of a spectator!

Why now this so great intensity of sorrow? Why this agony? Was there not something unmanly in it, something unworthy of a really great soul? Take him to be only a man,

and there probably was; nay, if he were a woman, the same might be said. But this one thing is clear, that no one of mankind, whether man or woman, ever had the sensibility to suffer so intensely, even showing the body, for the mere struggle and pain of the mind, exuding and dripping with blood. Evidently there is something mysterious here; which mystery is vehicle to our feeling, and rightfully may be, of something divine. What, we begin to ask, should be the power of a superhuman sensibility? and how far should the human vehicle shake under such a power? How, too, should an innocent and pure spirit be exercised, when about to suffer, in his own person, the greatest wrong ever committed?

Besides, there is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and, in a certain sense, the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How then, if perchance Jesus should be divine, an embodiment of God's love in the world — how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history; to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God, the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him! Whosoever duly ponders these questions will find that he is led away, more and more, from any supposition of the mere mortality of Jesus. What he looks upon he will more and more distinctly see to be the pathology of a superhuman anguish. It stands, he will perceive, in no mortal key. It will be to him the anguish, visibly, not of any pusillanimous feeling, but of holy character itself; nay, of a mysteriously transcendent, or somehow divine character.

But why did he not defend his cause and justify his innocence in the trial? Partly because he had the wisdom to see that there really was and could be no trial, and that one who undertakes to plead with a mob only mocks his own virtue, throwing words into the air that is already filled with the clamors of prejudice. To plead in such a case is only to make a protestation such as indicates fear, and is really unworthy of a great and composed spirit. A man would have done it, but Jesus did not. Besides, there was a plea of innocence in the manner of Jesus, and the few very significant words that he dropped, that had an effect on the mind of Pilate, more searching and powerful than any formal protestations. And the more

we study the conduct of Jesus during the whole scene, the more we shall be satisfied that he said enough; the more admire the mysterious composure, the wisdom, the self-possession, and the superhuman patience of the sufferer. It was visibly the death scene of a transcendent love. He dies not as a man, but rather as some one might who is mysteriously more and higher. So thought aloud the hard-faced soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." As if he had said, "I have seen men die; this is not a man. They call him Son of God; he cannot be less." Can he be less to us?

NURTURE OF NOBLE IMPULSE.[1]

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(From a sermon preached May 30, 1875.)

[HENRY WARD BEECHER: An American clergyman; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N.Y., March 8, 1887. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher (1775–1863). He was graduated at Amherst in 1834; studied at Lane Theological Seminary, of which his father was president; was pastor at Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1837–1839; at Indianapolis, Ind., 1839–1847; and at Plymouth (Congregational) Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., until his death. He was editor of the *Independent*, 1861–1863, and delivered several courses of lectures at Yale. He was equally successful as a lecturer and a preacher, and his congregation at Brooklyn was one of the largest in the United States. Among his principal works are: "Lectures to Young Men" (1850), "Star Papers" (1855), "Life Thoughts" (1858), "Royal Truths" (1864), "Norwood," a novel (1864), "Life of Christ" (1871), "Evolution and Revolution" (1884), "Two Sermons on Evolution and Religion" (1885), and many other volumes of sermons. He was the founder of the *Christian Union*, and its editor, 1870–1881.]

WHEN, after long, long days of sailing during which no reckoning has been taken by the lost mariner, there opens, for half an hour, a rift in the cloud, he gets a view of the sun, and instantly he takes an observation; and then the cloud shuts again. Ah! but he has had an observation. The days are dark, and the storm continues; but he has had an observation, and that is of great advantage. But how much better it would have been if the storm had cleared away and given him a calm sea and an unobscured sky! Yet a momentary observation was better than nothing.

Now, it is better than nothing for a bad man to have one virtuous impulse; it is better than nothing for a man in a rocky field to find one place where there is soil and where a

[1] By permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

handful of corn will grow and wave like the trees of Lebanon; it is a glorious thing for a man to know that there is something in the world besides himself, and that he is not omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent; it is a good thing for a man once in his life to feel little, and to know himself as he is; but how much better it would be if he could fix the vision and turn it into character!

Many there are who admit that craftiness is wicked, but their whole life has been a training in good-natured insincerity. There are thief-like natures that bear the marks of what they are upon them; there are some men that it is conniving with fraud to look at twice, as there are some men that no woman could look at twice without the imputation of unchastity; but the most crafty men are not the men who are foxlike, vulpine. There are thousands of men who are exceedingly crafty, but over whose craft plays the fountain of good nature and good fellowship. Their craftiness is sheathed. They tell you pleasant stories, and say a thousand pleasant things.

When a farmer wants to catch wild turkeys, building his pen in the woods, and digging his trench, he strews corn along. He must be a miser who would grudge enough corn to catch a dozen turkeys; and crafty men must be mean and selfish indeed if they cannot spare enough disinterestedness to catch you with. And so they bait themselves with good nature, with jollity, and with wit; and people say of them, oftentimes, "Now that man has a great deal that is good about him." Yes, it is *about* him. There are men of whom it is said, "Oh well, a man had better look out for him in the end, but still he has very good qualities." He is a pleasant fellow; but under all his pleasantness there is craft.

I have seen mosquitoes. They are very delicately organized creatures. They have beautiful wings, looked at through the microscope; they sing a very sweet tenor; and if you notice how they sit down on you, nothing is more graceful. Lighting, they hush their song; and it is not until they have found the right place that they commence sucking your blood. And there are men in the world that are just like them. Blood is what they want. That is the reason of their gauzy flight and their singing about you. Since it is blood they want, they take the way to get it.

Then there are men who are not so bad as this. There are men who believe that the medium between honesty and crafti-

ness is the golden mean of life. They think that a man must not be too honest or too crafty. They have an idea that there should be a little craft with honesty, as there is a little alloy in coin — just enough to make it circulate well. That, they think, is wisdom. There are times when men, under the inspiration of truth, and of a high ideal of manhood, are filled with impulses of benefaction. Here is a man who has built himself up, not by stealing, not by wronging others, but by quarrying his own stone, and cutting his own timber. He cheats no one, defrauds no one, but helps and does good to many, and there is much in his life that he can take satisfaction in; and yet there are many things in which he is conscious that he comes short. And even the sneaking man of fraud has times when he is thoroughly ashamed of himself, and has no doubt that he needs to be born again. Yea, such men in the sanctuary often have lifted upon them such a light of heaven and of a better nature and character, and they feel such a need of the divine Spirit, that all their soul, for the hour, goes out in that direction. Oh, that the feeling could be condensed! Oh, that it could be kept! But there is an old channel through which it has been running; that channel is not altered; and to-morrow, when life resumes its ordinary operation, the man falls into the same soul current again, and finds himself swept away.

So there are men whose habitual current is that of greed, avarice, stinginess; and yet they are sometimes lifted above their lower selves into the realm of their real, true, higher nature. There comes a time when the community is moved toward some great enterprise. The champion of that enterprise opens up the grand theme of its importance as a public movement. A man listens; and, while the discourse stirs and stimulates him, under the influence of the speaker's voice he says to himself, "That is grand! I will give five thousand dollars to that." The meeting closes, and the audience disappear, and on his way home he falls in with a neighbor, and says, "That was a magnificent presentation; it really touched me; and I made up my mind on the spot that I would give twenty-five hundred dollars to this cause." He goes home, and at the dinner table the subject comes up, and he says, "My dear, I think we ought not to let such impulses of inspiration as we have felt to-day go empty; and I have made up my mind to subscribe a thousand dollars." On the morrow he

meets a friend, and says, "I am glad to see you, Saxton: you and I ought to move in this matter. I have agreed to give five hundred dollars." And when he comes to subscribe he gives two hundred and fifty dollars! He started at five thousand dollars and stopped at two hundred and fifty — and it was the grace of God that stopped him there! While the impulse was on him, nothing was too good and nothing was too much to do for that object; but the moment there was a sober second thought his feeling was changed. Ordinarily speaking, when men in this world have noble, generous, virtuous, and self-denying impulses, the sober second thought cuts them down, and brings them within the limits of a calculating secular life. One of the things which every young man should know is that the impulses of pride, of vanity, of lust, and of low ambition *ought* to be submitted to a sober second thought. Examine the malign impulses; put them to the highest test; bring the bottom of your soul into judgment before the top of your soul; and then determine what is right and what is wrong: but, in regard to all disinterested, self-sacrificing, pure, heroic impulses, do not let any sober second thought get at them if you can help it. It almost invariably lops their branches, trims them down, and hews them into the pitiful four-square timber with which we build earthly houses. The higher feelings need all the help you can give them, and the lower feelings need all the restraint you can give them.

Blessed is the man who says, "I will not," but whose conscience, when he thinks the matter over, is moved, and whose sense of fidelity lifts him up out of his obstinate state, so that he says, "I will go;" and woe to those men who say, "I go, sir, I go," but who, thinking about it, go not.

How many are there here who have been accustomed to lay down in their households maxims of prudence which tend to bear their children down, so that instead of being a little lower than the angels, they are but a little higher than brutes! How many parents teach their children to suspect virtue in any of its larger developments! Why should they not? How many pulpits there are that teach us the same thing! How many times, when men mean religion, do they hear from overcautious ministers this exhortation: "Beware, lest you fall into self-deception! Beware, lest you build on a false foundation!" Now, though that is well meant, and admirable, see what it amounts to. As if men were so liable to rush into heaven headlong as

to make it necessary to put cords on them and hold them, to be sure of their not going too quick! As if men were so intent to build on foundations of faith and hope and love that one should stand by and keep them from a too eager building of spiritual houses! As if the world were not drawing them with fatal attraction downward! As if all the maxims of society — of business and of social life — did not tend to keep men down!

When, struggling through a mass of fuel, the flame shows that the fire is kindled, and that it has found air passages, and that there is to be a grand blaze, suppose one should take a poker and say, "Let us see if this fire is well established," and should turn over the sticks, and shut up the air holes, and then, when the fire went out, should say, "Yes, I told you so: it was not well built. If it had been, it would not have gone out."

That is very much as some deal with religious hopes. When once hope begins to shine, they say, "Let us see if it is not a false hope." Then, when they have put it out, they say, "If it had been a true hope, it would not have died out. It was not the hope of God."

It is as if there should be an infant just born, that did not breathe, but in which there was a little palpitation, and the doctor should say, "Well, put it on the shelf, and if it is thoroughly born it will show by and by; if it does not, then evidently it is a false birth."

We do not so. The time of a man's weakness is the time when he needs to be helped. The time when there breaks in upon a sordid soul great, generous impulses is the time for that soul to hold on to those impulses and develop them.

A man hears me preach of a nobler, a divine life; and he says, "This sermon has done me a world of good, but I will not carry it into effect now: I am going to China, and if when I come back, a year from this time, I feel as I do now, I will join the church." I shall not see you next year.

If there is a bit of hunger in you, feed it. If you have a bit of aspiration, follow it. If there is one movement towards more truth, more generosity, more justness, more self-denial, in you, call on God without waiting — without rising from your seats. Begin and carry it out into something practical. Go home and tell your wife. Tell your daughter and your son. Speak of it to your friends. Speak of it to your minister. The first dawnings of truth are the ones that men ought to take care

of. The first good impulses of men are the ones that men should obey.

Christ is described as one who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The flax means the wick; and when it is first kindled you know how quivering and flickering the flame is; but so gentle is Christ that the least beginning flame of a better life or of better resolutions he will nourish. Even the harlot and the publican he will deal so gently with that, if they feel the least spark of a desire to reform, he will minister to it and feed it. And as Christ is such a ministrant of help, all you have to do is to get into sympathy and in accord with him, and look out for the beginnings of things. Cherish every noble impulse, every true feeling, every right ideal, and every high conception.

If men are afraid to go by graveyards, for fear that here and there some sheeted ghost will peer over the wall and chatter at them, what would they think if out of every sepulcher there should come up a peering, gibbering ghost, and the yard should be full of pallid specters? Who would go past it under such circumstances? And if God Almighty should give resurrection to all the times in which you have most solemnly entertained and enfranchised noble resolutions, and then buried them ignominiously; if he should call up to your memory all the virtues, all the soul fruits, which have been drawn out of you by the Sun of Righteousness, and which you have trampled underfoot, who of you could stand in your own presence, or in the presence of any congregation?

O thou man, seized in the midst of thine affairs, and thrown violently on a bed of tossing sickness, when all things depended on thy guidance, didst not thou lift up bloodshot eyes to heaven and call out, "God of my father and of my mother! spare me and I will serve thee"? God heard your prayer and brought you again to life: where is that promise? "I will go," you said: have you gone? O thou man that didst promise to leave thy salacious ways, hast thou left them? O thou who didst lift daily the cup of damnation to thy lips, and didst promise God in the hour of enfranchisement and vision of better things, hast thou fulfilled that promise? How many of us, if we should go back to times of distress, and times of bereavement, and times of sickness, and times of bankruptcy, and times of persecution, and times of vision, could stand up in judgment before God and account for those periods in which the way was opened to

the inspiration of God? The time for salvation came, and the sweet breeze wafted from heaven was sent and was ready to carry thee, and thou didst ignobly anchor.

It is no small thing for a man, born of the earth, reared upon the clod, beset by secular and downward-weighing temptations, rooted in selfishness and pride, to be seized by the other life, and have heaven open before him, and behold God and all angelic forms, and be in love with them, so that for the moment the soul rises to meet them; and it is a very serious thing for such a man to be false to God, false to truth, false to duty, and false to himself.

Therefore I say to every man in my presence: Do not neglect the impulses to a nobler life. Do not put them away from you. Do not prove dishonest and tricky with any of those movements in yourself which indicate that the germ of divine life is in you.

"A child is drowned! a child is drowned!"—this is the cry that goes through the whole village; and the mother, well-nigh bereft of reason, dashes wildly out as they are bearing the limp, helpless body, with long streaming hair, by her door. The physician is sped for, and the neighbors are there. "She's dead! she's dead! she's dead!" cries the mother, "she's dead! she's dead! she's dead! My only child! my only child! my only child!" They would comfort her, and they say, "Oh, do not be so despondent—do not be so despondent." "Dead! dead! Those eyes will never see me again. She's dead! she's dead!" And still the workers will not give over. But at last they say, "Yes, she *is* dead." Then, with a strange fantasy of opposition, the mother cries again, "She is *not* dead; she *cannot* be dead; she *shall not* be dead." And she lays hands upon her, and says, "I *know* she is not dead." And she gazes in anguish, until a little quiver is seen upon the lip, "Oh, my God! she is *not* dead." The eyes do not see, the ears do not hear, the hands do not move, the heart cannot be felt; but there is that little quiver of the lip. "There's life there! there's life there! there's life there!" Yes, there *is* life there; and now they come again, and remedies are applied, and the still form quickens, and the mother's faith is rewarded, and she takes the living child back to her bosom.

O thou that hast in thee but the quiver of the lip, but the trembling of the eye, but the faintest pulsation of the heart, God, thine Everlasting Father, beholds it; and he will not

break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he bring forth judgment unto victory. There is victory for you; there is hope for you; there is salvation for you. Oh, despise not the striving of the Spirit. Begin, acccept, hold fast, and thou shalt be saved.

MARGARET GOES TO MEETING.

By SYLVESTER JUDD.

(From "Margaret.")

[Sylvester Judd: An American author; born at Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813; died at Augusta, Me., January 20, 1853. His father was a noted antiquarian. The son was graduated from Yale in 1836 and from Harvard Divinity School in 1840. He was pastor of the Unitarian church at Augusta, Me., from 1840 until his death. His greatest work, "Margaret: A Tale of the Real and Ideal," was published in 1845. His subsequent works include: "Philio: an Evangeliad" (1850), "Richard Edney, and the Governor's Family" (1850), "The Church in a Series of Discourses" (1854), and "The White Hills," a tragedy in five acts, left in manuscript.]

It was a Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning in New England.

Margaret had never been to Meeting; the family did not go. If there were no other indisposing causes, Pluck himself expressly forbade the practice, and trained his children to very different habits and feelings. They did not work on the Sabbath, but idled and drank. Margaret had no quilling, or carding, or going after rum to do; she was wont to sally into the woods, clamber up the Head and tend her flowers; or Chilion played and she sang, he whittled trellises for her vines, mended her cages, sailed with her on the Pond. She heard the bell ring in the morning, she saw Obed and his mother go by to meeting, and she had sometimes wished to go too, but her father would never consent; so that the Sabbath, although not more than two miles off, was no more to her than is one half the world to the other half.

From the private record of Deacon Hadlock we take the following: —

State *vs.* Didymus Hart.

Stafford, ss. Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, Didymus Hart of Livingston, in the County of Stafford, shoemaker and laborer,

is brought before me, Nathan Hadlock, Esq., a Justice of Peace for and within the aforesaid county, by Hopestill Cutts, Constable of Livingston aforesaid, by warrant issued by me, the said Justice, on the day aforesaid, against the said Didymus Hart, at Livingston aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May last, being the Lord's day, did walk, recreate, and disport himself on the south side of the Pond lying in the West District, so called, of Livingston aforesaid; which is contrary to the law of this State made and provided in such cases, and against the peace of this State, all which is to the evil example of all others in like case offending.

Wherefore [witnesses being heard, etc.], it doth appear to me, the said Justice, that the said Didymus Hart sit in the stocks for two hours.

Pluck was disposed of in the manner prescribed, very much to the entertainment of the boys, who spattered him with eggs, the disturbance and exasperation of his wife, who preferred that all inflictions her husband received should come from herself, and quite resented the interference of others, and his own chagrin and vexation; especially as the informer in the case was Otis Joy, father of Zenas, a Breakneck, whose friendship he did not value, and Cutts, the executive officer, was the village shoemaker, and no agreeable rival, and the Justice was Deacon Hadlock. By way of redress, he chose to keep from meeting entirely, and suffered none under his control to go.

But Chilion and Nimrod both urged that Margaret might attend church at least once in her life, and her father at length consented. . . .

Margaret started away with a dreamy sense of mystery attaching to the Meeting, like a snowstorm by moonlight, and a lively feeling of childish curiosity. On the smooth in front of the house, her little white and yellow chickens were peeping and dodging under the low mallows with its bluish rose-colored flowers, the star-tipped hedge mustard, and pink-tufted smartweed, and picking off the blue and green flies that were sunning on the leaves; and they did not seem to mind her. Hash had taken Bull into the woods, and Chilion told her she would not need him. Dick, her squirrel, and Robin, were disposed to follow, but her mother called them back. A little yellow-poll, perched in the Butternut, whistled after her, "Whooee whee whee whee whittitoetee — as soon as I get this green caterpillar, I will go too." A rusty wren screamed out to her, "Os's's' chipper w' w' w' wow wow wow — O shame, Molly, I am going to

rob an oriole's nest, I wouldn't go to Meeting." She entered the Mowing; a bobolink clung tiltering to the breezy tip of a white birch, and said, "Pee wuh' wuh' ch' tut, tut, tee tee wuh' wuh' wdle wdle pee wee a a wdle dee dee — now Molly here are red clover, yellow buttercups, white daisies, and strawberries in the grass; ecod! how the wind blows! what a grand time we shall have, let us stay here to-day." A grass finch skippered to the top of a stump, and thrusting up its bill, cried out, "Chee chee chee up chip' chip' chipperway ouble wee — glad you are going, you'll get good to-day, don't stop, the bell is tolling." She thought of the murderer, snatched a large handful of flowers, and hurried on, driven forward as it were by a breeze of gladness in her own thoughts and of vernal aroma from the fields. She gathered the large bindweed, that lay on its back floating over the lot, like pond lilies, with its red and white cups turned to the sun; and also, the beautiful purple cran's bill, and blue-eyed grass. She came to the shadows of the woods that skirted the Mowing, where she got bunchberries, and star-of-Bethlehems. She entered a cool, grassy recess in the forest, where were beds of purple twin flower, yellow stargrass, blue violets, and mosses growing together, familylike, under the stately three-leaved ferns that overhung them like elm trees, while above were the birches and walnuts. A blackcap k' d' chanked, k' d' chanked, over her head, and a wood thrush whoot whoot whooted ting a ring tinged in earnest unison, "We are going to have a meeting here to-day, a little titmouse is coming to be christened, won't you stop?" But a woodpecker rapped and rattled over among the chestnuts, and on she went. She crossed the Tree Bridge, and followed the brook that flowed with a winsome glee, and while she looked at the flies and spiders dancing on the dark water, she heard a little yellow-throated flycatcher, mournfully saying, "Preeo, preea preeeeo preeeea — pray, Margaret, you'll lose your soul if you don't;" and she saw a wood pewee up among the branches, with her dark head bowed over, plaintively singing, "P' p' ee ee ou wee, p' p' ee ee ou wee' — Jesus be true to you, Margaret, I have lost my love, and my heart is sad, a blue angel come down from the skies, and fold us both in his soft feathers." Here she got the white-clustering baneberry, and the little nodding buff cucumber root.

The Via Dolorosa became to Margaret to-day a via jucundissima, a very pleasant way. Through what some would

consider rough woods and bleak pasture land, in a little sheep-track, crooked and sometimes steep, over her hung like a white cloud the wild thorn tree, large gold-dusted cymes of viburnums, rose-blooming lambkill, and other sorts, suggested all she knew, and more than she knew, of the Gardens of Princes. The feathery moss on the old rocks, dewy and glistening, was full of fairy feeling. A chorus of flycatchers, as in ancient Greek worship, from their invisible gallery in the greenwood, responded one to another; — "Whee whoo whee, wee woo woo wee, whee whoo, whoo whoo wee — God bless the little Margaret! How glad we are she is going to Meeting at last. She shall have berries, nut cakes, and good preaching. The little Isabel and Job Luce are there. How do you think she will like Miss Amy?"

Emerging in Deacon Hadlock's Pasture, she added to her stock red sorrel blossoms, pink azaleas, and sprigs of penny-royal. Then she sorted her collection, tying the different parcels with spears of grass. The Town was before her silent and motionless, save the neighing of horses and squads of dogs that traipsed to and fro on the Green. The sky was blue and tender; the clouds in white veils, like nuns, worshiped in the sunbeams; the woods behind murmured their reverence; and birds sang psalms. All these sights, sounds, odors, suggestions, were not, possibly, distinguished by Margaret, in their sharp individuality, or realized in the bulk of their shade, sense, and character. She had not learned to criticise, she only knew how to feel. A new indefinable sensation of joy and hope was deepened within her, and a single concentration of all best influences swelled her bosom. She took off her hat and pricked grass-heads and bluebells in the band, and went on. The intangible presence of God was in her soul, the universal voice of Jesus called her forward. Besides, she was about to penetrate the profoundly interesting anagogue of the Meeting, that for which every seventh day she had heard the bell so mysteriously ring, that to which Obed and his mother devoted so much gravity, awe, and costume, and that concerning which a whole life's prohibition had been upon her. Withal, she remembered the murderer, and directed her first steps to the Jail.

She tried to enter the Jail House, but Mr. Shooks drove her away. Then she searched along the fence till she found a crevice in the posts of which the inclosure was made, and through this, on the ground floor of the prison, within the very small aperture that served him for a window, she saw the grim

face of the murderer, or a dim image of his face, like the shadow of a soul in the pit of the grave.

"I have brought the flowers," she said; "but they won't let me carry them to you."

"We know it," replied the imprisoned voice. "There is no more world now, and flowers don't grow on it; it's hell, and beautiful things and hearts to love you are burnt up. There was blood spilt, and this is the afterwards."

"I will fasten a bunch in this hole," she said, "so you can see them."

"It is too late," rejoined the man. "I had a child like you, and she loved flowers — but I am to be hanged — I shall cry if you stay there, for I was a father — but that is gone, and there are no more Angels, else why should not my own child be one? Go home and kiss your father, if you have one, but don't let me know it."

She heard other voices and could see the shadows of faces looking from other cells, and hear voices where she could see no faces, and the Jail seemed to her to be full of strange human sounds, and there was a great clamoring for flowers.

"I will leave some in the fence for you to look at," she said, in rather vague answer to these requests.

Now the faithful guardian of the premises, overhearing the conversation, rushed in alarm from his rooms, and presented himself firmly in the midst of what seemed to be a conspiracy. "What piece of villainy is this?" he exclaimed, snatching the flowers from the paling. "In communication with the prisoners! — on the Lord's day!" Flinging the objects of Margaret's ignorant partiality with violence to the ground, Mr. Shooks looked as if he was about to fall with equal spirit upon the child in person, and she fled into the street.

Climbing a horse block, from which could be seen the upper cells of the Jail, she displayed her flowers in sight of the occupants, holding them up at arm's length. The wretched men answered by shouting and stamping. "If words won't do, we'll try what vartue there is in stones," observed the indignant jailer, and thereupon suiting the action to the word, the persevering man fairly pelted the offender away.

She turned towards the Meetinghouse and entered the square, buttresslike, silent porch. Passing quietly through, she opened the door of what was to her a more mysterious presence, and paused at the foot of the broad aisle.

She saw the Minister, in his great wig and strange dress, perched in what looked like a high box; above hung the pyramidal sounding-board, and on a seat beneath were three persons in powdered hair, whom she recognized as the Deacons Hadlock, Ramsdill, and Penrose. Through the balustrade that surrounded the high pews, she could see the heads of men and women; little children stood on the seats, clutching the rounds, and smiled at her. The Minister had given out a hymn, and Deacon Hadlock, rising, read the first line. Then, in the gallery overhead, she heard the toot toot of Master Elliman on the pitch pipe, and his voice leading off, and she walked farther up the aisle to discover what was going on. A little toddling girl called out to her as she passed, and thrust out her hand as if she would catch at the flowers Margaret so conspicuously carried. The Sexton, hearing the noise, came forward and led her back into the porch. Philip was not by nature a stern man; he let the boys play on the steps during the week, and the young men stand about the doors on the Sabbath. He wore a shredded wig, and black clothes, as we have said, and was getting old, and had taken care of the Meetinghouse ever since it was built; and though opposed to all disturbance of the worship, he still spoke kindly to Margaret.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to go to Meeting," she replied.

"Why don't you go?"

"I don't know how," she answered.

"I should think so, or you would not have brought all these posies. This is no day for light conduct."

"Mayn't they go to Meeting, too?"

"I see"—he added. "You are one of the Injins, and they don't know how to behave Sabbar days. But I'm glad you have come. You don't know what a wicked thing it is to break the Sabbath."

"Mr. Shooks said I broke it when I went to give the murderer some flowers, and threw stones at me, and you say I break it now. Can't it be mended again?"

"You shouldn't bring these flowers here."

"I saw the Widow and Obed bring some."

"Not so many. You've got such a heap!"

"I got a bigger bunch one day."

"Yes, yes, but these flowers are a dreadful wicked thing on the Lord's day."

"Then I guess I will go home. It ain't wicked there."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings if you have had a bad bringing up. Be a good gal, keep still, and you may sit in that first pew along with me."

"I don't want to be shut up there."

"Then you may go softly up the stairs and sit with the gals."

She ascended the stairs, which were within the body of the house, and in a pew at the head she saw Beulah Ann Orff, Grace Joy, and others that she had seen before; they laughed and snubbed their noses with their handkerchiefs, and she, as it were repelled by her own sex, turned away, and went to the other side of the gallery, occupied by the men. But here she encountered equal derision, and Zenas Joy, a tithingman, moved by regard to his office and perhaps by a little petulance of feeling, undertook to lead her back to her appropriate place in the church. She resisted, and what might have been the result we know not, when Mom Dill, who was sitting in one corner with Tony, asked her in. So she sat with the negroes. Parson Welles had commenced his sermon. She could not understand what he said, and told Mom Dill she wanted to go out. She descended the stairs, moving softly in her moccasins, and turning up the side aisle, proceeded along under the high pews till she came to the corner where she could see the minister. Here she stood gazing steadfastly at him. Deacon Hadlock motioned her to be gone. Deacon Ramsdill limped almost smiling towards her, took her by the arm, opened the pew where his wife sat, and shut her in. Mistress Ramsdill gave her caraway and dill, and received in return some of the child's pennyroyal and lambkill, and other flowers. The old lady used her best endeavors to keep Margaret quiet, and she remained earnestly watching the Preacher till the end of the service. . . .

The Widow Wright assumed the charge of Margaret in the afternoon. The child kept quiet till the prayer, when the noise of the hinge seats, or something else, seemed to disconcert her, and she told her protectress she wished to go home. The Widow replied there was to be a christening, and prevailed with her to stop, and lifted her on the seat where she could witness the ceremony. The Minister descended from the pulpit, and Mr. Adolphus Hadlock carried forward the babe, enveloped in a long flowing blanket of white tabby silk, lined with white satin, and embroidered with ribbon of the same

color. The Minister, from a well-burnished font, sprinkled water in the face of the child, and after the usual formula baptized it "Urania Bathsheba."

Finally Mistress Ramsdill insisted on Margaret's remaining to the catechizing. Margaret at first demurred, but Deacon Ramsdill supported the request of his wife with one of his customary smiles, remarking that, "catechizing was as good arter the sermon to the children as greasing arter shearing, it would keep the ticks off," which, he said, "were very apt to fly from the old sheep to the lambs." The class, comprising most of the youths in town, was arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, with the Minister in the pulpit at the head.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question; to which a little boy promptly and swiftly gave the appropriate answer. — "How many persons are there in the Godhead?" "There are four persons in the Godhead," began a boy, quite elated and confident. There was an instant murmur of dissent. The neophyte, as it were challenged to make good his ground, answered not so much to the Minister as to his comrades. "There is God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and God Buonaparte. — Tony Washington said the Master said so." This anti-Gallicism and incurable levity of the pedagogue wrought a singular mistake; but it was soon rectified, and the Catechism went on. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state wherein man fell?" "The sinfulness of that state wherein man fell, God having out of his mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that is naturally engendered in him, and deserveth God's wrath and damnation," was the rapid and disjointed answer. The question stumbling from one to another was at length righted by Job Luce, the little hunchback. The voice of this child was low and plaintive, soft and clear, and he quite engaged Margaret's attention. There were signs of dissatisfaction on the faces of others. But his own was unruffled as a pebble in a brook. Shockingly deformed, the arms of the lad were long as an ape's, and he seemed almost to rest on his hands, while his shoulders rose high and steep above his head. "That's Job Luce," whispered Mistress Ramsdill to Margaret; and if there ever was a Christian, I believe he is one, if he is crooked. Don't you see how he knows the Catechism? He has got the whole Bible eeny

most by heart, and he is only three years old." Margaret forgot everything else to look at a creature so unfortunate and so marvelous.

When the Catechism was over and the people left the church, she at once hastened to Job and took one of his hands; little Isabel Weeks too, sisterlike, took his other hand, and these two girls walked on with the strange boy. Margaret stooped and looked into his eye, which he turned up to her, blue, mild, and timid, seeming to ask, "Who are you that cares for me?" In truth, Job was, we will not say despised, but for the most part neglected. His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had been a shoemaker, and she got her living binding shoes. The old people treated her kindly, but rather wondered at her boy; and what was wonder in the parents degenerated into slight, jest, and sometimes scorn, in the children; so that Job numbered but few friends. Then he got his lessons so well the more indolent and duller boys were tempted to envy him.

"You didn't say the Catechism," said he to Margaret.

"No," she replied, "I don't know it; but I have a Bird Book and can say Mother Goose Songs." Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation and a sigh from Miss Amy and the Widow Luce, who were close behind.

"Woe, woe to a sinful mother!" was the language of the latter.

"Child, child!" cried the former, addressing herself to Margaret, "don't you like the Catechism?"

"I don't know it," replied Margaret.

"She isn't bad, if she is an Injin," interposed Isabel.

"Does she understand Whippoorwill?" abstractedly asked Job.

"God's hand is heavily upon us!" mournfully ejaculated the Widow.

"Can anything be done?" anxiously asked Miss Amy.

They stopped. Miss Amy was moved to take Margaret by the hand, and with some ulterior object in view she detached the child from Job, and went with her up the West Street, the natural route to the Pond.

"Did you never read the Primer?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Have you never learned how many persons there are in the Godhead?"

"One of the little boys said there were four, the others that there were but three. I should love to see it."

"How dare you speak in that way of the great Jehovah!"

"The great what?"

"The Great God, I mean."

"I thought it was a bird."

"Can it be there is such heathenism in our very midst!" said the lady to herself. Her interest in the state of Margaret was quickened, and she pushed her inquiry with most philanthropic assiduity.

"Do you ever say your prayers?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied Margaret. "I can say the Laplander's Ode and Mary's Dream."

"What do you do when you go to bed?"

"I go to sleep, ma'am, and dream."

"In what darkness you must be at the Pond!"

"We see the sun rise every morning, and the snowdrops don't open till it's light."

"I mean, my poor child, that I am afraid you are very wicked there."

"I try to be good, and pa is good when he don't get rum at Deacon Penrose's; and Chilion is good; he was going to mend my flower bed to-day to keep the hogs out."

"What, break the Sabbath! Violate God's holy day! Your father was once punished in the stocks for breaking the Sabbath. God will punish us all if we do so."

"Will it put our feet in the stocks the same as they did father?"

"No, my child. He will punish us in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

"What, the same as Chilion and Obed and I burnt up the bees?"

"Alas! alas!" sorrowed the lady.

"We were so bad," continued Margaret, "I thought I should cry."

"Deacon Penrose and the rest of us have often spoken of you at the Pond; and we have thought sometimes of going up to see you. In what a dreadful condition your father is."

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes. He rolls his eyes so, and groans, and shakes, and screams, and nobody can help him. I wish Deacon Penrose would come and see him, and I think he would not sell him any more rum."

"Poor little one! — don't you know anything of the Great God who made you and me?"

"Did that make me? I am so glad to know. The little chickens come out of the shells, the beans grow in the pods, the dandelions spring up in the grass, and Obed said I came in an acorn; but the pigs and wild turkeys eat up the acorns, and I can't find one that has a little girl in it like me."

"Would you like to come down to Meeting again?"

"I don't know as I like the Meeting. It don't seem so good as the Turkey Shoot and Ball. Zenas Joy didn't hurt my arm there, and Beulah Ann Orff and Grace Joy talked with me at the Ball. To-day they only made faces at me, and the man at the door told me to throw away my flowers."

"How deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked!"

"Who is wicked?"

"We are all wicked."

"Are you wicked? Then you do not love me, and I don't want you to go with me any farther."

"Ah! my dear child, we go astray speaking lies as soon as we be born."

"I never told a lie."

"The Bible says so: do not run away; let me talk with you a little more."

"I don't like wicked people."

"I wish to speak to you about Jesus Christ; do you know him?"

"No, ma'am — yes, ma'am, I have heard Hash speak about it when he drinks rum."

"But did you not hear the Minister speak about him in the pulpit to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am — does he drink rum too?"

"No, no, child, he only drinks brandy and wine."

"I have heard Hash speak so when he only drank that."

"The Minister is not wicked like Hash, — he does not get drunk."

"Hash wouldn't be wicked if he didn't drink. I wish he could drink and not be wicked too."

"Oh! we are all wicked, Hash and the Minister, and you and I; we are all wicked; and I was going to tell you how Christ came to save wicked people."

"What will he do to Hash?"

"He will burn him in hell fire, my child."

"Won't he burn the Minister too? I guess I shall not come to Meeting any more. You and the Minister and all the people here are wicked. Chilion is good. I will stay at home with him."

"The Minister is a holy man, a good man I mean; he is converted, he repents of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked."

"Don't he keep a being wicked? You said he was wicked."

"Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ, he will save you. The Holy Spirit, that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash; and I want to go and see that little crooked boy, too."

"It's wicked for children to see one another Sundays."

"I did see him at Meeting."

"I mean to meet and play and show picture books, and this little boy is very apt to play; he catches grasshoppers, and goes down by the side of the brook, before sundown; that is very bad."

"Are his eyes sore like Obed's, sometimes, and the light hurts him?"

"It is God's day, and he won't let children play."

"He lets the grasshoppers play."

"But he will punish children."

"Won't he punish the grasshoppers too?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I am not afraid of God."

Miss Amy, whether that she thought she had done all she

could for the child, or that Margaret seemed anxious to break company with her, or that she had reached a point in the road where she could conveniently leave her, at this instant turned off into Grove Street, and Margaret pursued her course homeward.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.[1]

By LUDWIG UHLAND.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[Johann Ludwig Uhland occupies a foremost place among the great lyric poets of Germany in the nineteenth century. Born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787, he studied law at the university there, and practiced as an advocate at Stuttgart, but subsequently devoted himself to linguistic studies and literary work. For several years he published ballads and other lyrics in various periodicals, the first collection of which, under the title of "Gedichte," appeared in 1815. To this he kept adding during his lifetime, and it is on these "Gedichte" that his fame rests. He is the acknowledged head of the so-called Swabian school of German poets. He died at Tübingen, November 13, 1862.]

There stood in times of story a castle proud and high,
The sailors saw afar off its turrets pierce the sky,
Around were perfumed gardens, a garland rich and fair,
Within them rainbow fountains sprang sparkling high in air.

The king that ruled within it was great in power and might,
His brows were dark and lowering, his lips with wrath were white;
His very thoughts are murder, his glance devouring flame,
His words they fall like scourges, in blood he writes his name.

And to the evil castle came once a minstrel pair,
The younger's locks were golden, gray was the other's hair;
Upon a noble charger the aged singer rode,
With untired step beside him his young companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired minstrel, "Be ready now, my son,
Hard is the task that waits us; sing as thou ne'er hast done.
Sing of all pain and pleasure, and strain thine utmost art,
To-day we strive to soften the brute king's stony heart."

Soon stand both daring singers within the palace hall,
The thronèd king is listening, the queen and nobles all:
The king in fearful splendor, like the Northern Lights' red glare,
The queen so soft and gentle, like a moonbeam white and fair.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.

And, hark, upon the harp-chords his hand the harper flings;
What wondrous music shivers from out the stricken strings!
Then like a stream came welling the youth's voice heavenly clear,
It cadenced with the old man's, like an angel's to the ear.

They sing of love and springtime, of joy and faithfulness,
Of freedom and of manhood, of faith and holiness;
They sing all unknown sweetness that comes and passes by,
They sing of all things lofty, that make the heart beat high.

The courtiers throng around them, — they are not jesting now!
The haughty plumes are bending, to God the helmed heads bow;
The queen's eyes melt and soften, — What are both throne and crown?
The rose from out her bosom to the minstrel she throws down!

"Ye have seduced my people, seduce ye now my queen?"
The king he shrieks in frenzy, trembling in wrathful teen.
And at the stripling straightway his battle blade he flings,
Instead of quivering music, the heart blood quivering springs.

The crowd of listeners scattered like dust before the storm.
Upon the old man's bosom there lies a lifeless form,
He wraps his mantle round it, he sets it on his horse,
And upright in the saddle he binds the mangled corse.

Before the castle portal the ancient singer stood,
He took his harp so wondrous of gold and precious wood,
Against a marble pillar he shivered it in twain;
Then shrieked this imprecation till the castle rang amain: —

"Woe, woe, ye palace chambers! Woe, woe, ye halls so proud!
No more shall song or harpings within you sound aloud,
But groans and dreary sobbings and stealthy step of slaves,
Till Vengeance stamps your turrets a-level with men's graves!

"Woe, woe, ye perfumed gardens, in all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly, soulless clod, — and wither at the sight!
On every spring and fountain shall this sight a seal be placed,
So ye shall lie in future days a desert, stony waste.

"Woe to thee, murderer! Thine hand hath crushed the singer's crown;
Fruitless shall be thy striving for the garland of renown, —
Thy very name shall perish, despite thy craft and care,
Even as a last death rattle dies out in empty air!"

So hath the old man cursed him — and God in heaven hath heard;
The halls and ramparts crumble at the minstrel's magic word;
One pillar only standeth of the ruined splendors all,
And that, already cloven, is nodding to its fall.

Around, instead of gardens, is a desert heathen land;
No tree gives cooling shadow, no fount breaks through the sand;
The king has been forgotten, no bards his deeds rehearse,
His very name is vanished! Such is the Minstrel's Curse!

THE BROCKENHAUS.

By HEINRICH HEINE.

(From "Travel Pictures.")

[HEINRICH HEINE, one of the most celebrated of German lyric poets, was born of Jewish parents at Düsseldorf, December 13, 1799, and was sent to Hamburg to prepare for a commercial life, but preferred studying law. At Bonn he became a pupil and friend of August W. Schlegel, and at Berlin associated with Varnhagen von Ense, Chamisso, Grabbe, and other leading literary characters of the day. In 1825 he renounced Judaism, and after the French Revolution of July, 1830, lived mostly in Paris. He died there February 17, 1856, after many years of suffering from spinal paralysis. His best works are: "The Book of Songs," "New Poems," "Romanzero," "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel").]

My entrance into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine trees, one finds oneself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, mountains, and forests below, one meets above a mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such places, one is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveler, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shakedown in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffeeroom I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refresh-

ing themselves; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them under the chin, singing, jumping, jodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!" Some of the departing students were more or less fuddled, and these, as drunken men see double, must have doubly enjoyed the view.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen: and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I thought her a water witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forests, rivers, and plains, stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctness gives everything the sharp definition and clear coloring of a local chart; there is nowhere

a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs, who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.* the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend. The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of everyday experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a

husband. Even in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of gray hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lapdog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in La Fenice theater. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meistersingers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nüremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus! thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing, twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watchtower began to fill — students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer.

We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my workaday frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance, as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Reisebriefe," and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to — telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again

in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the pussies wish the hunter good evening.

In the dining room of the inn supper was laid — a long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop, — duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councilor Schütz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the King of Cyprus' court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese æsthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China ; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German ; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience ; finally warning visitors who come at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tidbits.

A young students-club man, who had lately kept his feast of Purification at Berlin, was very full of that city, though his information was one-sided and partial. He had been to the theater and Wisotzki's tea gardens, but his criticism of both was erroneous. "Rash youth is ever ready with his word." He talked about extravagant costumes, scandals of actors and actresses, etc. The young man did not know that in Berlin of all towns appearances are everything, as even the common expression, "the correct thing," testifies ; that this worship of outside show must flourish most of all on the boards of a theater ; that the chief concern of managers is the color of the beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all-important. If, for instance, Maria Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen

Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel the banker would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such a blunder. If, again, Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s hose, the wife of the minister for war Frau Dunderhead (*née* Lildew) would not lose sight of the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion, on the part of the managers, is not confined to aprons and breeches: it extends to the persons they envelop. Thus Othello in future must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Menschenhass und Reue" (Misanthropy and Repentance), the part of Eulalie is in future to be taken by a real runaway wife, Peter by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "Die Macht der Verhältnisse" (The Force of Circumstances), the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ahnfrau" (The Ancestress), the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady naturally amiable, as Tieck will have her, but at the same time not unacquainted with the bloody aspect of a real assassination.

Lastly, for the representation of peculiarly shallow, empty-headed, vulgar dogs, the great Wurm should be permanently engaged — Wurm, who enchants all kindred spirits whenever he rises to his true greatness, and towers "every inch a clown." If my young friend misconceived the condition of the Berlin boards, he could hardly be expected to remark that the Spontini Janissary Opera Company, with their kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and tomtoms, is an heroic cure for the unwarlike apathy in which our nation is sunk, a cure that shrewd politicians like Plato and Cicero have already recommended. Least of all could the young man grasp the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had difficulty in proving to him that there was more policy in Huguet's feet than in Buchholz's head, that all his *pas* signified diplomatic negotiations, and each movement had some political import. For instance, when he leans forward with a languishing air and stretches out his hands, he means our Prussian cabinet; when he pirouettes round and round on one toe without advancing an inch, he means the German Diet; when he trips round as if his legs were tied together, he represents the petty German princes; when he sways backwards and forwards like a drunken man,

he signifies the balance of power; arms crossed and interlaced mean a congress; and, lastly, when he gradually straightens himself to his full height, rests some moments in this attitude, and then suddenly indulges in a series of tremendous bounds, he is figuring our too powerful friend in the East. To my young friend this was a revelation. He saw for the first time why dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible topic of conversation with the diplomatic corps, and why a minister so often has private interviews with a fair figurante — of course he spends days and nights in laboring to indoctrinate her with his political views. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric theater-goers, how small the number of the esoterics! Look at the mob of gobemouches gaping at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemière, clapping the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, and talking of grace, harmony, and legs, and not a soul has an inkling that he has before his eyes in terpsichorean cipher the fate of the German fatherland!

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, etc., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbor, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rusties and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offense. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigor and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when vermin had a good time of it, and hairdressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a

military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper time, and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoetically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy; beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch bowls; we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The Old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, etc., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling topers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (Guilt), a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious, complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and history; the last head, however, is subdivided into matters of fact and Spanish flies"—and so on, with a strange jumble of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theater. Another student put his wine glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned — and I'm d——d if she's not accomplished — soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion, as though they could read in each other's eyes, and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle, she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other: "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful."

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first,

"how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine trees! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers! O! that I might fly with you on your cloud steeds through the stormy night o'er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars. But, O! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothespress. His eyes were streaming, and in a lovelorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Benign is the peace of thy countenance! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb! thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said), and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press; after which he blundered out of doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain, the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to

the other : " Farewell ! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring ? Ye woo me and whisper : ' We bedew thee with the dews of heaven ; ' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honors. Soon will the wanderer come ; to-day he beheld me in my beauty ; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not — the flowers of the forest are a' wede away ! " But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, " Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d——d dark Weenderstrasse, and how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well, — the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell, — and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of decency and honor, selling English wares twenty-five per cent under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleepwalking, do him a mischief with my pistols, which I had placed at my bedside.

COMING HOME.[1]

By JOHANN LUDWIG RUNEBERG.

[Swedish poet, born in Finland, February 5, 1804 ; died May 6, 1877.]

Lone sheen, afar,
Flame, pure as that of a star,
Light from my father's hearth hurled,
Art thou still twinkling so late ?
Happy, harmonious world,
Dost thou the wanderer await ?

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Day is all told,
Dark is my pathway and cold,
Drear in the woods where I fare,
Winter, the icy, is king;
Light, where thou twinklest, oh there
Find I my love and my spring.

Haste on thy way,
Fortunate! — thou mayest some day,
Mute, when thy wandering is o'er,
This home parental perceive.
Light is thy dwelling no more,
Chilly and lonesome thine eve.

NIGEL'S DOOM.

By GRACE AGUILAR.

(From "The Days of Bruce.")

[GRACE AGUILAR, an English novelist, was born at Hackney, in June, 1816; died at Frankfort, September 16, 1847. Her parents were Jews, and she became deeply interested in the history of that nation. Before reaching her twelfth year she wrote a drama, "Gustava Vasa," and two years later she began a series of poems, published in book form in 1835 under the title "Magic Wreath." Her books, which relate chiefly to Jewish subjects, include: "The Spirit of Judaism" (1841), "The Jewish Faith, its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope" (1845), "The Women of Israel" (1845), "Home Influence" (1847), "A Mother's Recompense" (1850), "The Vale of Cedars" (1850), "Woman's Friendship" (1851), "The Days of Bruce" (1852), and "Home Scenes and Heart Studies" (1853).]

PERPLEXED with many sad thoughts, Nigel Bruce was one day slowly traversing a long gallery leading to some uninhabited chambers in the west wing of the building; it was of different architecture, and ruder, heavier aspect, than the remainder of the castle. Tradition said that those rooms had been the original building inhabited by an ancestor of the line of Bruce, and the remainder had been gradually added to them; that some dark deed of blood had been there committed, and consequently they were generally kept locked, none of the vassals in the castle choosing to run the risk of meeting the spirits which they declared abode there. We have before said that Nigel was not superstitious, though his mind being of a cast which, adopting and embodying the ideal, he was likely

to be supposed such. The particulars of the tradition he had never heard, and consequently it was always with a smile of disbelief he listened to the oft-repeated injunction not to walk at dusk in the western turret. This warning came across him now, but his mind was far otherwise engrossed, too much so indeed for him even to give more than a casual glance to the rude portraits which hung on either side the gallery.

He mistrusted the Earl of Ross, and there came a fear upon his noble spirit that, in permitting the departure of the queen and her attendants, he might be liable to the censure of his sovereign, that he was failing in his trust; yet how was he to act, how put a restraint upon his charge? Had he indeed believed that the defense of the castle would be successful, that he should be enabled to force the besiegers to raise the siege, he might perhaps have felt justified in restraining the queen — but he did not feel this. He had observed there were many discontented and seditious spirits in the castle, not indeed in the three hundred of his immediate followers; but what were they compared to the immense force now pouring over the country, and whose goal he knew was Kildrummie? The increase of inmates also, from the number of small villages which had emptied their inhabitants into his walls till he was compelled to prevent further ingress, must inevitably diminish his stores, and when once blockaded, to replenish them would be impossible. No personal fears, no weakness of purpose, entered the high soul of Nigel Bruce amid these painful cogitations. He well knew no shade of dishonor *could* fall on him; he thought not one moment of his own fate, although if the castle were taken he knew death awaited him, either by the besieger's sword or the hangman's cord, for he would make no condition; he thought only that this was well-nigh the last castle in his brother's keeping, which, if lost, would in the present depressed state of his affairs be indeed a fatal blow, and a still greater triumph to England.

These thoughts naturally engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all imaginative whisperings, and therefore was it that he drew back the bolt of a door which closed the passage, without any of those peculiar feelings that at a less anxious time might have possessed him; for souls less gifted than that of Nigel Bruce can seldom enter a spot hallowed by tradition without the electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past.

It was a chamber of moderate dimensions to which the oaken door admitted him, hung with coarse and faded tapestry, which, disturbed by the wind, disclosed an opening into another passage, through which he pursued his way. In the apartment on which the dark and narrow passage ended, however, his steps were irresistibly arrested. It was paneled with black oak, of which the floor also was composed, giving the whole an aspect calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom. Two high and very narrow windows, the small panes of which were quite incrusted with dust, were the only conductors of light, with the exception of a loophole — for it could scarcely be dignified by the name of casement — on the western side. Through this loophole the red light of a declining winter sun sent its rays, which were caught and stayed on what seemed at the distance an antique picture frame. Wondering to perceive a picture out of its place in the gallery, Nigel hastily advanced towards it, pausing, however, on his way to examine, with some surprise, one of the planks in the floor, which, instead of the beautiful black polish which age had rather heightened than marred in the rest, was rough and white, with all the appearance of having been hewn and scraped by some sharp instrument.

It is curious to mark how trifling a thing will sometimes connect, arrange, and render clear as day to the mind all that has before been vague, imperfect, and indistinct. It is like the touch of lightning on an electric chain, link after link starts up till we see the illumined whole. We have said Nigel had never heard the particulars of the tradition; but he looked on that misshapen plank, and in an instant a tale of blood and terror weaved itself in his mind; in that room the deed, whatever it was, had been done, and from that plank the sanguine evidence of murder had been with difficulty erased. A cold shuddering passed over him, and he turned instinctively away, and strode hastily to examine the frame which had attracted him. It did contain a picture, — we should rather say a portrait, — for it comprised but one figure, the half-length of a youthful warrior, clad in steel, save the beautifully formed head, which was covered only by his own luxuriant raven curls. In a better light it could not have been placed, particularly in the evening; the rays, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and throw such an almost supernatural glow on the half-face, give such an extraordinary appearance

of life to the whole figure, that a casual visitant to that chamber might well fancy it was no picture, but reality on which he gazed. But no such emotion was at work in the bosom of Nigel Bruce, though his first glance upon that face occasioned an almost convulsive start, and then a gaze of such intense, such almost fearful interest, that he stood as if fascinated by some overpowering spell. His features, worked with internal emotions, flushed and paled alternately. It was no weak-minded terror which bound him there, no mood in which a step or sound could chill and startle, for so wrapt was he in his own strange dreams that he heard not a slow and measured step approach him; he did not even start when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the melodious voice of the seer caused him to turn slowly around.

"The warnings thou hast heard have no power on thee, young lord," he said, slightly smiling, "or I should not see thee here at this hour alone. Yet thou wert strangely wrapt."

"Knowest thou aught of *him*, good father?" answered Nigel, in a voice that to his own ears sounded hoarse and unnatural, and turning his glance once again to the portrait. "My thoughts are busy with that face and yon tale-telling plank; there are wild, feverish, incongruous dreams within me, and I would have them solved. Thou of all others art best fitted to the task, for amid the records of the past, where thou hast loved to linger, thou hast surely found the tradition of this tower. I shame not to confess there is in my heart a deep yearning to learn the truth. Wherefore, when thy harp and song have so pleasantly whiled the evening hours, did not this tale find voice, good father?"

"Alas! my son, 'tis too fraught with horror, too sad for gentle ears. A few stern, rugged words will best repeat it. I love not to linger on the theme; listen then now, and it shall be told thee.

"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, the districts now called Aberdeen and Forfar were possessed, and had been so, so tradition saith, since Kenneth MacAlpine, by the Lords of Brus or Bris, a family originally from the North. They were largely and nobly connected, particularly with Norway and Gaul. It is generally supposed the first possessions in Scotland held in fief by the line of Bruce can be traced back only to the time of David I., in the person of Robert de Bruce, an Anglo-Norman baron, whose father came over to England with

the Conqueror. The cause of this supposition my tale will presently explain.

"Haco Brus or Bris was the Lord of Aberdeen in the reign of Malcolm the Second. He spent many years abroad, indeed, was supposed to have married and settled there, when, to the surprise of his vassals, he suddenly returned unmarried, and soon after uniting himself with a beautiful and accomplished girl, nearly related to the blood royal of Scotland, settled quietly in this tower, which was the stronghold of his possessions. Years passed; the only child of the baron, a son, born in the first year of his marriage, grew up in strength and beauty, the idol not only of his mother, but of his father, a man stern and cold in seeming, even morose, but with passions fearful alike in their influence and extent. Your eye glances to that pictured face: he was not the baron's son of whom I speak. The affections, nay, the very passions of the baron were centered in this boy. It is supposed pride and ambition were their origin, for he looked, through his near connection with the sovereign, for further aggrandizement for himself. There were some who declared ambition was not the master passion, that a deeper, sterner, fiercer emotion dwelt within. Whether they spoke thus from the sequel, I know not, but that sequel proved their truth.

"There was a gathering of all the knightly and noble in King Malcolm's court, not perchance for trials at arms resembling the tourneys of the present day, but very similar in their motive and bearing, though ruder and more dangerous. The wreath of glory and victory was ever given by the gentle hand of beauty. Bright eyes and lovely forms presided at the sports even as now, and the king and his highest nobles joined in the revels.

"The wife of the Baron of Brus and his son, now a fine boy of thirteen, were of course amongst the royal guests. Though matron grace and dignified demeanor had taken the place of the blushing charms of early girlhood, the Lady Helen Brus was still very beautiful, and as the niece of the king and wife of such a distinguished baron, commanded and received universal homage. Among the combatants was a youthful knight, of an exterior and bearing so much more polished and graceful than the sons of the soil or their more northern visitors, that he was instantly recognized as coming from Gaul, then as now the most polished kingdom of the south. Delighted with his bravery,

his modesty, and most chivalric bearing, the king treated him with most distinguished honor, invited him to his palace, spoke with him as friend with friend on the kingdoms of Normandy and France, to the former of which he was subject. There was a mystery, too, about the young knight, which heightened the interest he excited; he bore no device on his shield, no cognizance whatever to mark his name and birth; and his countenance, beautiful as it was, often when in repose expressed sadness and care unusual to his years, for he was still very young, though in reply to the king's solicitations that he would choose one of Scotland's fairest maidens (her dower should be princely) and make the Scottish court his home, he had smilingly avowed that he was already a husband and father.

"The notice of the king, of course, inspired the nobles with similar feelings of hospitality. Attention and kindness were lavished on the stranger from all, and nothing was talked of but the nameless knight. The Lord of Brus, who had been absent on a mission to a distant court during the continuance of the martial games, was on his return presented by the king himself to the young warrior. It is said that both were so much moved by this meeting, that all present were mystified still more. The baron, with that deep subtlety for which he was remarkable, recovered himself the first, and accounted for his emotion to the satisfaction of his hearers, though not apparently to that of the stranger, who, though his cheek was blanched, still kept his bright searching eyes upon him, till the baron's quailed 'neath his gaze. The hundred tongues of rumor chose to speak of relationship, that there was a likeness between them, yet I know not how that could be. There is no impress of the fiendish passion at work in the baron's soul on those bright, beautiful features."

"Ha! Is it of him you speak?" involuntarily escaped from Nigel, as the old man for a moment paused; "of him? Methought yon portrait was of an ancestor of Bruce, or wherefore is it here?"

"Be patient, good my son. My narrative wanders, for my lips shrink from its tale. That the baron and the knight met, not in warlike joust but in peaceful converse, and at the request of the latter, is known, but of what passed in that interview even tradition is silent — it can only be imagined by the sequel; they appeared, however, less reserved than at first. The baron treated him with the same distinction as his fellow-nobles, and

the stranger's manner towards him was even more respectful than the mere difference of age appeared to demand. Important business with the Lord of Brus was alleged as the cause of his accepting that nobleman's invitation to the tower of Kildrummie, in preference to others earlier given and more eagerly enforced. They departed together, the knight accompanied but by two of his followers, and the baron leaving the greater number of his in attendance on his wife and child, who, for some frivolous reason, he left with the court. It was a strange thing for him to do, men said, as he had never before been known to lose sight of his boy even for a day. For some days all seemed peace and hospitality within the tower. The stranger was too noble himself, and too kindly disposed towards all his fellow-creatures, to suspect aught of treachery, or he might have remarked the retainers of the baron were changed; that ruder forms and darker visages than at first were gathering around him. How the baron might have intended to make use of them — almost all robbers and murderers by trade — cannot be known, though it may be suspected. In this room the last interview between them took place, and here, on this silent witness of the deed, the hand of the father was bathed in the blood of the son!"

"God in heaven!" burst from Nigel's parched lips, as he sprang up. "The son — how could that be? how known?"

"Fearfully, most fearfully!" shudderingly answered the old man; "through the dying ravings of the maniac Lord of Brus himself. Had not heaven, in its all-seeing justice, thus revealed it, the crime would ever have remained concealed. His bandit hirelings were at hand to remove and bury, many fathoms deep in moat and earth, all traces of the deed. One of the unfortunate knight's followers was supposed to have shared the fate of his master, and to the other, who escaped almost miraculously, you owe the preservation of your royal line.

"But there was one witness of the deed neither time nor the most cunning art could efface. The blood lay in a pool on the oaken floor, and the voice of tradition whispers that day after day it was supernaturally renewed; that vain were the efforts to absorb it, it ever seemed moist and red; and that to remove the plank and re-floor the apartment was attempted again and again in vain. However this may be, it is evident that *erasing it* was attended with extreme difficulty; that the

blood had penetrated well-nigh through the immense thickness of the wood."

Nigel stooped down over the crumbling fragment; years, aye, centuries had rolled away, yet there it still stood, arrested it seemed even in its decay, not permitted to crumble into dust, but to remain an everlasting monument of crime and its retribution. After a brief pause Nigel resumed his seat, and pushing the hair from his brow, which was damp with some untold emotion, signed to the old man to proceed.

"That the stranger warrior returned not to Malcolm's court, and had failed in his promises to various friends, was a matter of disappointment, and, for a time, of conjecture to the king and his court. That his followers, in obedience, it was said, to their master's signet, set off instantly to join him either in England or Normandy, for both of which places they had received directions, satisfied the greater number. If others suspected foul play, it was speedily hushed up; for the baron was too powerful, too closely related to the throne, and justice then too weak in Scotland to permit accusation or hope for conviction. Time passed, and the only change observable in the baron was that he became more gloomy, more abstracted, wrapt up, as it were, in one dark remembrance, one all-engrossing thought. Towards his wife he was changed — harsh, cold, bitterly sarcastic, as if her caresses had turned to gall. Her gentle spirit sank beneath the withering blight, and he was heard to laugh, the mocking laugh of a fiend, as he followed her to the grave; her child, indeed, he still idolized, but it was a fearful affection, and a just heaven permitted not its continuance. The child, to whom many had looked as likely to ascend the Scottish throne, from the failure of all direct heirs, the beautiful and innocent child of a most guilty father, faded like a lovely flower before him, so softly, so gradually, that there came no suspicion of death till the cold hand was on his heart, and he lay lifeless before him who had plunged his soul in deadliest crime through that child to aggrandize himself. Then was it that remorse, torturing before, took the form of partial madness, and there was not one who had power to restrain, or guide, or soothe.

"Then it was the fearful tale was told, freezing the blood, not so much with the wild madness of the tone, but that the words were too collected, too stamped with truth, to admit of aught like doubt. The couch of the baron was, at his own

command, placed here, where we now stand, covering the spot where his firstborn fell, and that portrait, obtained from Normandy, hung where it now is, ever in his sight. The dark tale which those wild ravings revealed was simply this: —

"He had married, as was suspected, during his wanderings, but soon tired of the yoke, more particularly as his wife possessed a spirit proud and haughty as his own; and all efforts to mold her to his will being useless, he plunged anew into his reckless career. He had never loved his wife, marrying her simply because it suited his convenience, and brought him increase of wealth and station; and her ill-disguised abhorrence of many of his actions, her beautiful adherence to virtue, however tempted, occasioned all former feelings to concentrate in hatred the most deadly. More than one attempt to rid himself of her by poison she had discovered and frustrated, and at last removed herself and her child, under a feigned name, to Normandy, and ably eluded all pursuit and inquiry.

"The baron's search continued some time, in the hope of silencing her forever, as he feared she might prove a dangerous enemy; but failing in his wishes, he traveled some time over different countries, returned at length to Scotland, and acted as we have seen. The young knight had been informed of his birthright by his mother, at her death, which took place two years before he made his appearance in Scotland; that she had concealed from him the fearful character of his father, being unable so completely to divest herself of all feeling towards the father of her child, as to make him an object of aversion to his son. She had long told him his real name, and urged him to demand from his father an acknowledgment of his being heir to the proud barony of the Bruce. His likeness to herself was so strong, that she knew it must carry conviction to his father; but to make his identity still more certain, she furnished him with certain jewels and papers, none but herself could produce. She had done this in the presence of two faithful witnesses, the father and brother of her son's betrothed bride, high lords of Normandy, the former of which made it a condition annexed to his consent to the marriage, that as soon as possible afterwards he should urge and claim his rights. Sir Walter, of course, willingly complied; they were married by the name of Brus, and their child so baptized. A war, which retained Sir Walter in arms with his sovereign, prevented his seeing Scotland till his boy was a year old, and then for his sake,

far more than for his own, the young father determined on asserting his birthright, — his child should not be nameless, as he had been; but to spare his unknown parent all public mortification, he joined the martial games without any cognizance or bearing on his shield.

"Terrible were the ravings in which the baron alluded to the interview he had had with his murdered child; the angelic mildness and generosity of the youthful warrior; that, amid all his firmness never to depart from his claim — as it was not alone himself but his child he would irreparably injure — he never wavered in his respectful deference to his parent. He quitted the court in the belief that the baron sought Kildrummie to collect the necessary papers for substantiating his claim; but ere he died, it appeared his eyes were opened. The fierce passions of the baron had been too long restrained in the last interview; they burst even his politic control, and he had flung the papers received from the hand of his too confiding son on the blazing hearth, and with dreadful oaths swore that if he would not instantly retract his claim, and bind himself by the most sacred promise never to breathe the foul tale again, death should be its silent keeper. He would not bring his own head low, and avow that he had dishonored a scion of the blood royal.

"Appalled far more at the dark, fiendish passions he beheld than the threat held out to himself, Sir Walter stood silent awhile, and then mildly demanded to be heard; that if so much public mortification to his parent would attend the pursuance of his claims at the present time, he would consent to forego them, on condition of his father's solemnly promising on his deathbed to reveal the truth, and do him tardy justice then, but forego them altogether he would not, were his life the forfeit. The calm firmness of his tone, it is supposed, lashed his father into greater madness, and thus the dark deed was done.

"That the baron several times endeavored to possess himself of the infant child of Sir Walter also came to light in his dying moments; that he had determined to exterminate root and branch, fearful he should still possess some clew to his birth, he had frantically avowed, but in his last hour he would have given all his amassed treasure, his greatness, his power, but for one little moment of assurance that his grandson lived. He left him all his possessions, his lordship, his name, but as there were none came forth to claim, they of neccessity passed to the crown."

"But the child, the son of Sir Walter, — if from him our line descends, he must have lived to manhood, — why did he not demand his rights?"

"He lived, aye, and had a goodly progeny; but the fearful tale of his father's fate related to him again and again by the faithful Edric, who had fled from his master's murdered corse to watch over the safety of that master's child, and warn all who had the charge of him of the fiend in human shape who would probably seek the boy's life as he had his father's, caused him to shun the idea of his Scottish possessions with a loathing horror which he could not conquer; they were associated with the loss of both his parents, for his father's murder killed his devoted mother. He was contented to feel himself Norman in possessions as well as in name. He received lands and honors from the Dukes of Normandy, and at the advanced age of seventy and five, accompanied Duke William to England. The third generation from him obtained anew Scottish possessions, and gradually Kildrummie and its feudal tenures returned to its original lords; but the tower had been altered and enlarged, and except the tradition of these chambers, the fearful fate of the second of the line has faded from the minds of his descendants, unless casually or supernaturally recalled."

"Ha! supernaturally, sayest thou?" interrupted Nigel, in a tone so peculiar it almost startled his companion. "Are there those who assert they have seen his semblance — good, gifted, beautiful as thou hast described him? why not at once deem him the guardian spirit of our house?"

"And there are those who deem him so, young lord," answered the seer. "It is said that until the Lords of Bruce again obtained possession of these lands, in the visions of the night the form of the murdered warrior, clad as in yon portrait, save with the addition of a scarf across his breast bearing the crest and cognizance of the Bruce, appeared once in his lifetime to each lineal descendant. Such visitations are said to have ceased, and he is now only seen by those destined like himself to an early and bloody death, cut off in the prime of manhood, nobleness, and joy."

"And where — sleeping or waking?" demanded the young nobleman, in a low, deep tone, laying his hand on the minstrel's arm, and looking fixedly on his now strangely agitated face.

"Sleeping or waking? it hath been both," he answered, and his voice faltered. "If it be in the front of the war, amid the

press, the crush, the glory of the battle, he hath come, circled with bright forms and brighter dreams, to the sleeping warrior on the eve of his last fight; if" — and his voice grew lower and huskier yet — "if by the red hand of the foe, by the captive's chain and headsman's ax, as the noble Wallace, there have been those who say — I vouch not for its truth — he hath been seen in the vigils of the night on the eve of knighthood, when the young, aspiring warrior hath watched and prayed beside his arms. Boy! boy! why dost thou look upon me thus?"

"Because thine eye hath read my doom," he said, in a firm, sweet tone; "and if there be aught of truth in thy tale, thou knowest, feelest, I have seen him. God of mercy, the captive's chain, the headsman's ax! Yet 'tis Thy will, and for my country — let it come."

MARIA'S RESCUE FROM THE STAKE.

By WILHELM MEINHOLD.

(From "The Amber Witch.")

[Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, German poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born in 1797 in the island of Usedom, off the coast of Pomerania, in the Baltic Sea, and was a pastor there and at Krummin and Rehwinkel. He published poems and dramas, but is best known as the author of "The Amber Witch" (translated by Lady Duff Gordon, 1844) and "Sidonia the Sorceress." He died in 1851.]

And when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better; for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands toward heaven, she once more cried out: —

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

And, behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain

most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved, wherefore she grew so faint that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forwards (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart) till her garland almost touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt, in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's; and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The Sheriff is come back! the Sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side, some rushing into the coppice, and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks. *Item*, as soon as *Dom. Camerarius* saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a gray hat and a gray feather, such as the Sheriff wore, riding on the gray charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart, and *Dom. Consul* cursed my child again, and bade the coachmen drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the Sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I, then, cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing *Dom. Consul* had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip, who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength back into his lap. (May God reward him on the day of judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boar spear which he held in his hand in between the constable's shoulders, so

that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side, and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed, but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth, and, cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword, which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swound again for joy; howbeit, she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which, however, I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others, besides old women, would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him, and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius*, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw, *item Dom. Consul* had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice, about eighteen strong, armed with sabers, pikes, and muskets, and said, "There is my authority, and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as *Dom. Consul* stood and straightway foreswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows: That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be

saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence. . . .

When the worthy young lord had stated this before *Dom. Consul* and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a millstone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him, like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to *Dom. Consul* and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain (now that they had drawn out the sword); he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the Sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the Sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, etc., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my plowman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa:* all that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marveled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much

as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say: —

"The people's hate is death,
Their love a passing breath!"

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit, she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maidservant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his gray charger to my plowman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip; moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzensis*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian *Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I

thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning when, in my donjon keep, I first heard the sound of the dead bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid and naught more sweet than your life!" . . .

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom. Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he done, and *Dom. Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maidservant, said that that very morning, before daybreak, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more

than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience as a priest, and I got upon the cart wheel and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered "Yes!" he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world, but do you thank God therefore, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honor, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uekeritze up the mountain to say so in his name; the which I did. And the blood-hound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover, he plucked off his cap, and trampled it underfoot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the old maidservant came running, with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand. We

heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum* ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce, however, had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose; but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Uzedom to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen he was straightway to inform the town clerk at Pudgla, or *Dom. Consul* at Uzedom, thereof; and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time; and when we wondered thereat, he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again

excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and did not come back again.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.[1]

By COVENTRY PATMORE.

[Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore, English poet, was born at Woodford, in Essex, July 23, 1823, and was librarian of the British Museum 1847–1868. He married Emily Augusta Andrews in 1847, and after her death embraced Catholicism. He ultimately removed to Hastings, where he built a large Catholic church at his own expense. His writings include: "Tamerton Church Tower" (1853), "The Angel in the House" (1854–1862), "The Unknown Eros and other Odes" (1877), "Religio Poetæ" (1893), and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (1895). Patmore ardently supported the Preraphaelite movement and contributed several poems to the *Germ*, the organ of the Preraphaelites. He died in 1896.]

Honoria.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Lover.

He meets, by heavenly chance express,
The destined maid; some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For joy of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship, and delight.
O, paradox of love, he longs,
Most humble when he most aspires,
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs
From her he honors and desires.
Her graces make him rich, and ask
No guerdon; this imperial style

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (7th edition, fcap. 8vo., price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Affronts him; he disdains to bask,
The pensioner of her priceless smile.
He prays for some hard thing to do,
Some work of fame and labor immense,
To stretch the languid bulk and thew
Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.
No smallest boon were bought too dear,
Though bartered for his love-sick life;
Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,
To vanquish heaven, and call her Wife.
He notes how queens of sweetness still
Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate;
How, self-consigned with lavish will,
They ask but love proportionate;
How swift pursuit by small degrees,
Love's tactic, works like miracle;
How valor, clothed in courtesies,
Brings down the haughtiest citadel;
And therefore, though he merits not
To kiss the braid upon her skirt,
His hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,
Outsoars all possible desert.

II.

Love a Virtue.

Strong passions mean weak will, and he
Who truly knows the strength and bliss
Which are in love, will own with me
No passion but a virtue 'tis.
Few hear my word; it soars above
The subtlest senses of the swarm
Of wretched things which know not love,
Their Psyche still a wingless worm.
Ice cold seems heaven's noble glow
To spirits whose vital heat is hell;
And to corrupt hearts even so
The songs I sing, the tale I tell.
These cannot see the robes of white
In which I sing of love. Alack,
But darkness shows in heavenly light,
Though whiteness, in the dark, is black!

III.

Unthrift.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened paradise;
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

IV.

The Attainment.

You love? That's high as you shall go;
For 'tis as true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.

The County Ball.

PRELUDES.

I.

Love Ceremonious.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious Court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear
None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life.

II.

The Rainbow.

A stately rainbow came and stood,
When I was young, in High-Hurst Park;

Its bright feet lit the hill and wood
  Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark;
And I, who thought the splendor ours
  Because the place was, t'wards it flew,
And there, amidst the glittering showers,
  Gazed vainly for the glorious view.
With whatsoever's lovely, know
  It is not ours; stand off to see,
Or beauty's apparition so
  Puts on invisibility.

III.

A Paradox.

To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
  He should not see, and eyeless night
He chooses still for breathing near
  Beauty, that lives but in the sight.

Love in Idleness.

PRELUDES.

I.

Honor and Desert.

O queen, awake to thy renown,
  Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
  Of thy despised prerogative!
I, who in manhood's name at length
  With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
  Must yet in this thy praise abate,
That, through thine erring humbleness
  And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
  Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
  The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
  Just to thyself, been worth's reward.
But lofty honors undersold
  Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favors that make folly bold
  Banish the light from virtue's face.

II.

Love and Honor.

What man with baseness so content,
Or sick with false conceit of right,
As not to know that the element
And inmost warmth of love's delight
Is honor? Who'd not rather kiss
A duchess than a milkmaid, prank
The two in equal grace, which is
Precedent Nature's obvious rank?
Much rather, then, a woman decked
With saintly honors, chaste and good,
Whose thoughts celestial things affect,
Whose eyes express her heavenly mood!
Those lesser vaunts are dimmed or lost
Which plume her name or paint her lip,
Extinct in the deep glowing boast
Of her angelic fellowship.

III.

Valor misdirected.

I'll hunt for dangers North and South,
To prove my love, which sloth maligns!
What seems to say her rosy mouth?
"I'm not convinced by proofs but signs."

Husband and Wife.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Married Lover.

Why, having won her, do I woo?
Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
But, spiritlike, eludes embrace;
Because her womanhood is such
That, as on court days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
Affirms no mean familiarness,
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
That grace could meet with disrespect,
Thus she with happy favor feeds
Allegiance from a love so high

That thence no false conceit proceeds
Of difference bridged, or state put by;
Because, although in act and word
As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
Remind me 'tis by courtesy;
Not with her least consent of will,
Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
Imputes an unattained desert;
Because her gay and lofty brows,
When all is won which hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows
That bright in virgin ether bask;
Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine.

II.

The Amaranth.

Feasts satiate; stars distress with height;
Friendship means well, but misses reach,
And wearies in its best delight
Vexed with the vanities of speech;
Too long regarded, roses even
Afflict the mind with fond unrest;
And to converse direct with Heaven
Is oft a labor in the breast;
Whate'er the up-looking soul admires,
Whate'er the senses' banquet be,
Fatigues at last with vain desires,
Or sickens by satiety;
But truly my delight was more
In her to whom I'm bound for aye
Yesterday than the day before,
And more to-day than yesterday.

HANNAH BINT.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(From "Our Village.")

[Mary Russell Mitford: An English author; born at Alresford, Hants, December 16, 1786; died at Swallowfield, January 10, 1855. On her tenth

birthday her father bought her a lottery ticket which drew a prize of £20,000. She was well educated and in 1810 published her first volume of poems. She wrote several dramas, including: "Julian," "The Foscari," "Rienzi," and "Charles I."; contributed poems and essays to magazines; and the following books: "Our Village" (5 vols., 1824–1832), "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1852), and "Atherton, and Other Tales" (1854).]

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice, that is to say, a tract of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber — ash, and oak, and elm, very regularly planted, and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briony, and the brier rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honeysuckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its bosky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchids, cowslips, ground ivy, crane's bill, cotton grass, Solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color such as I have rarely seen equaled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

> On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
> Dwells the wood sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
> Heart shaped and triply folded, and its root
> Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
> Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
> With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
> Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
> Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle accents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness; and except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild vetch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale festoons of the briony, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees — the syca-

more, its broad leaves already spotted — the oak, heavy with acorns — and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a background of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich tawny hue which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can well be finer. The ruddy glow of the heath flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze — on the other, with a patch of buckwheat, of which the bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, the beautiful buckwheat, whose transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of birch trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens scattered over the turf; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage door, with her milk bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, indeed in our parts he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack), was a drover

of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skillfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and highroads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together better than any shepherd's dog on the road — Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, though not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent who has brought those whom he loves best in the world to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three

years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry, but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded after settling their trifling affairs to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew also that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely was a rich and liberal cattle dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah saw no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way — "a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by installments, but that she would not promise!" and, partly amused, partly interested, by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature — half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so

much that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now Hannah showed great judgment in setting up as a dairywoman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment in this neighborhood is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thoroughbred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country — form an actual part of its natural produce — it may be some comfort to learn that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry; and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milkmaid. She changed away some of the cottage finery which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the china tea service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry — for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and osiers, erected, under his sister's direction, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron the lord of the manor) until it became so ample that the produce not only kept the pig, and half kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandise to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity school, where he made great progress — retaining him at home, how-

ever, in the haymaking and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out quick at his book), that it is the general opinion that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold from the first she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the slatternly widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buckwheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gayly along, in his green coat, and his gold-laced hat, with Neptune, his noble Newfoundland dog (a retriever is the sporting word), and his beautiful spaniel Flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found

Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die too! — and the keeper? — why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all — except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sunburnt hair, and eyes whose very brightness had in them something startling, overinformed, supersubtle, too clever for her age, — at twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared; her countenance has developed itself; her figure has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed and curled and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!) — there he stands — holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; while she is returning the compliment by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling and she blushing — he never looking so handsome nor she so pretty in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

LOTHAIR BECOMES OF AGE.[1]

By the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

(From "Lothair.")

[Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, a famous English statesman and novelist, was born in London, December 21, 1804, the son of Isaac D'Israeli. He entered the House of Commons in 1837, and became one of the leaders of the Young England party, and leader of the Protectionist Tories against Peel from about 1845. He was chancellor of the exchequer in three administrations, premier in 1868 and 1874–1880, and in 1876 was created Earl of Beaconsfield. The chief activity of his last government was displayed in foreign politics, and his part in the treaty of Berlin won him great popularity. In the elections of 1880, however, his party was crushingly defeated, and he only survived the disaster a year, his death occurring in London, April 19, 1881. His chief novels are: "Vivian Grey" (1826–1827), "The Young Duke" (1831), "Contarini Fleming" (1832), "The Rise of Iskander" (1834), "Coningsby" (1844), "Sybil" (1845), "Lothair" (1870), and "Endymion" (1880).]

There can be little doubt, generally speaking, that it is more satisfactory to pass Sunday in the country than in town. There is something in the essential stillness of country life which blends harmoniously with the ordinance of the most divine of our divine laws. It is pleasant too, when the congregation breaks up, to greet one's neighbors; to say kind words to kind faces; to hear some rural news profitable to learn, which sometimes enables you to do some good, and sometimes prevents others from doing some harm. A quiet domestic walk too in the afternoon has its pleasures; and so numerous and so various are the sources of interest in the country, that, though it be Sunday, there is no reason why your walk should not have an object.

But Sunday in the country, with your house full of visitors, is too often an exception to this general truth. It is a trial. Your guests cannot always be at church, and, if they could, would not like it. There is nothing to interest or amuse them: no sport; no castles or factories to visit; no adventurous expeditions; no gay music in the morn, and no light dance in the evening. There is always danger of the day becoming a course of heavy meals and stupid walks, for the external scene and all its teeming circumstances, natural and human, though full of concern to you, are to your visitors an insipid blank.

How did Sunday go off at Muriel Towers?

In the first place there was a special train, which at an early

[1] By permission of Longmans, Green & Co. (Crown 8vo., price 1s. 6d.)

hour took the Cardinal and his suite and the St. Jerome family to Grandchester, where they were awaited with profound expectation. But the Anglican portion of the guests were not without their share of ecclesiastical and spiritual excitement, for the Bishop was to preach this day in the chapel of the Towers, a fine and capacious sanctuary of florid Gothic, and his Lordship was a sacerdotal orator of repute.

It had been announced that the breakfast hour was to be somewhat earlier. The ladies in general were punctual, and seemed conscious of some great event impending. The Ladies Flora and Grizell entered with each in her hand a prayer book of purple velvet adorned with a decided cross, the gift of the Primus. Lord Culloden, at the request of Lady Corisande, had consented to their hearing the Bishop, which he would not do himself. He passed his morning in finally examining the guardians' accounts, the investigation of which he conducted and concluded during the rest of the day with Mr. Putney Giles. Mrs. Campian did not leave her room. Lord St. Aldegonde came down late, and looked about him with an uneasy, ill-humored air.

Whether from the absence of Theodora or from some other cause, he was brusque, ungracious, scowling, and silent, only nodding to the Bishop, who benignly saluted him, refusing every dish that was offered, then getting up and helping himself at the side table, making a great noise with the carving instruments, and flouncing down his plate when he resumed his seat. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen, though their usual morning dresses were sufficiently fantastic (trunk hose of every form, stockings bright as paroquets, wondrous shirts, and velvet coats of every tint), habited themselves to-day, both as regards form and color, in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. Lord St. Aldegonde had on his shooting jacket of brown velvet and a pink shirt and no cravat, and his rich brown locks, always to a certain degree neglected, were peculiarly disheveled.

Hugo Bohun, who was not afraid of him and was a high churchman, being in religion and in all other matters always on the side of the duchesses, said, "Well, St. Aldegonde, are you going to chapel in that dress?" But St. Aldegonde would not answer; he gave a snort and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the

THE HOME OF DISRAELI, HUGHENDON MANOR, BUCKS

mantelpiece talking to the ladies, who were clustered round him, the Archdeacon and the Chaplain and some other clergy a little in the background ; Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his back to the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, assumed his usual position, and listened, as it were grimly, for a few moments to their talk ; then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, "How I hate Sunday ! "

"Granville ! " exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder.

"I mean in a country house," said Lord St. Aldegonde. "Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it when alone, and I do not dislike it in London. But Sunday in a country house is infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Bishop, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed.

The service was choral and intoned ; for although the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had not yet had time or opportunity, as was his intention, to form and train a choir from the household of the Towers, he had secured from his neighboring parish and other sources external and effective aid in that respect. The parts of the service were skillfully distributed, and rarely were a greater number of priests enlisted in a more imposing manner. A good organ was well played ; the singing, as usual, a little too noisy ; there was an anthem and an introit, but no incense, which was forbidden by the Bishop ; and though there were candles on the altar, they were not permitted to be lighted.

The sermon was most successful ; the ladies returned with elate and animated faces, quite enthusiastic and almost forgetting in their satisfaction the terrible outrage of Lord St. Aldegonde. He himself had by this time repented of what he had done and recovered his temper, and greeted his wife with a voice and look which indicated to her practiced senses the favorable change.

"Bertha," he said, "you know I did not mean anything personal to the Bishop in what I said. I do not like bishops ; I think there is no use in them ; but I have no objection to him personally ; I think him an agreeable man ; not at all a bore. Just put it right, Bertha. But I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot go to church here. Lord Culloden does not go, and he is a very religious man. He is the man I most agree with

on these matters. I am a free churchman, and there is an end of it. I cannot go this afternoon. I do not approve of the whole thing. It is altogether against my conscience. What I mean to do, if I can manage it, is to take a real long walk with the Campians."

Mrs. Campian appeared at luncheon. The Bishop was attentive to her, even cordial. He was resolved she should not feel he was annoyed by her not having been a member of his congregation in the morning. Lady Corisande too had said to him, "I wish so much you would talk to Mrs. Campian; she is a sweet, noble creature, and so clever! I feel that she might be brought to view things in the right light."

"I never know," said the Bishop, "how to deal with these American ladies. I never can make out what they believe, or what they disbelieve. It is a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and Barnum," he added with a twinkling eye.

The second service was late; the Dean preached. The lateness of the hour permitted the Lord Lieutenant and those guests who had arrived only the previous day to look over the castle, or ramble about the gardens. St. Aldegonde succeeded in his scheme of a real long walk with the Campians, which Lothair, bound to listen to the head of his college, was not permitted to share.

In the evening Signor Mardoni, who had arrived, and Madame Isola Bella favored them with what they called sacred music, — principally prayers from operas and a grand Stabat Mater.

Lord Culloden invited Lothair into a further saloon, where they might speak without disturbing the performers or the audience.

"I'll just take advantage, my dear boy," said Lord Culloden, in a tone of unusual tenderness, and of Doric accent, "of the absence of these gentlemen to have a little quiet conversation with you. Though I have not seen so much of you of late as in old days, I take a great interest in you, no doubt of that, and I was very pleased to see how good-natured you were to the girls. You have romped with them when they were little ones. Now, in a few hours, you will be master of a great inheritance, and I hope it will profit ye. I have been over the accounts with Mr. Giles, and I was pleased to hear that you had made yourself properly acquainted with them in detail. Never you

sign any paper without reading it first, and knowing well what it means. You will have to sign a release to us if you be satisfied, and that you may easily be. My poor brother-in-law left you as large an income as may be found on this side Trent, but I will be bound he would stare if he saw the total of the whole of your rent roll, Lothair. Your affairs have been well administered, though I say it who ought not. But it is not my management only, or principally, that has done it. It is the progress of the country, and you owe the country a good deal, and you should never forget you are born to be a protector of its liberties, civil and religious. And if the country sticks to free trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress.

"And here, my boy, I'll just say a word, in no disagreeable manner, about your religious principles. There are a great many stories about, and perhaps they are not true, and I am sure I hope they are not. If Popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censer pots, though I think them all superstitious, I'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But Popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day; at least it is to be hoped so; and how will you like one of these Monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases, and where he pleases; and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours? There's my girls, they are just two young geese, and they have a hankering after Popery, having had a Jesuit in the house. I do not know what has come to the women. They are for going into a convent, and they are quite right in that, for if they be Papists they will not find a husband easily in Scotland, I ween.

"And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is only just this and just that, and there's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that if once you embrace the scarlet lady, you are a tainted corpse. You'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying with your leave or by your leave."

The concert in time ceased; there was a stir in the room;

the Rev. Dionysius Smylie moved about mysteriously, and ultimately seemed to make an obeisance before the Bishop. It was time for prayers.

"Shall you go?" said Lord St. Aldegonde to Mrs. Campian, by whom he was sitting.

"I like to pray alone," she answered.

"As for that," said St. Aldegonde, "I am not clear we ought to pray at all, either in public or private. It seems very arrogant in us to dictate to an all-wise Creator what we desire."

"I believe in the efficacy of prayer," said Theodora.

"And I believe in you," said St. Aldegonde, after a momentary pause.

On the morrow the early celebration in the chapel was numerously attended. The Duchess and her daughters, Lady Agramont, and Mrs. Ardenne were among the faithful; but what encouraged and gratified the Bishop was that the laymen, on whom he less relied, were numerously represented. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carisbrooke, Lord Montairy, Bertram, and Hugo Bohun accompanied Lothair to the altar.

After the celebration, Lothair retired to his private apartments. It was arranged that he was to join his assembled friends at noon, when he would receive their congratulations, and some deputations from the county.

At noon, therefore, preparatively preceded by Mr. Putney Giles, whose thought was never asleep, and whose eye was on everything, the guardians, the Cardinal and the Earl of Culloden, waited on Lothair to accompany him to his assembled friends, and, as it were, launch him into the world.

They were assembled at one end of the chief gallery, and in a circle. Although the deputations would have to advance the whole length of the chamber, Lothair and his guardians entered from a side apartment. Even with this assistance he felt very nervous. There was no lack of feeling, and, among many, of deep feeling, on this occasion, but there was an equal and a genuine exhibition of ceremony.

The Lord Lieutenant was the first person who congratulated Lothair, though the High Sheriff had pushed forward for that purpose, but, in his awkward precipitation, he got involved with the train of the Honorable Lady Clotworthy, who bestowed on him such a withering glance, that he felt a routed man, and gave up the attempt. There were many kind and some earnest

words. Even St. Aldegonde acknowledged the genius of the occasion. He was grave, graceful, and dignified, and addressing Lothair by his title he said, "that he hoped he would meet in life that happiness which he fell confident he deserved." Theodora said nothing, though her lips seemed once to move; but she retained for a moment Lothair's hand, and the expression of her countenance touched his innermost heart. Lady Corisande beamed with dazzling beauty. Her countenance was joyous, radiant; her mien imperial and triumphant. She gave her hand with graceful alacrity to Lothair, and said in a hushed tone, but every word of which reached his ear, "One of the happiest hours of my life was eight o'clock this morning."

The Lord Lieutenant and the county members then retired to the other end of the gallery, and ushered in the deputation of the magistracy of the county, congratulating their new brother, for Lothair had just been appointed to the bench, on his accession to his estates. The Lord Lieutenant himself read the address, to which Lothair replied with a propriety all acknowledged. Then came the address of the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, of which city Lothair was hereditary high steward; and then that of his tenantry, which was cordial and characteristic. And here many were under the impression that this portion of the proceedings would terminate; but it was not so. There had been some whispering between the Bishop and the Archdeacon, and the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had, after conference with his superiors, twice left the chamber. It seems that the clergy had thought fit to take this occasion of congratulating Lothair on his great accession, and the proportionate duties which it would fall on him to fulfill. The Bishop approached Lothair and addressed him in a whisper. Lothair seemed surprised and a little agitated, but apparently bowed assent. Then the Bishop and his staff proceeded to the end of the gallery and introduced a diocesan deputation, consisting of archdeacons and rural deans, who presented to Lothair a most uncompromising address, and begged his acceptance of a Bible and prayer book richly bound, and borne by the Rev. Dionysius Smylie on a cushion of velvet.

The habitual pallor of the Cardinal's countenance became unusually wan; the cheek of Clare Arundel was a crimson flush; Monsignore Catesby bit his lip; Theodora looked with curious seriousness as if she were observing the manners of a

foreign country; St. Aldegonde snorted and pushed his hand through his hair, which had been arranged in unusual order. The great body of those present, unaware that this deputation was unexpected, were unmoved.

It was a trial for Lothair, and scarcely a fair one. He was not unequal to it, and what he said was esteemed at the moment by all parties as satisfactory; though the Archdeacon in secret conclave afterwards observed that he dwelt more on Religion than on the Church, and spoke of the Church of Christ and not of the Church of England. He thanked them for their present of volumes which all must reverence or respect.

While all this was taking place within the Towers, vast bodies of people were assembling without. Besides the notables of the county and his tenantry and their families, which drained all the neighboring villages, Lothair had forwarded several thousand tickets to the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, for distribution among their fellow-townsmen, who were invited to dine at Muriel and partake of the festivities of the day, and trains were hourly arriving with their eager and happy guests. The gardens were at once open for their unrestricted pleasure, but at two o'clock, according to the custom of the county under such circumstances, Lothair held what in fact was a levée, or rather a drawing-room, when every person who possessed a ticket was permitted, and even invited and expected, to pass through the whole range of the state apartments of Muriel Towers, and at the same time pay their respects to, and make the acquaintance of, their lord.

Lothair stood with his chief friends near him, the ladies however seated, and every one passed: farmers and townsmen and honest folk down to the stokers of the trains from Grandchester, with whose presence St. Aldegonde was much pleased, and whom he carefully addressed as they passed by.

After this great reception they all dined in pavilions in the park: one thousand tenantry by themselves and at a fixed hour; the miscellaneous multitude in a huge crimson tent, very lofty, with many flags, and in which was served a banquet that never stopped till sunset, so that in time all might be satisfied; the notables and deputations, with the guests in the house, lunched in the armory. It was a bright day, and there was unceasing music.

In the course of the afternoon, Lothair visited the pavilions,

where his health was proposed and pledged, in the first by one of his tenants, and in the other by a workman, both orators of repute; and he addressed and thanked his friends. This immense multitude, orderly and joyous, roamed about the parks and gardens, or danced on a platform which the prescient experience of Mr. Giles had provided for them in a due locality, and whiled away the pleasant hours, in expectation a little feverish of the impending fireworks, which, there was a rumor, were to be on a scale and in a style of which neither Grandchester nor the county had any tradition.

"I remember your words at Blenheim," said Lothair to Theodora. "You cannot say the present party is founded on the principle of exclusion."

In the mean time, about six o'clock, Lothair dined in his great hall with his two hundred guests at a banquet where all the resources of nature and art seemed called upon to contribute to its luxury and splendor. The ladies who had never before dined at a public dinner were particularly delighted. They were delighted by the speeches, though they had very few; they were delighted by the national anthem, all rising; particularly they were delighted by "three times three and one cheer more," and "hip, hip." It seemed to their unpracticed ears like a great naval battle, or the end of the world, or anything else of unimaginable excitement, tumult, and confusion.

The Lord Lieutenant proposed Lothair's health, and dexterously made his comparative ignorance of the subject the cause of his attempting a sketch of what he hoped might be the character of the person whose health he proposed. Every one intuitively felt the resemblance was just and even complete, and Lothair confirmed their kind and sanguine anticipations by his terse and well-considered reply. His proposition of the ladies' healths was a signal that the carriages were ready to take them, as arranged, to Muriel Mere.

The sun had set in glory over the broad expanse of waters still glowing in the dying beam; the people were assembled in thousands on the borders of the lake, in the center of which was an island with a pavilion. Fanciful barges and gondolas of various shapes and colors were waiting for Lothair and his party, to carry them over to the pavilion, where they found a repast which became the hour and the scene: coffee and ices and whimsical drinks, which sultanas would sip in Arabian tales. No sooner were they seated than the sound of music

was heard, distant, but now nearer, till there came floating on the lake, until it rested before the pavilion, a gigantic shell, larger than the building itself, but holding in its golden and opal seats Signor Mardoni and all his orchestra.

Then came a concert rare in itself, and ravishing in the rosy twilight; and in about half an hour, when the rosy twilight had subsided into a violet eve, and when the white moon that had only gleamed began to glitter, the colossal shell again moved on, and Lothair and his companions embarking once more in their gondolas, followed it in procession about the lake. He carried in his own bark the Duchess, Theodora, and the Lord Lieutenant, and was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses. As he handed Theodora to her seat the impulse was irresistible: he pressed her hand to his lips.

Suddenly a rocket rose with a hissing rush from the pavilion. It was instantly responded to from every quarter of the lake. Then the island seemed on fire, and the scene of their late festivity became a brilliant palace, with pediments and columns and statues, bright in the blaze of colored flame. For half an hour the sky seemed covered with blue lights and the bursting forms of many-colored stars; golden fountains, like the eruption of a marine volcano, rose from different parts of the water; the statued palace on the island changed and became a forest glowing with green light; and finally a temple of cerulean tint, on which appeared in huge letters of prismatic color the name of Lothair.

The people cheered, but even the voice of the people was overcome by troops of rockets rising from every quarter of the lake, and by the thunder of artillery. When the noise and the smoke had both subsided, the name of Lothair still legible on the temple but the letters quite white, it was perceived that on every height for fifty miles round they had fired a beacon.

As for Lothair himself he could not feel otherwise than supremely happy at being thus launched into a proud and glorious future, surrounded by the admiration of his friends and the plaudits of his people, the tenantry, by whose labor all this magnificence was created. From his standpoint the social order of the world in which he found himself was admirably arranged. The destined master of a vast prospective fortune, he could play the rôle of territorial magnate and achieve both pleasure and renown from the largess his abundant means would permit him to bestow upon the poor of his neighborhood.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge, English metaphysician and poet, was born October 21, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary; graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, 1792. With Southey and others he formed a scheme of communism in foreign parts, to be called "Pantisocracy"; but remained in England for a literary life, settling in London in 1810. His first volume of poems was in 1794; the "Ancient Mariner" formed part of the volume "Lyrical Ballads," chiefly Wordsworth's, in 1798; "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" are the chief of the others. He edited *The Friend* in 1809. "Biographia Literaria," "Lay Sermons," "Aids to Reflection," and the posthumously collected "Table Talk" are his main prose works. He died July 25, 1834.]

Prologue.

Manifesto that the poem is a parable of human life.

This story of a phantom ship,
This tale of haunted sea,
Is human life, that (like the tide
Seeking the void of ocean wide)
Slides to eternity.

Color and music wrought in words
Bright pictures painted free!
Demons of hell, or souls from heaven—
A peerless soul is in this leaven
That men call poetry.

Part the First.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner: —

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

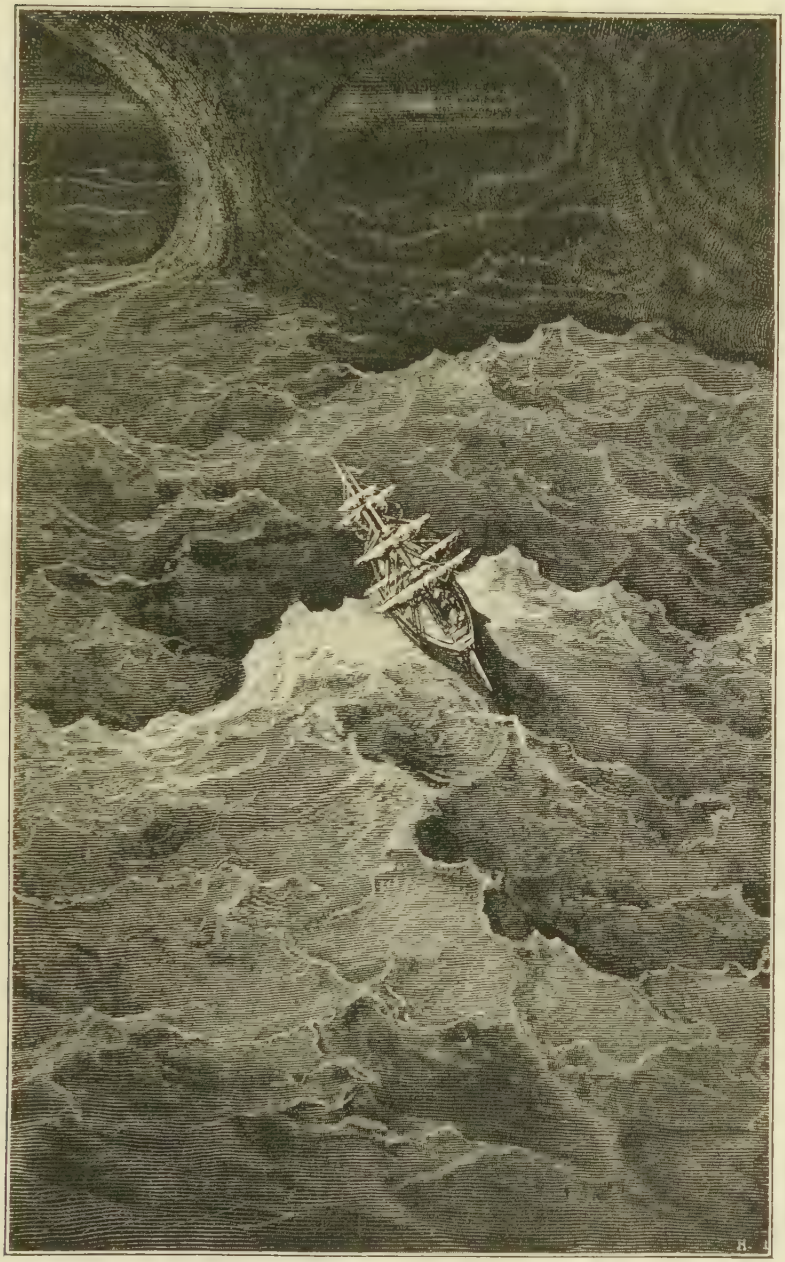
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner: —

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the Storm Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.



"The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea bird called the Albatross came through the snow fog and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returneth northward, through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moonshine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

Part the Second.

The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justified the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea bird round his neck.

Part the Third.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre woman and her deathmate, and no other on board the skeleton ship. Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

Part the Fourth.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

The Wedding Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

Part the Fifth.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again;
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honeydew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

Part the Sixth.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part the Seventh.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of the Wood.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply) —
I am afeard" — "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"O shrive me, shrive me, Holy Man"

From a painting by Gustave Doré

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in mine own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?"

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from the door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THE ABDUCTION OF AMANDA.

By REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

(From "The Children of the Abbey.")

[Mrs. Regina Maria Roche: An Irish novelist; born of parents named Dalton, in the south of Ireland, about 1764; died at Waterford, May 17, 1845. She was the author of sixteen novels, of which only "The Children of the Abbey" (1798) has survived.]

From that evening, to the day destined for the ball, nothing material happened. On the morning of that day, as Amanda was sitting in the drawing room with the ladies, Lord Mortimer entered. Lady Euphrasia could talk of nothing else but the approaching entertainment, which, she said, was expected to be the most brilliant thing that had been given that winter.

"I hope your ladyship," said Amanda, who had not yet declared her intention of staying at home, "will be able to-morrow to give me a good description of it." "Why, I suppose," cried Lady Euphrasia, "you do not intend going without being able to see and hear yourself?" "Certainly," replied Amanda, "I should not, but I do not intend going." "Not going to the ball to-night?" exclaimed Lady Euphrasia. "Bless me, child," said Lady Greystock, "what whim has entered your head to prevent your going?" "Dear Lady Greystock," said Lady Euphrasia, in a tone of unusual good humor, internally delighted at Amanda's resolution, "don't tease Miss Fitzalan with questions." "And you really do not go?" exclaimed Lord Mortimer, in an accent expressive of surprise and disappointment. "I really do not, my lord." "I declare," said the marchioness, even more delighted than her daughter at Amanda's resolution, as it favored a scheme she had long been projecting, "I wish Euphrasia was as indifferent about amusement as Miss Fitzalan: here she has been complaining of indisposition the whole morning, yet I cannot prevail on her to give up the ball."

Lady Euphrasia, who never felt in better health and spirits, would have contradicted the marchioness, had not an expressive glance assured her there was an important motive for this assertion.

"May we not hope, Miss Fitzalan," said Lord Mortimer, "that a resolution so suddenly adopted as yours may be as

suddenly changed?" "No, indeed, my lord, nor is it so suddenly formed as you seem to suppose."

Lord Mortimer shuddered as he endeavored to account for it in his own mind; his agony became almost insupportable; he arose and walked to the window where she sat.

"Amanda," said he, in a low voice, "I fear you forget your engagement to me."

Amanda, supposing this alluded to her engagement for the ball, replied "she had not forgotten it." "For your inability or disinclination to fulfill it, then," said he, "will you not account?" "Most willingly, my lord." "When?" asked Lord Mortimer, impatiently, for unable longer to support his torturing suspense, he determined, contrary to his first intention, to come to an immediate explanation relative to Belgrave. "To-morrow, my lord," replied Amanda, "since you desire it, I will account for not keeping my engagement, and I trust," a modest blush mantling her cheeks as she spoke, "that your lordship will not disapprove of my reasons for declining it."

The peculiar earnestness of his words, Lord Mortimer imagined, had conveyed their real meaning to Amanda.

"Till to-morrow, then," sighed he, heavily, "I must bear disquietude."

His regret, Amanda supposed, proceeded from disappointment at not having her company at the ball: she was flattered by it, and pleased at the idea of telling him her real motive for not going, certain it would meet his approbation, and open another source of benevolence to poor Rushbrook.

In the evening, at Lady Euphrasia's particular request, she attended at her toilet, and assisted in ornamenting her ladyship. At ten she saw the party depart, without the smallest regret for not accompanying them: happy in self-approbation, a delightful calm was diffused over her mind: a treacherous calm, indeed, which, lulling her senses into security, made the approaching storm burst with redoubled violence on her head; it was such a calm as Shakespeare beautifully describes; —

> We often see against some storm
> A silence in the heavens; the rack stand still,
> The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
> As hush as death.

She continued in Lady Euphrasia's dressing room, and took up the beautiful and affecting story of Paul and Mary, to amuse

herself. Her whole attention was soon engrossed by it; and, with Paul, she was soon shedding a deluge of tears over the fate of his lovely Mary, when a sudden noise made her hastily turn her head, and with equal horror and surprise she beheld Colonel Belgrave coming forward. She started up, and was springing to the door, when, rushing between her and it, he caught her in his arms, and forcing her back to the sofa, rudely stopped her mouth.

"Neither cries nor struggles, Amanda," said he, "will be availing; without the assistance of a friend, you may be convinced, I could not have entered this house, and the same friend will, you may depend on it, take care that our *tête-à-tête* is not interrupted."

Amanda shuddered at the idea of treachery; and being convinced, from what he said, she could not expect assistance, endeavored to recover her fainting spirits, and exert all her resolution.

"Your scheme, Colonel Belgrave," said she, "is equally vile and futile. Though treachery may have brought you hither, you must be convinced that, under the Marquis of Roslin's roof, who, by relationship, as well as hospitality, is bound to protect me, you dare not, with impunity, offer me any insult. The marquis will be at home immediately; if, therefore, you wish to preserve the semblance of honor, retire without further delay." "Not to retire so easily," exclaimed Belgrave, "did I take such pains, or watch so anxiously for this interview. Fear not any insult; but, till I have revealed the purpose of my soul, I will not be forced from you. My love, or rather adoration, has known no abatement by your long concealment: and now that chance has so happily thrown you in my way, I will not neglect using any opportunity it may offer." "Gracious Heavens!" said Amanda, while her eyes flashed with indignation, "how can you have the effrontery to avow your insolent intentions — intentions which long since you must have known would ever prove abortive?" "And why, my Amanda," said he, again attempting to strain her to his breast, while she shrunk from his grasp, "why should they prove abortive? why should you be obstinate in refusing wealth, happiness, the sincere, the ardent affection of a man who, in promoting your felicity, would constitute his own? My life, my fortune, would be at your command; my eternal gratitude would be yours for any trifling sacrifice the world might think

you made me. Hesitate no longer about raising yourself to affluence, which, to a benevolent spirit like yours, must be so peculiarly pleasing. Hesitate not to secure independence to your father, promotion to your brother; and, be assured, if the connection I formed in an ill-fated hour, deceived by a specious appearance of perfection, should ever be dissolved, my hand, like my heart, shall be yours." "Monster!" exclaimed Amanda, beholding him with horror, "your hand, was it at your disposal, like your other offers, I should spurn with contempt. Cease to torment me," she continued, "lest, in my own defense, I call upon those who have power, as well as inclination, to chastise your insolence. Let this consideration, joined to the certainty that your pursuit must ever prove unavailing, influence your future actions; for, be assured, you are in every respect an object of abhorrence to my soul."

As she spoke, exerting all her strength, she burst from him, and attempted to gain the door. He flung himself between her and it, his face inflamed with passion, and darting the most malignant glances at her.

Terrified by his looks, Amanda tried to avoid him; and when he caught her again in his arms, she screamed aloud. No one appeared; her terror increased.

"O Belgrave!" cried she, trembling, "if you have one principle of honor, one feeling of humanity remaining, retire. I will pardon and conceal what is past, if you comply with my request." "I distress you, Amanda," said he, assuming a softened accent, "and it wounds me to the soul to do so, though you, cruel and inexorable, care not what pain you occasion me. Hear me calmly, and be assured I shall attempt no action which can offend you."

He led her again to the sofa, and thus continued: —

"Misled by false views, you shun and detest the only man who has had sufficient sincerity to declare openly his intentions; inexperience and credulity have already made you a dupe to artifice. You imagined Sir Charles Bingley was a fervent admirer of yours, when, be assured, in following you he only obeyed the dictates of an egregious vanity, which flattered him with the hope of gaining your regard, and being distinguished by it. Nothing was farther from his thoughts, as he himself confessed to me, than seriously paying his addresses to you; and had you appeared willing, at last, to accept them, be assured he would soon have contrived some scheme to

disengage himself from you. The attentions of Lord Mortimer are prompted by a motive much more dangerous than that which instigated Sir Charles. He really admires you, and would have you believe his views are honorable; but beware of his duplicity. He seeks to take advantage of the too great confidence you repose in him. His purpose once accomplished, he would sacrifice you to Lady Euphrasia: and I know enough of her malevolent disposition to be convinced she would enjoy her triumph over so lovely a victim. Ah, my dear Amanda, even beauty and elegance like yours would not, on the generality of mankind, have power to make them forego the advantages annexed to wealth — on Lord Mortimer, particularly, they would fail of that effect. His ambition and avarice are equal to his father's; and though his heart and soul, I am confident, revolt from the mind and person of Lady Euphrasia, he will unite himself to her, for the sake of possessing her fortune, and thus increasing his own power of procuring the gratifications he delights in. As my situation is known, I cannot be accused of deception, and whatever I promise will be strictly fulfilled. Deliberate therefore no longer, my Amanda, on the course you shall pursue." "No," cried she, "I shall, indeed, no longer deliberate about it."

As she spoke she started from her seat. Belgrave again seized her hand. At this moment a knocking was heard at the hall door, which echoed through the house. Amanda trembled, and Belgrave paused in a speech he had begun. She supposed the marquis had returned. It was improbable he would come to that room; and even if he did, from his distrustful and malignant temper, she knew not whether she should have reason to rejoice at or regret his presence. But how great was her confusion when, instead of his voice, she heard those of the marchioness and her party! In a moment the dreadful consequences which might ensue from her present situation rushed upon her mind. By the forced attentions of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia, she was not long deceived, and had reason to believe, from the inveterate dislike they bore her, that they would rejoice at an opportunity like the present for traducing her fame; and with horror she saw that appearances, even in the eyes of candor, would be against her. She had positively, and unexpectedly, refused going to the ball. She had expressed delight at the idea of staying at home. Alas! would not all these circumstances be dwelt upon?

What ideas might they not excite in Lord Mortimer, who already showed a tendency to jealousy? Half wild at the idea, she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anguish: "Merciful Heaven, I am ruined forever!"

"No, no," cried Belgrave, flinging himself at her feet; "pardon me, Amanda, and I never more will molest you. I see your principles are invincible. I admire, I revere your purity, and nevermore will I attempt to injure it. I was on the point of declaring so when that cursed knock came to the door. Compose yourself, and consider what can be done in the present emergency. You will be ruined if I am seen with you. The malicious devils you live with would never believe our united asseverations of your innocence. Conceal me, therefore, if possible, till the family are settled; the person who let me in will then secure my retreat, and I swear solemnly nevermore to trouble you."

Amanda hesitated between the confidence her innocence inspired, and the dread of the unpleasant construction malice might put on her situation. She heard the party ascending the stairs. Fear conquered her reluctance to concealment, and she motioned to Belgrave to retire to a closet adjoining the dressing room. He obeyed the motion, and closed the door softly after him.

Amanda, snatching up her book, endeavored to compose herself; but the effort was ineffectual — she trembled universally — nor was her agitation diminished when, from the outside of the door, Lady Euphrasia called to her to open it. She tottered to it, and almost fainted on finding it locked — with difficulty she opened it, and the whole party, followed by the marquis, entered.

"Upon my word, Miss Fitzalan," said the marchioness, "you were determined no one should disturb your meditations. I fear we have surprised you; but poor Euphrasia was taken ill at the ball, and we were obliged to return with her." "Miss Fitzalan has not been much better, I believe," said Lady Euphrasia, regarding her attentively. "Good Lord, child!" cried Lady Greystock, "what is the matter with you? Why, you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost." "Miss Fitzalan is fond of solitude," exclaimed the marquis, preventing her replying to Lady Greystock. "When I returned home about an hour ago, I sent to request her company in the parlor, which honor, I assure you, I was refused."

The message, indeed, had been sent, but never delivered to Amanda.

"I assure you, my lord," said she, "I heard of no such request." "And pray, child, how have you been employed all this time?" asked Lady Greystock. "In reading, madam," faltered out Amanda, while her deathlike paleness was succeeded by a deep blush. "You are certainly ill," said Lord Mortimer, who sat beside her, in a voice expressive of regret at the conviction. "You have been indulging melancholy ideas, I fear," continued he, softly, and taking her hand, "for surely — surely to-night you are uncommonly affected."

Amanda attempted to speak. The contending emotions of her mind prevented her utterance, and the tears trickled silently down her cheeks. Lord Mortimer saw she wished to avoid notice, yet scarcely could he forbear requesting some assistance for her.

Lady Euphrasia now complained of a violent headache. The marchioness wanted to ring for remedies. This Lady Euphrasia opposed; at last, as if suddenly recollecting it, she said, "in the closet there was a bottle of eau de luce, which she was certain would be of service to her."

At the mention of the closet, the blood ran cold through the veins of Amanda; but when she saw Lady Euphrasia rise to enter it, had death, in its most frightful form, stared her in the face, she could not have betrayed more horror. She looked toward it with a countenance as expressive of wild affright as Macbeth's, when viewing the chair on which the specter of the murdered Banquo sat. Lord Mortimer, observing the disorder of her looks, began to tremble. He grasped her hand with a convulsive motion, and exclaimed: —

"Amanda, what means this agitation?"

A loud scream from Lady Euphrasia broke upon their ears, and she rushed from the closet, followed by Belgrave.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Mortimer, dropping Amanda's hand, and rising precipitately.

Amanda looked around — she beheld every eye fastened on her with amazement and contempt. The shock was too much for her to support. A confused idea started into her mind that a deep-laid plot had been concerted to ruin her; she faintly exclaimed, "I am betrayed," and sank back upon the sofa.

Lord Mortimer started at her exclamation. "Oh, Heavens!"

cried he, as he looked toward her; unable to support the scene that would ensue in consequence of this discovery, he struck his forehead in agony, and rushed out of the room. In the hall he was stopped by Mrs. Jane, the maid appointed by the marchioness to attend Amanda.

"Alackaday, my lord," said she, in a whimpering voice, "something dreadful, I am afraid, has happened above stairs. Oh, dear! what people suffer sometimes by their good nature. I am sure, if I thought any harm would come of granting Miss Fitzalan's request, she might have begged and prayed long enough before I would have obliged her." "Did she desire you to bring Colonel Belgrave to this house?" asked Lord Mortimer. "Oh, to be sure she did, my lord, or how should I ever have thought of such a thing? She has been begging and praying long enough for me to contrive some way of bringing him here; and she told me a piteous story, which would have softened a stone, of his being a sweetheart of hers before he was married." "Merciful powers!" cried Lord Mortimer, clasping his hands together, "how have I been deceived."

He was hurrying away, when Mrs. Jane caught his coat. "I shall lose my place," said she, sobbing, "that I shall, most certainly; for my lord and lady never will forgive my bringing any one in such a way into the house. I am sure I thought no great harm in it, and did it quite from good nature; for, indeed, how could one resist the poor, dear young lady; she cried, and said she only wanted to bid farewell to her dear Belgrave."

Lord Mortimer could bear no more. He shook her from him, and hurried from the house.

Amanda's faculties suffered but a momentary suspension; as she opened her eyes, her composure and fortitude returned.

"I am convinced," said she, rising and advancing to the marquis, "it will shock your lordship to hear that it is the treachery of some person under your roof has involved me in my present embarrassing situation. For my own justification, 'tis necessary to acknowledge that I have long been the object of a pursuit from Colonel Belgrave as degrading to his character as insulting to mine. When he broke so unexpectedly upon me to-night, he declared — even with effrontery — declared he had a friend in this house who gave him access to it. As your guest, my lord, I may expect your lordship's protection; also that an immediate inquiry be made for the abettor

in this scheme against me, and a full discovery of it extorted — that should the affair be mentioned, it may be explained, and my fame cleared of every imputation." "That, madam," said the marquis, with a malicious sneer, "would not be so easy a matter as you may perhaps suppose. Neither the world nor I am so credulous as you imagine. Your story, madam, by no means hangs well together. There is no person in my house would have dared to commit the act you accuse them of, as they must know the consequence of it would be immediate dismission from my service. Had not Colonel Belgrave been voluntarily admitted, he never would have been concealed; no, madam, you would have rejoiced at the opportunity our presence gave you of punishing his temerity. Innocence is bold; 'tis guilt alone is timorous."

The truth of part of his speech struck forcibly on Amanda; but how could she explain her conduct? — how declare it was her dread of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia's malice which had made her consent to conceal him.

"Oh, I see," said she, in the agony of her soul — "I see I am the dupe of complicated artifice." "I never in my life," cried the marchioness, "met with such assurance — to desire the marquis to be her champion." "As she was intrusted to my care, however," exclaimed Lady Greystock, "I think it necessary to inquire into the affair. Pray, sir," turning to the colonel, "by what means did you come here?"

The colonel, with undiminished assurance, had hitherto stood near the fatal closet, leaning on a chair.

"That, madam," replied he, "I must be excused revealing. Let me, however, assure your ladyship 'tis not on my own account I affect concealment." Here he glanced at Amanda. "Those parts of my conduct, however, which I choose to conceal, I shall always be ready to defend." "Sir," cried the marquis, haughtily, "no explanation or defense of your conduct is here required; I have neither right nor inclination to interfere in Miss Fitzalan's concerns."

The colonel bowed to the circle, and was retiring, when Amanda flew to him and caught his arm. "Surely, surely," said she, almost gasping for breath, "you cannot be so inhuman as to retire without explaining this whole affair. O Belgrave, leave me not a prey to slander. By all your hopes of mercy and forgiveness hereafter, I conjure you to clear my fame."

"My dear creature," said he, in a low voice, yet loud enough

to be heard by the whole party, "anything I could say would be unavailing. You find they are determined not to see things in the light we wish them viewed. Compose yourself, I beseech you, and be assured, while I exist, you never shall want comfort or affluence."

He gently disengaged himself as he spoke, and quitted the room, leaving her riveted to the floor in amazement at his insolence and perfidy.

"I am sure," said Lady Greystock, "I shall regret all my life the hour in which I took her under my protection; though indeed, from what I heard soon after my arrival in London, I should have dispatched her back to her father, but I felt a foolish pity for her. I was in hopes, indeed, the society I had introduced her to would have produced a reformation, and that I might be the means of saving a young creature from entire destruction." "From what I have already suffered by her family, nothing should have tempted me to take her under my roof," exclaimed the marchioness. "Was she my relation," cried the marquis, "I should long since have come to a determination about her; as yours, madam," turning to the marchioness, "I shall not attempt forming one; I deem it, however, absolutely necessary to remove Lady Euphrasia Sutherland from the house till the young lady chooses to quit it. I shall, therefore, order the carriage to be ready at an early hour for the villa."

"I shall certainly accompany your lordship," cried the marchioness, "for I cannot endure her sight; and though she deserves it, it shall not be said that we turned her from the house." "The only measure she should pursue," exclaimed Lady Greystock, "is to set off as soon as possible for Ireland; when she returns to obscurity the affair may die away." "It may, however," said Amanda, "be yet revived to cover with confusion its contrivers. To Heaven I leave the vindication of my innocence. Its justice is sure, though sometimes slow, and the hour of retribution often arrives when least expected. Much as I have suffered — much as I may still suffer, I think my own situation preferable to theirs who have set their snares around me. The injurer must ever feel greater pangs than the injured — the pangs of guilt and remorse. I shall return to my obscurity, happy in the consciousness that it is not a shelter from shame, but a refuge from cruelty I seek. But can I be surprised at meeting cruelty from those who have long since waived

the ties of kindred! — from those," and she glanced at Lady Greystock, "who have set aside the claims of justice and humanity?"

The marchioness trembled with rage at this speech, and as Amanda retired from the room, exclaimed, "Intolerable assurance."

Amanda repaired immediately to her chamber. She tottered as she walked, and the housekeeper and Mrs. Jane, who, with some other servants, had assembled out of curiosity near the door, followed her thither.

The emotions she had so painfully suppressed now burst forth with violence. She fell into an agony of tears and sobs which impeded her breathing. The housekeeper and Jane loosened her clothes and supported her to the bed. In a short time she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, and requested they would engage a carriage for her against the next day, at an early hour, that she might commence her journey to Ireland. This they promised, and at her desire retired.

Success, but not happiness, had crowned the marchioness' scheme. She triumphed in the disgrace she had drawn upon Amanda, but feared that disgrace was only temporary. She had entangled her in a snare, but she dreaded not having secured her in it. She distrusted those who had assisted her designs — for the guilty will ever suspect each other. They might betray her, or Colonel Belgrave might repent; but such evils, if they did ever arrive, were probably far distant. In the interim, all she desired to accomplish might be effected. Long had she been meditating on some plan which should ruin Amanda forever — not only in the opinion of Lord Mortimer, but in the estimation of the world. With the profligacy of Colonel Belgrave she was well acquainted, and inclined from it to believe that he would readily join in any scheme which could give him a chance of possessing Amanda. On discovering her residence, he had ordered his valet, who was a trusty agent in all his villainies, to endeavor to gain access to the house, that he might discover whether there was a chance of introducing him there. The valet obeyed his orders, and soon attached himself to Mrs. Jane, whom the marchioness had placed about Amanda, from knowing she was capable of any deceitful part. She was introduced to Belgrave, and a handsome present secured her in his interest.

She communicated to the marchioness the particulars of

their interview. From that period they had been seeking to bring about such a scene as was at last acted; for the conduct of Amanda had hitherto defeated their intentions. Her staying from the ball at last gave the wished-for opportunity.

Lady Euphrasia was apprised of the whole plot, and the hint of her indisposition was given in the morning, that no suspicion might be entertained in the evening, when mentioned as a plea for returning home earlier than was intended.

Colonel Belgrave was introduced into the closet by Mrs. Jane, through a door that opened from the lobby; and while Amanda sat pensively reading, he stole out, and secured the other door, as already mentioned.

When Lady Euphrasia declared she was too ill to continue at the ball, Lord Mortimer offered to attend her home. Had he not done so, the marchioness intended to have asked him.

The marquis was persuaded that Amanda was an artful and dangerous rival to his daughter, and he hated her from that consideration. The laws of hospitality obliged him to treat her with politeness, but he gladly seized the first opportunity that offered for expressing his dislike.

Lady Greystock saw through the plot, but she professed her belief of Amanda's guilt, which was all the marchioness required.

The marquis left the ladies together, while he went to give orders about his early journey. Soon after his departure a loud knocking was heard, which announced a visitor; and from the lateness of the hour, they conjectured, and were right in doing so, that it must be Lord Mortimer.

After traversing several streets, in an agony no language could describe, he returned to Portman Square. His fancy presented Amanda to his view, overwhelmed with shame, and sinking beneath the keen reproaches leveled at her. In the idea of her sufferings, all resentment for the supposed perfidy was forgotten. Human nature was liable to err, and the noblest effort that nature could make was to pardon such errors. To speak comfort to this fallen angel, he felt would relieve the weight which pressed upon his own breast. Pale and disordered he entered the room, and found the ladies apparently much affected.

"My dear lord," said the marchioness, "I am glad you are come back. As a friend of the family, you may perhaps honor us with your advice on the present occasion." "Indeed," ex

claimed Lady Greystock, "I suppose his lordship is at as great a loss to know what can be done as we are. Was the colonel in a situation to make any reparation — but a married man, only think, how horrible!" "Execrable monster!" cried Lord Mortimer, starting from his seat, and traversing the room, "it were a deed of kindness to mankind to extirpate him from the earth; but say," continued he, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "where is the unfortunate ——" he could not pronounce the name of Amanda. "In her own room," replied the marchioness. "I assure you, she behaved with not a little insolence, on Lady Greystock advising her to return home. For my part, I shall let her act as she pleases."

She then proceeded to mention the marquis' resolution of leaving the house till she had quitted it, and that he insisted on their accompanying him.

"To return to her father is certainly the only eligible plan she can pursue," said Lord Mortimer; "but allow me," continued he, "to request that your ladyship will not impute to insolence any expression which dropped from her. Pity her wounded feelings, and soften her sorrows." "I declare," cried Lady Euphrasia, "I thought I should have fainted from the pity I felt for her." "You pitied her, then," said Lord Mortimer, sitting down by her ladyship, "you pitied and soothed her afflictions?" "Yes, indeed," replied she.

If ever Lady Euphrasia appeared pleasing in the eyes of Lord Mortimer it was at this moment, when he was credulous enough to believe she had shed the tear of pity over his lost Amanda. He took her hand. "Ah! my dear Lady Euphrasia," said he, in an accent of melting softness, "perhaps even now she needs consolation. A gentle female friend would be a comfort to her wounded heart."

Lady Euphrasia immediately took the hint, and said she would go to her.

He led her to the door. "You are going," cried he, "to perform the office of an angel — to console the afflicted. Ah! well does it become the young and gentle of your sex to pity such misfortunes."

Her ladyship retired, but not indeed to the chamber of the forlorn Amanda. In her own she vented the rage of her soul in something little short of execrations against Lord Mortimer, for the affection she saw he still retained for Amanda.

On her ladyship's retiring, Lady Greystock mentioned

every particular she had heard from Mrs. Jennings, and bitterly lamented her having ever taken Amanda under her protection. The subject was too painful to be long endured by Lord Mortimer. He had heard of the early hour fixed for their journey, and saying he would no longer keep the ladies from repose, precipitately retired. He gave his man directions to watch their motions and inform him when they left town.

Exhausted by the violence of her emotions, a temporary forgetfulness stole over the senses of Amanda, on her being left to solitude. In this state she continued till roused by a bustle in the house. She started, listened, and heard the sound of a carriage. Supposing it to be the one she had ordered for her departure, she sprang from the bed, and, going to the window, saw instead of one for her, the marquis', into which he was handing the ladies. As soon as it drove from the door, she rang the bell, and the housekeeper immediately appeared, as Mrs. Jane had attended the marchioness to the villa. Amanda inquired "whether a carriage, as she directed, had been engaged for her."

The housekeeper replied, "the hour in which she spoke was too late for such a purpose, but she had now sent about one."

Amanda endeavored to exert herself, and was packing up her clothes, when a maid entered the chamber, and said, "Lord Mortimer was below, and wished to speak to her."

Tumultuous joy pervaded the mind of Amanda. She had believed it probable she should not see him again before her departure for Ireland, from whence she had determined writing to him the particulars of the affair. His visit seemed to announce he thought not unfavorably of her. She supposed he came to assure her that his opinion of her integrity was unshaken — "and I shall yet triumph," cried she, in the transport of the idea, "over malice and treachery."

She sprang past the maid; her feet scarce touched the ground, and in a moment she found herself in the arms of Lord Mortimer, which involuntarily opened to receive her, for, trembling, weak, and disordered, she would else, on seeing him, have sunk to the floor. He supported her to a sofa. In a little time she raised her head from his shoulder, and exclaimed, "Oh, you are come! I know you are come to comfort me." "Would to Heaven," he answered, "I were capable of either giving or receiving comfort. The period, however, I trust, may yet arrive when we shall both at least be more composed.

To mitigate your sorrows would lessen my own; for never, oh, never! can my heart forget the love and esteem it once bore Amanda." "Once bore her!" repeated Amanda. "Once bore her, Lord Mortimer! do you say? Then you wish to imply they no longer exist?"

The tone of anguish in which she spoke pierced the heart of Lord Mortimer. Unable to speak, he arose, and walked to the window, to hide his emotion. His words, his silence, all conveyed a fatal truth to Amanda. She saw a dreadful and eternal separation effected between her and Lord Mortimer. She beheld herself deprived of reputation, loaded with calumny, and no longer an object of love, but of detestation and contempt. Her anguish was almost too great to bear, yet the pride of injured innocence made her wish to conceal it; and, as Lord Mortimer stood at the window, she determined to try and leave the room without his knowledge; but ere she gained the door her head grew giddy, her strength failed, she staggered, faintly screamed on finding herself falling, and sank upon the floor.

Lord Mortimer wildly called for assistance. He raised and carried her back to the sofa; he strained her to his bosom, kissed her pale lips, and wept over her.

"I have wounded your gentle soul, my Amanda," cried he, "but I have tortured my own by doing so. Ah! still dearest of women, did the world compassionate your errors as I compassionate them, neither contempt nor calumny would ever be your portion. How pale she looks!" said he, raising his head to gaze upon her face; "how like a flower untimely faded! Yet were it happiness for her never to revive; a soul like hers, originally noble, must be wretched under the pressure of scorn. Execrable Belgrave! the fairest work of heaven is destroyed by you. Oh! my Amanda, my distress is surely severe — though anguish rives my heart for your loss, I must conceal it — the sad luxury of grief will be denied me, for the world would smile if I could say I now lamented you."

Such were the effusions of sorrow which broke from Lord Mortimer over the insensible Amanda. The housekeeper, who had been listening all this time, now appeared, as if in obedience to his call, and offered her assistance in recovering Amanda. Heavy sighs at length gave hopes of her restoration. Lord Mortimer, unable to support her pathetic lamentations, determined to depart ere she was perfectly sensible.

"Miss Fitzalan," said he to the housekeeper, "will wish, I am convinced, to quit this house immediately. I shall take upon myself to procure her a carriage, also a proper attendant, for her journey, which, I flatter myself, she will be able to commence in a few hours. Be kind, be gentle to her, my good woman, and depend on my eternal gratitude. When she is recovered, deliver her this letter."

The housekeeper promised to observe his injunctions, and he departed.

To Ireland, with Amanda, he intended sending an old female servant, who had formerly been an attendant of his mother's, and his own man. He was shocked at the conduct of the marchioness and Lady Greystock, and thought them guilty of the highest inhumanity in thus deserting Amanda. The letter he had put into the housekeeper's hands excited her curiosity so strongly that she was tempted to gratify it. Amanda was not in a situation to perceive what she did, the letter could easily be sealed again, and, in short, without longer hesitation, she opened it. How great was her amazement on finding it contained a bank note for five hundred pounds. The words were as follows: —

Consider me, Amanda, in the light of a brother; as such accept my services; to serve you, in any manner, will be a source of consolation, which I flatter myself you will be happy to allow me. 'Tis necessary you should return immediately to your father; hesitate not, then, about using the inclosed. Your complying with my request will prove that you yet retain a friendship for

MORTIMER.

"What a sum!" cried the housekeeper, as she examined the note; "what a nice little independency would this, in addition to what I have already saved, be for an honest woman! what a pity it is such a creature as it is designed for should possess it!" The housekeeper, like her lady, was fertile in invention; to be sure there was some danger in her present scheme, but for such a prize it was worth her while to run some risk. Could she but get Amanda off ere the carriage from Lord Mortimer arrived, she believed all would succeed as she could wish. Amanda, ignorant as she was of Lord Mortimer's intentions, would not consequently be influenced by them to oppose anything she could do. Full of this idea, she ran out, and calling a footman, high in her favor, desired him immedi-

ately to procure a traveling chaise for Miss Fitzalan. She then returned to Amanda, who was just beginning to move.

"Come, come," cried she, going to her, roughly shaking her shoulder, "have done with those tragedy airs, and prepare yourself against the carriage you ordered comes; it will be at the door in a few minutes."

Amanda looked round the room. "Is Lord Mortimer gone, then?" said she. "Lord, to be sure he is," cried the housekeeper; "he left you on the floor, and, as he went out, he said you should never have another opportunity of deceiving him."

A sudden frenzy seemed to seize Amanda; she wrung her hands, called upon Lord Mortimer in the impassioned language of despair, and flung herself on the ground, exclaiming, "This last stroke is more than I can bear."

The housekeeper grew alarmed lest her agitation should retard her departure; she raised her forcibly from the ground, and said, "she must compose herself to begin her journey, which was unavoidable, as the marchioness had given absolute orders to have her sent from the house early in the morning."

"Accursed house!" said Amanda, whose reason was restored by the strenuous remonstrances of the housekeeper. "Oh, that I had never entered it!" She then told her companion, "if she would assist her, as she was almost too weak to do anything for herself, she would be ready against the carriage came." The housekeeper and maid accordingly attended her to her chamber; the former brought her drops, and the latter assisted in putting on her habit, and packing up her clothes. Amanda, having secured her trunks, desired they might be sent, by the first opportunity, to Castle Carberry; she had left a great many clothes there, so took nothing at present with her but a small quantity of linen. She had but a few guineas in her purse; her watch, however, was valuable; and if she had money enough to carry her to Dublin, she knew there she might procure a sufficient sum on it to carry her home.

At last the carriage came: with a trembling frame, and half-broken heart, Amanda entered it. She saw Nicholas, the footman, who had procured it, ready mounted to attend her. She told him it was unnecessary to do so; but he declared he could not think of letting so young a lady travel unprotected. She was pleased at his attention; she had shuddered at the

idea of her forlorn situation, and now dropped a tear of sweet sensibility at finding she was not utterly deserted by every human being. The carriage took the road to Parkgate, as Amanda chose to embark from thence, the journey being so much nearer to it than to Holyhead. It was now about eight o'clock; after traveling four hours, the chaise stopped at a small house on the roadside, which appeared to be a common alehouse. Amanda was unwilling to enter it; but the horses were here to be changed, and she was shown into a dirty parlor, where, almost sinking with weakness, she ordered tea to be immediately brought in. She was much astonished, as she sat at the tea table, to see Nicholas enter the room with a familiar air, and seat himself by her. She stared at him at first, supposing him intoxicated; but perceiving no signs of this in his countenance, began to fear that the insults she had received at the marquis' made him think himself authorized to treat her with this insolence. She rose abruptly, and, summoning all her resolution to her aid, desired him to retire, adding, "If his attendance was requisite she would ring for him."

Nicholas also quitted his seat, and following her, caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Bless us, how hoity-toity you are grown!"

Amanda shrieked, and stamped on the floor in an agony of terror and indignation.

"Why, now really," said he, "after what happened at home, I think you need not be so coy with me." "Oh, save me, Heaven, from this wretch!" was all the affrighted Amanda could articulate.

The door opened. A waiter appeared, and told Nicholas he was wanted without. Nicholas released Amanda, and ran directly from the room. Amanda sunk upon a chair, and her head turned giddy at the idea of the danger with which she was surrounded. She saw herself in the power of a wretch — perhaps wretches, for the house seemed a proper place for scenes of villainy — without the means of delivering herself. She walked to the window. A confused idea of getting through it, and running from the house, darted into her mind, but she turned from it in agony at seeing a number of countrymen drinking before it. She now could only raise her feeble hands to heaven to supplicate its protection.

She passed some minutes in this manner, when the lock turned and made her shudder, but it was the landlady alone

who entered. She came, she said, with Nicholas' respectful duty and he was sorry he was obliged to go back to town without seeing her safe to her journey's end.

"Is he really gone?" asked Amanda, with all the eagerness of joy. "Yes," the woman said; "a person had followed him from London on purpose to bring him back." "Is the carriage ready?" cried Amanda. She was informed it was. "Let me fly, then." The landlady impeded her progress to tell her the bill was not yet settled. Amanda pulled out her purse, and besought her not to detain her. This the woman had no desire to do. Things were therefore settled without delay between them, and Amanda was driven with as much expedition as she could desire from the terrifying mansion. The chaise had proceeded about two miles, when, in the middle of a solitary road, or rather lane, by the side of a wood, it suddenly stopped. Amanda, alarmed at every incident, hastily looked out, and inquired what was the matter; but how impossible to describe her terror when she beheld Colonel Belgrave, and Nicholas standing by him! She shrunk back, and entreated the postilion to drive on; but he heeded not her entreaty. Nicholas opened the door, and Belgrave sprang into the carriage. Amanda attempted to burst open the door at the opposite side; but he caught her to his bosom, and the horses set off at full speed. Colonel Belgrave's valet had been secreted by Mrs. Jane the preceding night in the house, that he might be able to give his master intelligence of all that passed within it in consequence of his being discovered in the closet. On hearing the family were gone to the marquis' villa, Belgrave believed he could easily prevail on the domestics to deliver up Amanda to him. Elated with hope, he reached the house, attended by his valet, just after she had quitted it. The housekeeper hesitated to inform him of the road she had taken till she had procured what she knew would be the consequence of her hesitation — a large bribe. Horses were then immediately procured, and Belgrave and his servant set off in pursuit of Amanda. The sight of a traveling chaise, at the little inn already mentioned, prompted their inquiries; and on finding the chaise waited for Amanda, the colonel retired to a private room, sent for Nicholas, and secured him in his interest. It was settled they should repair to the wood, by which the postilion was bribed to pass, and from thence proceed to a country house of the colonel's. Their scheme accomplished, Nicholas, happy in the service he

had done, or rather the reward he had obtained for that service, again turned his face toward London.

The carriage and attendants Lord Mortimer procured for Amanda arrived even earlier than the housekeeper had expected, and she blessed her lucky stars for the precipitancy with which she had hurried off Amanda. They were followed by his lordship himself, whose wretched heart could not support the idea of letting Amanda depart without once more beholding her. Great was his dismay, his astonishment, when the housekeeper informed him she was gone.

"Gone!" he repeated, changing color.

The housekeeper said that, without her knowledge, Miss Fitzalan had a chaise hired, and the moment it came to the door stepped into it, notwithstanding she was told his lordship meant to provide everything proper for her journey himself. "But she said, my lord," cried the housekeeper, "she wanted none of your care, and that she could never get fast enough from a house, or from people, where and by whom she had been so illtreated."

Lord Mortimer asked if she had any attendant, and whether she took the letter.

The housekeeper answered both these questions in the affirmative. "Truly, my lord," she continued, "I believe your lordship said something in that letter which pleased her, for she smiled on opening it, and said, 'Well, well, this is something like comfort.'" "And was she really so mean?" he was on the point of asking, but he timely checked a question which was springing from a heart that sickened at finding the object of its tenderest affections unworthy in every respect of possessing them. Every idea of this kind soon gave way to anxiety on her account. His heart misgave him at her undertaking so long a journey under the protection of a common servant, and, unable to endure his apprehensions, he determined instantly to pursue and see her safe himself to the destined port.

The woman, who had hitherto sat in the chaise, was ordered to return home. He entered it with eagerness, and promised liberally to reward the postilions if they used expedition. They had changed horses but once when Lord Mortimer saw Nicholas approaching, whom, at the first glance, he knew He stopped the carriage, and called out, "Where have you left Miss Fitzalan?" "Faith, my lord," cried Nicholas, instantly stopping and taking off his hat, "in very good company. I

left her with Colonel Belgrave, who was waiting by appointment on the road for her." "Oh! horrible infatuation!" said Lord Mortimer, "that nothing can snatch her from the arms of infamy."

The postilion desired to know whether he should return to London.

Lord Mortimer hesitated, and at last desired him to go on according to his first directions. He resolved to proceed to Parkgate and discover whether Amanda had returned to Ireland. They had not proceeded far when they overtook a traveling chaise. As Lord Mortimer passed, he looked into it, and beheld Amanda, reclining on the bosom of Belgrave. He trembled universally, closed his eyes, and sighed out the name of the perfidious Amanda. When they had got some way before the other chaise, he desired the postilion to strike off into another road, which by a circuit of a few miles would bring them back to London. Amanda, it was evident, had put herself under the protection of Belgrave, and to know whether she went to Ireland was now of little consequence to him, as he supposed her unreclaimable. But how impossible to describe his distress and confusion when almost the first object he beheld, on alighting in St. James' Square, was his aunt, Lady Martha Dormer, who, in compliance with his urgent request, had hastened to London. Had a specter crossed his sight he could not have been more shocked.

"Well, my dear Frederick," said her ladyship, "you see I lost no time in obeying your wishes. I have flown hither, I may indeed say, on the wings of love. But where is this little divinity of thine? I long to have a peep at her goddessship."

Lord Mortimer, inexpressibly shocked, turned to the window.

"I shall see, to be sure," cried her ladyship, "quite a little paragon. Positively, Frederick, I will be introduced this very evening." "My dear aunt, my Lady Martha," said Lord Mortimer, impatiently, "for Heaven's sake spare me!" "But tell me," she continued, "when I shall commence this attack upon your father's heart?" "Never! never!" sighed Mortimer, half distracted. "What! you suppose he will prove inflexible? But I do not despair of convincing you to the contrary. Tell me, Frederick, when the little charmer is to be seen?" "O God!" cried Mortimer, striking his forehead. "She is lost," said he. "she is lost forever!"

Lady Martha was alarmed. She now, for the first time, noticed the wild and pallid looks of her nephew. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

The dreadful explanation Lord Mortimer now found himself under a necessity of giving; the shame of acknowledging he was so deceived, the agony he suffered from that deception, joined to the excessive agitation and fatigue he had suffered the preceding night, and the present day, so powerfully assailed him at this moment, that his senses suddenly gave way, and he actually fainted on the floor.

What a sight for the tender Lady Martha! She saw something dreadful had happened, and what this was Lord Mortimer, as soon as he recovered, informed her.

He then retired to his chamber. He could neither converse nor bear to be conversed with. His fondest hopes were blasted, nor could he forego the sad indulgence of mourning over them in solitude. He felt almost convinced that the hold Amanda had on his affections could not be withdrawn; he had considered her as scarcely less than his wife, and had she been really such, her present conduct could not have given him more anguish. Had she been snatched from him by the hand of death, had she been wedded to a worthy character, he could have summoned fortitude to his aid; but to find her the prey of a villain was a shock too horrible to bear, at least for a long period, with patience.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Thomas Campbell: A Scotch poet and author; born July 27, 1777, in Glasgow, where he attended the university, and made great local fame by his translations of Greek poetry and drama. During his travels on the Continent (1800–1811) he was an eyewitness of the battle of Hohenlinden. He settled in England; edited the *New Monthly Magazine* (1820–1830); was lord rector of Glasgow University (1827–1829); died at Boulogne, June 15, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Campbell's chief poems are: "The Pleasures of Hope" (1799), "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "O'Connor's Child," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Soldier's Dream," "Lord Ullin's Daughter."]

At Summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.
Primeval HOPE, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.
Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.
Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,

What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!
Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.
Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.

"What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!"

From a painting by J. Koppay

When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!
And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!

* * * * * * *

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.
Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:
Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by,
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home —
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossomed bean field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while —
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine! —
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,

And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair. —
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile.
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew: —
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career; —
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked — as KOSCIUSKO fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook — red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!
Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!
Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul — and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,

And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

* * * * * *

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earthborn rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun!
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye specter doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return. —
Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveler of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God.

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,

To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
Oh! Star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laureled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!
And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgy crowds,
When the Moon lights her watchtower in the clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven — as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mold was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground!
Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy! —
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate? —
No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassioned mold, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!
What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doomed the long isles of Sydney cove to see,

The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

By MADAME DE STAËL.

(From "Corinne.")

[Anne Louise Germaine Necker, by marriage Baroness de Staël-Holstein, son of Louis XVI.'s famous finance minister and Suzanne Curchod (Gibbon's former betrothed), was born April 22, 1766. A precocious and sensitive child, the stimulus of the brilliant circle gathered about her parents developed her intellect but impaired her health, and she was sent into the country. At twenty her marriage with the Swedish ambassador, De Staël, was arranged. During the Revolution she remained in Paris trying to prevent the slaughter of innocent people, and pleading for the queen; driven out by the Reign of Terror, she returned in 1795, became prominent in politics, opposed Napoleon, and was ordered out of Paris by him in 1801. After she published "Corinne" he expelled her from France; in 1812 he suppressed the entire edition of her new "Germany," again expelled her, virtually imprisoned her at Coppet, in Switzerland, where she had taken refuge, and harassed her with the meanest persecutions. She escaped, and lived in Berlin, Moscow, and England till 1815. She died July 14, 1817. Her other chief works are "Influence of the Passions," "Delphine," and "Considerations on the French Revolution."]

Lord Nevil was very desirous that Mr. Edgarmond should partake the conversation of Corinne, which far surpassed her improvised verses. On the following day the same party assembled at her house; and to elicit her remarks, he turned the

MADAME DE STAËL

discourse on Italian literature, provoking her natural vivacity by affirming that England could boast a greater number of true poets than Italy.

"In the first place," said Corinne, "foreigners usually know none but our first-rate poets: Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Guarini, Tasso, and Metastasio; but we have many others, such as Chiabrera, Guidi, Filicaja, and Parini, without reckoning Sannazer Politian, who wrote in Latin. All their verses are harmoniously colored; all more or less knew how to introduce the wonders of nature and art into their verbal pictures. Doubtless they want the melancholy grandeur of *your* bards, and their knowledge of the human heart; but does not this kind of superiority become the philosopher better than the poet? The brilliant melody of our language is rather adapted to describe external objects than abstract meditation; it is more competent to depict fury than sadness; for reflection calls for metaphysical expressions, while revenge excites the fancy, and banishes the thought of grief. Cesarotti has translated Ossian in the most elegant manner; but in reading him we feel that his words are in themselves too joyous for the gloomy ideas they would recall; we yield to the charm of our soft phrases, as to the murmur of waves or the tints of flowers. What more would you exact of poetry? If you ask the nightingale the meaning of his song, he can explain but by recommencing it; we can only appreciate its music by giving way to the impression it makes on us. Our measured lines with rapid terminations, composed of two brief syllables, glide along as their name (*Sdruccioli*) denotes, sometimes imitating the light steps of a dance, sometimes, with graver tone, realizing the tumult of a tempest or the clash of arms. Our poetry is a wonder of imagination; you ought not in it to seek for every species of pleasure."

"I admit," returned Nevil, "that you account as well as possible for the beauties and defects of your national poetry; but when these faults, without these graces, are found in prose, how can you defend it? what is but vague in the one becomes unmeaning in the other. The crowd of common ideas that your poets embellish by melody and by figures is served up cold in your prose with the most fatiguing pertinacity. The greatest portion of your present prose writers use a language so declamatory, so diffuse, so abounding in superlatives, that one would think they all dealt out the same accepted phrases

by word of command, or by a kind of convention. Their style is a tissue, a piece of mosaic. They possess in its highest degree the art of inflating an idea, or frothing up a sentiment; one is tempted to ask them a similar question to that put by the negress to the Frenchwoman in the days of hoop petticoats: 'Pray, madame, is all *that* yourself?' Now how much is real beneath this pomp of words, which one true expression might dissipate like an idle dream!"

"You forget," interrupted Corinne, "first Machiavelli and Boccaccio, then Gravina, Filangieri, and even in our own days, Cesarotti, Verri, Bettinelli, and many others who knew both how to write and how to think. I agree with you that for the last century or two, unhappy circumstances having deprived Italy of her independence, all zeal for truth has been so lost that it is often impossible to speak it in any way. The result is a habit of resting content with words and never daring to approach a thought. Authors, too sure that they can effect no change in the state of things, write but to show their wit — the surest way of soon concluding with no wit at all; for it is only by directing our efforts to a nobly useful aim that we can augment our stock of ideas. When writers can do nothing for the welfare of their country; when indeed their means constitute their end; from leading to no better they double in a thousand windings without advancing one step. The Italians are afraid of new ideas, rather because they are indolent than from literary servility. By nature they have much originality, but they give themselves no time to reflect. Their eloquence, so vivid in conversation, chills as they work; beside this, the Southerns feel hampered by prose and can only express themselves fully in verse. It is not thus with French literature," added Corinne to d'Erfeuil: "your prose writers are often more poetical than your versifiers."

"That is a truth established by classic authorities," replied the count. "Bossuet, Labruyère, Montesquieu, and Buffon can never be surpassed, — especially the first two, who belonged to the age of Louis XIV.; they are perfect models for all to imitate who can — a hint as important to foreigners as to ourselves."

"I can hardly think," returned Corinne, "that it were desirable for distinct countries to lose their peculiarities; and I dare to tell you, count, that in your own land the national orthodoxy which opposes all felicitous innovations must render

your literature very barren. Genius is essentially creative; it bears the character of the individual who possesses it. Nature, who permits no two leaves to be exactly alike, has given a still greater diversity to human minds. Imitation, then, is a double murder, for it deprives both copy and original of their primitive existence."

"Would you wish *us*," asked d'Erfeuil, "to admit such Gothic barbarisms as Young's 'Night Thoughts,' or the Spanish and Italian *Concetti?* What would become of our tasteful and elegant style after such a mixture?"

The Prince Castel Forte now remarked: "I think that we all are in want of each other's aid. The literature of every country offers a new sphere of ideas to those familiar with it. Charles V. said: 'The man who understands four languages is worth four men.' What that great genius applied to politics is as true in the state of letters. Most foreigners understand French; their views, therefore, are more extended than those of Frenchmen, who know no language but their own. Why do they not oftener learn other tongues? They would preserve what distinguishes themselves and might acquire some things in which they still are wanting."

"You will confess at least," replied the count, "that there is one department in which *we* have nothing to learn from any one. Our theater is decidedly the first in Europe. I cannot suppose that the English themselves would think of placing their Shakespeare above us."

"Pardon me, they do think of it," answered Mr. Edgarmond; and, having said this, resumed his previous silence.

"Oh!" exclaimed the count, with civil contempt, "let every man think as he pleases; but I persist in believing that, without presumption, we may call ourselves the highest of all dramatic artists. As for the Italians, if I may speak frankly, they are in doubt whether there is such an art in the world. Music is everything with them; the piece nothing; if a second act possesses a better *scena* than the first, they begin with that; nay, they will play portions of different operas on the same night and between them an act from some prose comedy, containing nothing but moral sentences, such as our ancestors turned over to the use of other countries, as worn too threadbare for their own. Your famed musicians do what they will with your poets. One won't sing a certain air, unless the word *Felicità* be introduced; the tenor demands his *Tomba;* a third

can't shake unless it be upon *Catene*. The poor poet must do his best to harmonize these varied tastes with his dramatic situations. Nor is this the worst; some of them will not deign to walk on the stage; they must appear surrounded by clouds, or descend from the top of a palace staircase, in order to give their entrance due effect. Let an air be sung in ever so tender or so furious a passage, the actor must needs bow his thanks for the applause it draws down. In Semiramis the other night, the specter of *Ninus* paid his respects to the pit with an obsequiousness quite neutralizing the awe his costume should have created. In Italy, the theater is looked on merely as a rendezvous, where you need listen to nothing but the songs and the ballet. I may well say they *listen* to the ballet, for they are never quiet till after its commencement; in itself it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of bad taste; I know not what there is to amuse in your ballet beyond its absurdity. I have seen Gengis Khan, clothed in ermine and magnanimity, give up his crown to the child of his conquered rival and lift him into the air upon his foot, a new way of raising a monarch to the throne; I have seen the self-devotion of Curtius, in three acts, full of divertissements. The hero, dressed like an Arcadian shepherd, had a long dance with his mistress ere he mounted a real horse upon the stage and threw himself into a fiery gulf, lined with orange satin and gold paper. In fact I have seen an abridgment of the Roman history turned into ballets from Romulus down to Cæsar."

"All that is very true," mildly replied the Prince of Castel Forte; "but you speak only of our opera, which is in no country considered the dramatic theater."

"Oh, it is still worse when they represent tragedies or dramas not included under the head of those with *happy catastrophes;* they crowd more horrors into five acts than human imagination ever conceived. In one of these pieces a lover kills his mistress' brother, and burns her brains before the audience. The fourth act is occupied by the funeral, and ere the fifth begins, the lover with the utmost composure gives out the next night's harlequinade; then resumes his character, in order to end the play by shooting himself. The tragedians are perfect counterparts of the cold exaggerations in which they perform, committing the greatest atrocities with the most exemplary indifference. If an actor becomes impassioned, he is called a preacher, so much more emotion is be-

trayed in the pulpit than on the stage; and it is lucky that these heroes are so peacefully pathetic, since as there is nothing interesting in your plays, the more fuss they made, the more ridiculous they would become; it were well if they were divertingly so; but it is all too monotonous to laugh at. Italy has neither tragedy nor comedy; the only drama truly her own is the harlequinade. A thievish, cowardly glutton, an amorous or avaricious old dupe of a guardian, are the materials. You will own that such inventions cost no very great efforts, and that the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Misanthrope' called for some exertion of genius." This attack displeased the Italians, though they laughed at it. In conversation the count preferred displaying his wit to his good humor. Natural benevolence prompted his actions, but self-love his words. Castel Forte and others longed to refute his accusations, but they thought the cause would be better defended by Corinne; and as they rarely sought to shine themselves, they were content, after citing such names as Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, and Monti, with begging her to answer Monsieur d'Erfeuil. Corinne agreed with him that the Italians had no national theater; but she sought to prove that circumstances, and not want of talent, had caused this deficiency. "Comedy," she said, "as depending on observation of manners, can only exist in a country accustomed to a great varied population. Italy is animated by violent passions or effeminate enjoyments. Such passions give birth to crimes that confound all shades of character. But that ideal comedy, which suits all times, all countries, was invented here. Harlequin, pantaloon, and clown are to be found in every piece of that description. Everywhere they have rather masks than faces; that is, they wear the physiognomy of their class, and not of individuals. Doubtless our modern authors found these parts all made to their hands, like the pawns of a chessboard; but these fantastic creations, which, from one end of Europe to the other, still amuse not only children, but men whom fancy renders childish, surely give the Italians some claim on the art of comedy. Observation of the human heart is an inexhaustible source of literature; but nations rather romantic than reflective yield themselves more readily to the delirium of joy than to philosophic satire. Something of sadness lurks beneath the pleasantry founded on a knowledge of mankind; the most truly inoffensive gayety is that which is purely

imaginative. Not that Italians do not shrewdly study those with whom they are concerned. They detect the most private thoughts, as subtly as others; but they are not wont to make a literary use of the acuteness which marks their conduct. Perhaps they are reluctant to generalize and to publish their discoveries. Prudence may forbid their wasting on mere plays what may serve to guide their behavior, or converting into witty fictions that which they find so useful in real life. Nevertheless, Machiavelli, who has made known all the secrets of criminal policy, may serve to show of what terrible sagacity the Italian mind is capable. Goldoni, who lived in Venice, where society is at its best, introduced more observation into his work than is commonly found. Yet his numerous comedies want variety both of character and situation. They seem modeled, not on life, but on the generality of the theatrical pieces. Irony is not the true character of Italian wit. It is Ariosto, and not Molière, who can amuse us here. Gozzi, the rival of Goldoni, had much more irregular originality. He gave himself up freely to his genius; mingling buffoonery with magic, imitating nothing in nature, but dealing with those fairy chimeras that bear the mind beyond the boundaries of this world. He had a prodigious success in his day, and perhaps is the best specimen of Italian comic fancy; but, to ascertain what our tragedy and comedy might become, they must be allowed a theater and a company. A host of small towns dissipate the few resources that might be collected. That division of states, usually so favorable to public welfare, is destructive of it here. We want a center of light and power, to pierce the mists of surrounding prejudice. The authority of a government would be a blessing, if it contended with the ignorance of men, isolated among themselves, in separate provinces, and, by awakening emulation, gave life to a people now content with a dream."

These and other discussions were spiritedly put forth by Corinne; she equally understood the art of that light and rapid style, which insists on nothing, — in her wish to please, adopting each by 'turns, though frequently abandoning herself to the talent which had rendered her so celebrated as an improvisatrice. Often did she call on Castel Forte to support her opinions by his own; but she spoke so well, that all her auditors listened with delight, and could not have endured an interruption. Mr. Edgarmond, above all, could never have

wearied of seeing and hearing her; he hardly dared explain to himself the admiration she excited, and whispered some words of praise, trusting that she would understand, without obliging him to repeat them. He felt, however, so anxious to hear her sentiments on tragedy, that, in spite of his timidity, he risked the question. "Madame," he said, "it appears to me that tragedies are what your literature wants most. I think that yours comes less near an equality with our own, than children do to men; for childish sensibility, if light, is genuine; while your serious dramas are so stilted and unnatural, that they stifle all emotion. Am I not right, my lord?" he added, turning his eyes toward Nevil, with an appeal for assistance, and astonished at himself for having dared to say so much before so large a party.

"I think just as you do," returned Oswald; "Metastasio, whom they vaunt as the bard of love, gives that passion the same coloring in all countries and situations. His songs, indeed, abound with grace, harmony, and lyric beauty, especially when detached from the dramas to which they belong; but it is impossible for us, whose Shakespeare is indisputably the poet who has most profoundly fathomed the depths of human passions, to bear with the fond pair who fill nearly all the scenes of Metastasio, and, whether called Achilles or Thyrsis, Brutus or Corilas, all sing, in the same strain, the martyrdom they endure, and depict, as a species of insipid idiocy, the most stormy impulse that can wreck the heart of man. It is with real respect for Alfieri that I venture a few comments on his works, their aim is so noble! The sentiments of the author so well accord with the life of the man, that his tragedies ought always to be praised as so many great actions, even though they may be criticised in a literary sense. It strikes me that some of them have a monotony in their vigor, as Metastasio's have in their sweetness. Alfieri gives us such a profusion of energy and worth, or such an exaggeration of violence and guilt, that it is impossible to recognize one human being among his heroes. Men are never either so vile or so generous as he describes them. The object is to contrast vice with virtue; but these contrasts lack the gradations of truth. If tyrants were obliged to put up with half he makes their victims say to their faces, one would really feel tempted to pity them. In the tragedy of 'Octavia,' this outrage of probability is most apparent. Seneca lectures Nero, as if the one were the

bravest, and the other the most patient, of men. The master of the world allows himself to be insulted, and put in a rage, scene after scene, as if it were not in his own power to end all this by a single word. It is certain that, in these continual dialogues, Seneca utters maxims which one might pride to hear in a harangue or read in a dissertation; but is this the way to give an idea of tyranny? instead of investing it with terror, to set it up as a block against which to tilt with wordy weapons! Had Shakespeare represented Nero surrounded by trembling slaves, who scarce dared answer the most indifferent question, himself vainly endeavoring to appear at ease, and Seneca at his side, composing the Apology for Agrippina's murder, would not our horror have been a thousand times more great? and, for one reflection made by the author, would not millions have arisen, in the spectator's mind, from the silent rhetoric of so true a picture?"

Oswald might have spoken much longer ere Corinne would have interrupted him, so fascinated was she by the sound of his voice and the turn of his expression. Scarce could she remove her gaze from his countenance, even when he ceased to speak; then, as her friends eagerly asked what she thought of Italian tragedy, she answered by addressing herself to Nevil.

"My lord, I so entirely agree with you, that it is not as a disputant I reply, but to make some exceptions to your, perhaps, too general rules. It is true that Metastasio is rather a lyric than a dramatic poet; and that he depicts love rather as one of the fine arts that embellish life, than as the secret source of our deepest joys and sorrows. Although our poetry has been chiefly devoted to love, I will hazard the assertion that we have more truth and power in our portraitures of every other passion. For amatory themes, a kind of conventional style has been formed among us; and poets are inspired by what they have read, not by their own feelings. Love as it is in Italy bears not the slightest resemblance to love such as our authors describe.

"I know but one romance, the 'Fiammetta' of Boccaccio, in which the passion is attired in its truly national colors. Italian love is a deep and rapid impression, more frequently betrayed by the silent ardor of our deeds, than by ingenious and highly wrought language. Our literature in general bears but a faint stamp of our manners. We are too humbly modest to found tragedies on our own history, or fill them with our

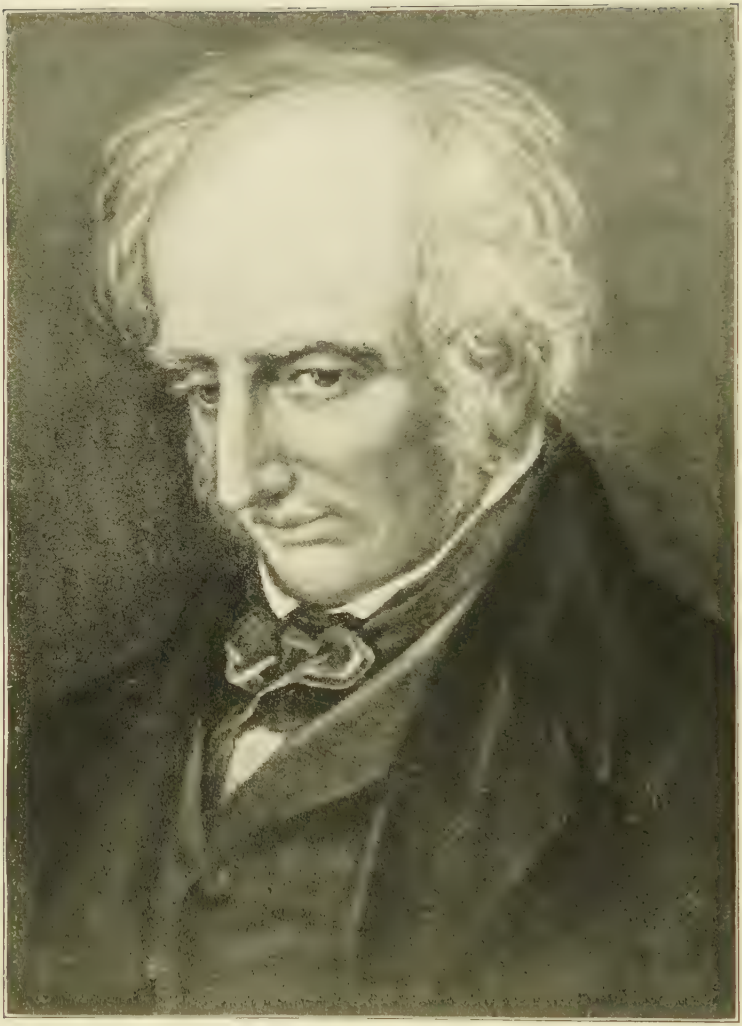
own emotions. Alfieri, by a singular chance, was transplanted from antiquity into modern times. He was born for action, yet permitted but to write: his style resented this restraint. He wished by a literary road to reach a political goal; a noble one, but such as spoils all works of fancy. He was impatient of living among learned writers and enlightened readers, who, nevertheless, cared for nothing serious, but amused themselves with madrigals and novelettes. Alfieri sought to give his tragedies a more austere character. He retrenched everything that could interfere with the interest of his dialogue, as if determined to make his countrymen do penance for their natural vivacity. Yet he was much admired, because he was truly great, and because the inhabitants of Rome applaud all praise bestowed on the ancient Romans, as if it belonged to themselves. They are amateurs of virtue, as of the pictures their galleries possess; but Alfieri has not created anything that may be called the Italian drama, — that is, a school of tragedy in which a merit peculiar to Italy may be found. He has not even characterized the manners of the times and countries he selected. His 'Pazzi,' 'Virginia,' and 'Philip II.' are replete with powerful and elevated thought; but you everywhere find the impress of Alfieri, not that of the scene nor of the period assumed. Widely as he differs from all French authors in most respects, he resembles them in the habit of painting every subject he touches with the hues of his own mind." At this allusion, d'Erfeuil observed: —

"It would be impossible for *us* to brook on *our* stage either the insignificance of the Grecians, or the monstrosities of Shakespeare. The French have too much taste. Our drama stands alone for elegance and delicacy; to introduce anything foreign, were to plunge us into barbarism."

"You would as soon think of surrounding France with the great wall of China!" said Corinne, smiling: "yet the rare beauties of your tragic authors would be better developed, if you would sometimes permit others besides Frenchmen to appear in their scenes. But we, poor Italians, would lose much by confining ourselves to rules that must confer on us less honor than constraint. The national character ought to form the national theater. We love the fine arts, music, scenery, even pantomime; all, in fact, that strikes our senses. How, then, can a drama, of which eloquence is the best charm, content us? In vain did Alfieri strive to reduce us to this; he

himself felt that his system was too rigorous. His 'Saul,' Maffei's 'Merope,' Monti's 'Aristodemus,' above all, the poetry of Dante (though he never wrote a tragedy), seem to give the best notion of what the dramatic art might become here. In 'Merope' the action is simple, but the language glorious; why should such style be interdicted in our plays? Verse becomes so magnificent in Italian, that we ought to be the last people to renounce its beauty. Alfieri, who, when he pleased, could excel in every way, has in his 'Saul' made superb use of lyric poetry; and, indeed, music itself might there be very happily introduced, not to interrupt the dialogue, but to calm the fury of the king, by the harp of David. We possess such delicious music, as may well inebriate all mental power; we ought, therefore, instead of separating, to unite these attributes; not by making our heroes sing, which destroys their dignity, but by choruses, like those of the ancients, connected by natural links with the main situation, as often happens in real life. Far from rendering the Italian drama less imaginative, I think we ought in every way to increase the illusive pleasure of the audience. Our lively taste for music, ballet, and spectacle is a proof of powerful fancy, and a necessity to interest ourselves incessantly even in thus sporting with serious images, instead of rendering them more severe than they need be, as did Alfieri. We think it our duty to applaud whatever is grave and majestic, but soon return to our natural tastes; and are satisfied with any tragedy so it be embellished by that variety which the English and Spaniards so highly appreciate. Monti's 'Aristodemus' partakes the terrible pathos of Dante and has surely a just title to our pride. Dante, so versatile a master-spirit, possessed a tragic genius, which would have produced a grand effect if he could have adapted it to the stage; he knew how to set before the eye whatever passed in the soul; he made us not only feel but look upon despair. Had he written plays they must have affected young and old, the many as well as the few. Dramatic literature must be in some way popular; a whole nation constitute its judges."

"Since the time of Dante," said Oswald, "Italy has played a great political part — ere it can boast a national tragic school great events must call forth, in real life, the emotions which become the stage. Of all literary *chefs-d'œuvre*, a tragedy most thoroughly belongs to a whole people; the author's genius is matured by the public spirit of his audience; by the govern-



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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ment and manners of his country ; by all, in fact, which recurs each day to the mind forming the moral being, even as the air we breathe invigorates our physical life. The Spaniards, whom you resemble in climate and in creed, have, nevertheless, far more dramatic talent. Their pieces are drawn from their history, their chivalry, and religious faith; they are original and animated. Their success in this way may restore them to their former fame as a nation ; but how can we found in Italy a style of tragedy which she has never possessed ?"

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[William Wordsworth, the most influential of modern English poets, was born April 7, 1770, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He made the tour of France and Switzerland in 1791–1792, and his impressions of the Revolution are recorded in "The Prelude." In 1798 his epoch-making "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Their weaker parts were seized on for ridicule, and "Tintern Abbey" was not praised. After a tour in Germany he settled at Grasmere, and in 1813 at Rydal Mount. In 1814 he published "The Excursion." From 1814 to 1842 he was a government stamp distributer; in 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet laureate. He died April 23, 1850. The various editions of his collected "Poems" form his literary achievements.]

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday; —
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a Tree, of many, one,

Manuscript of William Wordsworth.

Letter on receipt of the news of the death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, addressed to Henry Nelson Coleridge, the latter poet's nephew and son-in-law. Written 29 July, 1834.

29 July.

My Dear Sir,—Though the account which Miss Hutchinson had given of the state of our friend's health had prepared us for the sad tidings of your letter, the announcement of his dissolution was not the less a great shock to myself and all this family. We are much obliged to you for entering so far into the particulars of our ever to be lamented friend's decease, and we sincerely congratulate you and his dear daughter upon the calmness of mind and the firm faith in his Redeemer which supported him through his painful bodily and mental trials, and which we hope and trust have enrolled his spirit among those of the blessed.

I cannot give way to the expression of my feelings upon this mournful occasion; I have not strength of mind to do so. The last year has thinned off so many of my friends, young and old, and brought with it so much anxiety private and public, that it would be no kindness to you were I to yield to the solemn and sad thoughts and remembrances which press upon me. It is nearly 40 years since I first became acquainted with him whom we have just lost; and though with the exception of six weeks when we were on the continent together, along with my daughter, I have seen little of him for the last 20 years, his mind has been habitually present with me, with an accompanying feeling that he was still in the flesh. That frail tie is broken and I, and most of those nearest and dearest to me must prepare and endeavour to follow him. Give my affectionate love to Sara, and remember me tenderly to Mrs. Coleridge; in these requests Mrs. Wth, my poor sister, Miss H., and Dora unite, and also in very kind regards to yourself; and believe me,

My dear Sir
Gratefully yours
W. WORDSWORTH.

Pray remember us kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, when you see them. We shall be happy to hear from you again at your leisure.

[Vol. XVI. p. 5424.]

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of my feelings upon this mournful occasion,
I have not strength of mind to do so —
The last year has thinned off so many of
my Friends, young and old, and brought
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still in the flesh. That frail tie
is broken & O, most of those who are
nearest & dearest to us must prepare
and endeavour to follow him. God bless my
affectionate Sons, and remember me

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1834.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 34,225, f. 193.

A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster Child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his newborn blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pygmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a newborn Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

MARION'S DEATH AND WALLACE'S VENGEANCE.

By JANE PORTER.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

[JANE PORTER: An English novelist; born at Durham in 1776, her father being a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. She passed her life chiefly in or near London. Her first and most popular novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803),

WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT, IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

translated into several languages; followed by "The Scottish Chiefs" (1809), "Duke Christian of Lunoburg," etc. She died at Bristol in 1850.]

Ellerslie.

Halbert returned to the house; and entering the room softly, into which Marion had withdrawn, beheld her on her knees, before a crucifix: she was praying for the safety of her husband.

"May he, O gracious Lord," cried she, "soon return to his home. But if I am to see him here no more, oh, may it please Thee to grant me to meet him within thy arms in heaven!"

"Hear her, blessed Son of Mary!" ejaculated the old man. She looked round, and rising from her knees, demanded of him, in a kind but anxious voice, whether he had left her lord in security.

"In the way to it, my lady!" answered Halbert. He repeated all that Wallace had said at parting, and then tried to prevail on her to go to rest. "Sleep cannot visit my eyes this night, my faithful creature," replied she; "my spirit will follow Wallace in his mountain flight. Go you to your chamber. After you have had repose, that will be time enough to revisit the remains of the poor earl, and to bring them with the box to the house. I will take a religious charge of both, for the sake of the dear intruster."

Halbert persuaded his lady to lie down on the bed, that her limbs at least might rest after the fatigue of so harassing a night; and she, little suspecting that he meant to do otherwise than to sleep also, kindly wished him repose, and retired.

Her maids, during the late terror, had dispersed, and were nowhere to be found; and the men, too, after their stout resistance at the gates, had all disappeared; some fled, others were sent away prisoners to Lanark, while the good Hambledon was conversing with their lady. Halbert, therefore, resigned himself to await with patience the rising of the sun, when he hoped some of the scared domestics would return; if not, he determined to go to the cotters who lived in the depths of the glen, and bring some of them to supply the place of the fugitives, and a few, with stouter hearts, to guard his lady.

Thus musing, he sat on a stone bench in the hall, watching anxiously the appearance of that orb, whose setting beams he hoped would light him back with tidings of Sir William Wal-

lace to comfort the lonely heart of his Marion. All seemed at peace. Nothing was heard but the sighing of the trees as they waved before the western window, which opened towards the Lanark hills. The morning was yet gray, and the fresh air blowing in rather chilly, Halbert rose to close the wooden shutter ; at that moment his eyes were arrested by a party of armed men in quick march down the opposite declivity. In a few minutes more their heavy steps sounded in his ears, and he saw the platform before the house filled with English. Alarmed at the sight, he was retreating across the apartment, towards his lady's room, when the great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, who rushed forward and seized him.

"Tell me, dotard!" cried their leader, a man of low stature, with gray locks, but a fierce countenance, "where is the murderer? Where is Sir William Wallace? Speak, or the torture shall force you!"

Halbert shuddered, but it was for his defenseless lady, not for himself. "My master," said he, "is far from this."

"Where?"

"I know not."

"Thou shalt be made to know, thou hoary-headed villain!" cried the same violent interrogator. "Where is the assassin's wife? I will confront ye. Seek her out."

At that word the soldiers parted right and left, and in a moment afterwards three of them appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Alas! my lady!" cried Halbert, struggling to approach her, as with terrified apprehension she looked around her ; but they held her fast, and he saw her led up to the merciless wretch who had given the orders to have her summoned.

"Woman!" cried he, "I am the governor of Lanark. You now stand before the representative of the great King Edward, and on your allegiance to him, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me three questions. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Who is that old Scot, for whom my nephew was slain? He and his whole family shall meet my vengeance! And tell me where is that box of treasure which your husband stole from Douglas Castle? Answer me these questions on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman!" demanded the governor. "If fear cannot move you, know that I can reward as well as avenge. I

will endow you richly, if you declare the truth. If you persist to refuse, you die."

"Then I die," replied she, scarcely opening her half-closed eyes, as she leaned, fainting and motionless, against the soldier who held her.

"What!" cried the governor, stifling his rage, in hopes to gain by persuasion on a spirit he found threats could not intimidate; "can so gentle a lady reject the favor of England; large grants in this country, and perhaps a fine English knight for a husband, when you might have all for the trifling service of giving up a traitor to his liege lord, and confessing where his robberies lie concealed? Speak, fair dame; give me this information, and the lands of the wounded chieftain whom Wallace brought here, with the hand of the handsome Sir Gilbert Hambledon, shall be your reward. Rich, and a beauty in Edward's court! Lady, can you now refuse to purchase all, by declaring the hiding place of the traitor Wallace?"

"It is easier to die!"

"Fool!" cried Heselrigge, driven from his assumed temper by her steady denial. "What! is it easier for these dainty limbs to be hacked to pieces by my soldiers' axes? Is it easier for that fair bosom to be trodden underfoot by my horse's hoofs, and for that beauteous head of thine to decorate my lance? Is all this easier than to tell me where to find a murderer and his gold?"

Lady Wallace shuddered: she stretched her hands to heaven.

"Speak once for all!" cried the enraged governor, drawing his sword; "I am no waxen-hearted Hambledon, to be cajoled by your beauty. Declare where Wallace is concealed, or dread my vengeance."

The horrid steel gleamed across the eyes of the unhappy Marion; unable to sustain herself, she sunk on the ground.

"Kneel not to me for mercy!" cried the fierce wretch; "I grant none, unless you confess your husband's hiding place."

A momentary strength darted from the heart of Lady Wallace to her voice. "I kneel to heaven alone, and may it ever preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried the infuriate Heselrigge; and in that moment he plunged his sword into her defenseless

breast. Halbert, who had all this time been held back by the soldiers, could not believe that the fierce governor would perpetrate the horrid deed he threatened; but seeing it done, with a giant's strength and a terrible cry he burst from the hands which held him, and had thrown himself on the bleeding Marion, before her murderer could strike his second blow. However, it fell, and pierced through the neck of the faithful servant before it reached her heart. She opened her dying eyes, and seeing who it was that would have shielded her life, just articulated, "Halbert! my Wallace — to God ——" and with the last unfinished sentence her pure soul took its flight to regions of eternal peace.

The good old man's heart almost burst, when he felt that before-heaving bosom now motionless; and groaning with grief, and fainting with loss of blood, he lay senseless on her body.

A terrific stillness was now in the hall. Not a man spoke; all stood looking on each other, with a stern horror marking each pale countenance. Heselrigge, dropping his blood-stained sword on the ground, perceived by the behavior of his men that he had gone too far, and fearful of arousing the indignation of awakened humanity, to some act against himself, he addressed the soldiers in an unusual accent of condescension: "My friends," said he, "we will now return to Lanark: to-morrow you may come back, for I reward your services of this night with the plunder of Ellerslie."

"May a curse light on him who carries a stick from its ground!" exclaimed a veteran, from the further end of the hall. "Amen!" murmured all the soldiers, with one consent; and falling back, they disappeared, one by one, out of the great door, leaving Heselrigge alone with the soldier, who stood leaning on his sword looking on the murdered lady.

"Grimsby, why stand you there?" demanded Heselrigge; "follow me."

"Never," returned the soldier.

"What!" exclaimed the governor, momentarily forgetting his panic, "dare you speak thus to your commander? March on before me this instant, or expect to be treated as a rebel."

"I march at your command no more," replied the veteran, eying him resolutely: "the moment you perpetrated this bloody deed, you became unworthy the name of man; and I should disgrace my own manhood, were I ever again to obey the word of such a monster!"

"Villain!" cried the enraged Heselrigge, "you shall die for this!"

"That may be," answered Grimsby, "by the hands of some tyrant like yourself; but no brave man, not the royal Edward, would do otherwise than acquit his soldier for refusing obedience to the murderer of an innocent woman. It was not so he treated the wives and daughters of the slaughtered Saracens when I followed his banners over the fields of Palestine!"

"Thou canting miscreant!" cried Heselrigge, springing on him suddenly, and aiming his dagger at his breast. But the soldier arrested the weapon, and at the same instant closing upon the assassin, with a turn of his foot threw him to the ground. Heselrigge, as he lay prostrate, seeing his dagger in his adversary's hand, with the most dastardly promises, implored for life.

"Monster!" cried the soldier, "I would not pollute my honest hands with such unnatural blood. Neither, though thy hand has been lifted against my life, would I willingly take thine. It is not rebellion against my commander that actuates me, but hatred of the vilest of murderers. I go far from you, or your power; but if you forswear your voluntary oath, and attempt to seek me out for vengeance, remember it is a soldier of the cross you pursue, and a dire retribution shall be demanded by Heaven, at a moment you cannot avoid, and with a horror commensurate with your crimes."

There was a solemnity and determination in the voice and manner of the soldier that paralyzed the intimidated soul of the governor; he trembled violently, and repeating his oath of leaving Grimsby unmolested, at last obtained his permission to return to Lanark. The men, in obedience to the conscience-struck orders of their commander, had mounted their horses, and were now far out of sight. Heselrigge's charger was still in the courtyard; he was hurrying towards it, but the soldier, with a prudent suspicion, called out, "Stop, sir! you must walk to Lanark. The cruel are generally false: I cannot trust your word, should you have the power to break it. Leave this horse here — to-morrow you may send for it, I shall then be far away."

Heselrigge saw that remonstrance would be unavailing; and shaking with impotent rage, he turned into the path which, after five weary miles, would lead him once more to his citadel.

From the moment the soldier's manly spirit had dared to deliver its abhorrence of Lady Wallace's murder, he was aware that his life would no longer be safe within reach of the machinations of Heselrigge; and determined, alike by detestation of him, and regard for his own preservation, he resolved to take shelter in the mountains, till he could have an opportunity of going beyond sea to join his king's troops in the Guienne wars.

Full of these thoughts, he returned into the hall. As he approached the bleeding group on the floor, he perceived it move; hoping that perhaps the unhappy lady might not be dead, he drew near; but, alas! as he bent to examine, he touched her hand and found it quite cold. The blood which had streamed from the now exhausted heart, lay congealed upon her arms and bosom. Grimsby shuddered. Again he saw her move; but it was not with her own life; the recovering senses of her faithful servant, as his arms clung around the body, had disturbed the remains of her who would wake no more.

On seeing that existence yet struggled in one of these blameless victims, Grimsby did his utmost to revive the old man. He raised him from the ground, and poured some strong liquor he had in a flask into his mouth. Halbert breathed freer; and his kind surgeon, with the venerable harper's own plaid, bound up the wound in his neck. Halbert opened his eyes. When he fixed them on the rough features and English helmet of the soldier, he closed them again with a deep groan.

"My honest Scot," said Grimsby, "trust in me. I am a man like yourself; and though a Southron, am no enemy to age and helplessness."

The harper took courage at these words: he again looked at the soldier; but suddenly recollecting what had passed, he turned his eyes towards the body of his mistress, on which the beams of the now rising sun were shining. He started up, and staggering towards her, would have fallen, had not Grimsby supported him. "O what a sight is this!" cried he, wringing his hands. "My lady! my lovely lady! see how low she lies who was once the delight of all eyes, the comforter of all hearts." The old man's sobs suffocated him. The veteran turned away his face; a tear dropped upon his hand. "Accursed Heselrigge," ejaculated he, "thy fate must come!"

"If there be a man's heart in all Scotland, it is not far distant!" cried Halbert. "My master lives, and will avenge this

murder. You weep, soldier, and you will not betray what has now escaped me."

"I have fought in Palestine," returned he, "and a soldier of the cross betrays none who trust him. Saint Mary preserve your master and conduct you safely to him. We must both hasten hence. Heselrigge will surely send in pursuit of me. He is too vile to forgive the truth I have spoken to him; and should I fall into his power, death is the best I could expect at his hands. Let me assist you to put this poor lady's remains into some decent place; and then, my honest Scot, we must separate."

Halbert, at these words, threw himself upon the bosom of his mistress, and wept with loud lamentations over her. In vain he attempted to raise her in his feeble arms. "I have carried thee scores of times in thy blooming infancy," cried he; "and now must I bear thee to thy grave? I had hoped that my eyes would have been closed by this dear hand." As he spoke, he pressed her cold hand to his lips with such convulsive sobs that the soldier, fearing he would expire in the agony of his sorrow, took him almost motionless from the dead body, and exhorted him to suppress such self-destroying grief for the sake of his master. Halbert gradually revived, and listening to him, cast a wishful look on the lifeless Marion.

"There sleeps the pride and hope of Ellerslie, the mother with her child! O my master, my widowed master," cried he, "what will comfort thee!"

Fearing the ill consequence of the further delay, the soldier again interrupted his lamentations with arguments for flight; and Halbert, recollecting the oratory in which Wallace had ordered the body of Lord Mar to be deposited, named it for that of his dead lady. Grimsby, immediately wrapping the beauteous corse in the white garments which hung about it, raised it in his arms, and was conducted by Halbert to a little chapel in the heart of a neighboring cliff.

The still weeping old man removed the altar; and Grimsby, laying the shrouded Marion upon its rocky platform, covered her with the pall, which he drew from the holy table, and laid the crucifix upon her bosom. Halbert, when his beloved mistress was thus hidden from his sight, threw himself on his knees beside her, and in the vehement language of grief, offered up a prayer for her departed soul.

"Hear me, righteous Judge of heaven and earth!" cried he; "as thou didst avenge the blood of innocence shed in

Bethlehem so let the gray hairs of Heselrigge be brought down in blood to the grave for the murder of this innocent lady!" Halbert kissed the cross; and rising from his knees, went weeping out of the chapel, followed by the soldier.

Having closed the door, and carefully locked it, absorbed in meditation on what would be the agonized transports of his master, when he should tell him these grievous tidings, Halbert proceeded in silence, till he and his companion in passing the well were startled by a groan.

"Here is some one in extremity!" cried the soldier. "Is it possible he lives!" exclaimed Halbert, bending down to the edge of the well with the same inquiry. "Yes," feebly answered the earl, "I still exist, but am very faint. If all be safe above, I pray remove me into the upward air!" Halbert replied that it was indeed necessary he should ascend immediately; and lowering the rope, told him to tie the iron box to it and then himself. This done, with some difficulty, and the assistance of the wondering soldier (who now expected to see the husband of the unfortunate Lady Wallace emerge to the knowledge of his loss), he at last effected the earl's release. For a few seconds the fainting nobleman supported himself on his countryman's shoulder, while the fresh morning breeze gradually revived his exhausted frame. The soldier looked at his gray locks and furrowed brow, and marveled how such proofs of age could belong to the man whose resistless valor had discomfited the fierce determination of Arthur Heselrigge and his myrmidons. However, his doubts of the veteran before him being other than the brave Wallace were soon satisfied by the earl himself, who asked for a draught of the water which trickled down the opposite hill; and while Halbert went to bring it, Lord Mar raised his eyes to inquire for Sir William and the Lady Marion. He started when he saw English armor on the man he would have accosted, and rising suddenly from the stone on which he sat, demanded, in a stern voice, "Who art thou?"

"An Englishman," answered the soldier; "one who does not, like the monster Heselrigge, disgrace the name. I would assist you, noble Wallace, to fly this spot. After that, I shall seek refuge abroad; and there, on the fields of Guienne, demonstrate my fidelity to my king."

Mar looked at him steadily. "You mistake; I am not Sir William Wallace."

At that moment Halbert came up with the water. The earl drank it, though now, from the impulse surprise had given to his blood, he did not require its efficacy; and turning to the venerable bearer, he asked of him whether his master were safe.

"I trust he is," replied the old man; "but you, my lord, must hasten hence. A foul murder has been committed here, since he left it."

"But where is Lady Wallace?" asked the earl; "if there be such danger we must not leave her to meet it."

"She will never meet danger more!" cried the old man, clasping his hands; "she is in the bosom of the Virgin; and no second assassin's steel can reach her there."

"What!" exclaimed the earl, hardly articulate with horror, "is Lady Wallace murdered?" Halbert answered only by his tears.

"Yes," said the soldier; "and detestation of so unmanly an outrage provoked me to desert his standard. But no time must now be lost in unavailing lamentation. Heselrigge will return; and if we also would not be sacrificed to his rage, we must hence immediately."

The earl, struck dumb at this recital, gave the soldier time to recount the particulars. When he had finished, Lord Mar saw the necessity for instant flight, and ordered horses to be brought from the stables. Though he had fainted in the well, the present shock gave such tension to his nerves, that he found, in spite of his wound, he could now ride without difficulty.

Halbert went as commanded, and returned with two horses. Having only amongst rocks and glens to go, he did not bring one for himself; and begging the good soldier might attend the earl to Bothwell, he added, "He will guard you and this box, which Sir William Wallace holds as his life. What it contains I know not; and none, he says, may dare to search into. But you will take care of it for his sake, till more peaceful times allow him to reclaim his own!"

"Fatal box!" cried the soldier, regarding it with an abhorrent eye; "that was the leading cause which brought Heselrigge to Ellerslie."

"How?" inquired the earl. Grimsby then briefly related, that immediately after the return to Lanark of the detachment sent to Ellerslie, under the command of Sir Gilbert Hambledon, an officer arrived from the English garrison in Douglas, and

told the governor that Sir William Wallace had that evening taken a quantity of treasure from the castle. His report was, that the English soldiers who stood near the Scottish knight when he mounted at the castle gate, saw a long iron coffer under his arm, but not suspecting its having belonged to Douglas, they thought not of it, till they overheard Sir John Monteith, as he passed through one of the galleries, muttering something about gold and a box. To intercept the robber amongst his native glens, the soldiers deemed impracticable, and therefore their captain came immediately to lay the information before the governor of Lanark. As the scabbard found in the affray with young Arthur had betrayed the victor to have been Sir William Wallace, this intimation of his having been also the instrument of wresting from the grasp of Heselrigge perhaps the most valuable spoil in Douglas, exasperated him to the most vindictive excess. Inflamed with the double furies of revenge and avarice, he ordered out a new troop, and placing himself at its head, took the way to Ellerslie. One of the servants, whom some of Hambledon's men had seized for the sake of information, on being threatened with the torture, confessed to Heselrigge, that not only Sir William Wallace was in the house when it was attacked, but that the person whom he had rescued in the streets of Lanark, and who proved to be a wealthy nobleman, was there also. This whetted the eagerness of the governor to reach Ellerslie; and expecting to get a rich booty, without the most distant idea of the horrors he was going to perpetrate, a large detachment of men followed him.

"To extort money from you, my Lord," continued the soldier, "and to obtain that fatal coffer, were his main objects; but disappointed in his darling passion of avarice, he forgot he was a man, and the blood of innocence glutted his barbarous vengeance."

"Hateful gold!" cried Lord Mar, spurning the box with his foot; "it cannot be for itself the noble Wallace so greatly prizes it: it must be a trust."

"I believe it is," returned Halbert, "for he enjoined my lady to preserve it for the sake of his honor. Take care of it then, my Lord, for the same sacred reason."

The Englishman made no objection to accompany the earl; and by a suggestion of his own, Halbert brought him a Scottish bonnet and cloak from the house. While he put them on, the

earl observed that the harper held a drawn and blood-stained sword in his hand, on which he steadfastly gazed. "Whence came that horrid weapon?" cried Lord Mar.

"It is my lady's blood," replied Halbert, still looking on it. "I found it where she lay, in the hall, and I will carry it to my master. Was not every drop of her blood dear to him? and here are many." As the old man spoke he bent his head on the sword, and groaned heavily.

"England shall hear more of this!" cried Mar, as he threw himself across the horse. "Give me that fatal box; I will buckle it to my saddlebow. Inadequate will be my utmost care of it, to repay the vast sorrows its preservation and mine have brought upon the head of my deliverer."

The Englishman in silence mounted his horse, and Halbert opened a back gate that led to the hills which lay between Ellerslie and Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar took a golden-trophied bugle from his breast: "Give this to your master, and tell him that by whatever hands he sends it, the sight of it shall always command the services of Donald Mar. I go to Bothwell, in expectation that he will join me there. In making it his home he will render me happy, for my friendship is now bound to him by bonds which only death can sever."

Halbert took the horn, and promising faithfully to repeat the earl's message, prayed God to bless him and the honest soldier. A rocky promontory soon excluded them from his sight, and in a few minutes more even the sound of their horses' hoofs was lost on the soft herbage of the winding dell.

"Now I am alone in this once happy spot. Not a voice, not a sound. Oh! Wallace!" cried he, throwing up his venerable arms, "thy house is left unto thee desolate, and I am to be the fatal messenger." With the last words he struck into a deep ravine which led to the remotest solitudes of the glen, and pursued his way in dreadful silence. No human face of Scot or English cheered or scared him as he passed along. The tumult of the preceding night, by dispersing the servants of Ellerslie, had so alarmed the poor cottagers, that with one accord they fled to their kindred on the hills, amid those fastnesses of nature, to await tidings from the valley, of when all should be still, and they might return in peace. Halbert looked to the right and to the left; no smoke, curling its gray mist from behind the intersecting rocks, reminded him of the gladsome morning hour, or invited him to take a moment's rest from his grievous jour-

ney. All was lonely and comfortless; and sighing bitterly over the wide devastation, he concealed the fatal sword and the horn under his cloak, and with a staff which he broke from a withered tree, took his way down the winding craigs. Many a pointed flint pierced his aged feet, while exploring the almost trackless paths, which by their direction he hoped would lead him at length to the deep caves of Corie Lynn.

Corie Lynn.

After having traversed many a weary rood of, to him, before untrodden ground, the venerable minstrel of the house of Wallace, exhausted by fatigue, sat down on the declivity of a steep craig. The burning beams of the midday sun now beat upon the rocks, but the overshadowing foliage afforded him shelter; and a few berries from the brambles, which knit themselves over the path he had yet to explore, with a draught of water from a friendly burn, offered themselves to revive his enfeebled limbs. Insufficient as they appeared, he took them, blessing Heaven for sending even these; and strengthened by half an hour's rest, again he grasped his staff to pursue his way.

After breaking a passage through the entangled shrubs that grew across the only possible footing in this solitary wilderness, he went along the side of the expanding stream, which at every turning of the rocks increased in depth and violence. The rills from above, and other mountain brooks, pouring from abrupt falls down the craigs, covered him with spray, and intercepted his passage. Finding it impracticable to proceed through the rushing torrent of a cataract, whose distant roarings might have intimidated even a younger adventurer, he turned from its tumbling waters which burst from his sight, and crept on his hands and knees up the opposite acclivity, catching by the fern and other weeds to stay him from falling back into the flood below. Prodigious craggy heights towered above his head as he ascended; while the rolling clouds which canopied their summits, seemed descending to wrap him in their "fleecy skirts"; or the projecting rocks bending over the waters of the glen, left him only a narrow shelf in the cliff, along which he crept till it brought him to the mouth of a cavern.

He must either enter it or return the way he came, or

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE'S MONUMENT AT ABBEY CRAIG, STIRLING

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

attempt the descent of overhanging precipices which nothing could surmount but the pinions of their native birds. Above him was the mountain. Retread his footsteps until he had seen his beloved master, he was resolved not to do — to perish in these glens would be more tolerable to him; for while he moved forward, hope, even in the arms of death, would cheer him with the whisper *that he was in the path of duty*. He therefore entered the cavity, and passing on, soon perceived an aperture, through which emerging on the other side, he found himself again on the margin of the river. Having attained a wider bed, it left him a still narrower causeway, to perform the remainder of his journey.

Huge masses of rock, canopied with a thick umbrage of firs, beech, and weeping birch, closed over the glen and almost excluded the light of day. But more anxious, as he calculated by the increased rapidity of the stream he must now be approaching the great fall near his master's concealment, Halbert redoubled his speed. But an unlooked-for obstacle baffled his progress. A growing gloom he had not observed in the sky-excluded valley, having entirely overspread the heavens, at this moment suddenly discharged itself, amidst peals of thunder, in heavy floods of rain upon his head.

Fearful of being overwhelmed by the streams, which now on all sides crossed his path, he kept upon the edge of the river, to be as far as possible from the influence of their violence. And thus he proceeded, slowly and with trepidation, through numerous defiles, and under the plunge of many a mountain torrent, till the augmented storm of a world of waters dashing from side to side, and boiling up with the noise and fury of the contending elements above, told him he was indeed not far from the fall of Corie Lynn.

The spray was spread in so thick a mist over the glen, he knew not how to advance. A step further might be on the firm earth, but more probably illusive, and dash him into the roaring Lynn, where he would be ingulfed at once in its furious whirlpool. He paused and looked around. The rain had ceased, but the thunder still rolled at a distance, and echoed tremendously from the surrounding rocks. Halbert shook his gray locks, streaming with wet, and looked towards the sun, now gilding with its last rays the vast sheets of falling water.

"This is thine hour, my master!" exclaimed the old man; "and surely I am too near the Lynn to be far from thee!"

With these words he raised the pipe that hung at his breast and blew three strains of the appointed air. In former days it used to call from her bower that "fair star of evening," the beauteous Marion, now departed forever into her native heaven. The notes trembled as his agitated breath breathed them into the instrument; but feeble as they were, and though the roar of the cataract might have prevented their reaching a less attentive ear than that of Wallace, yet he sprang from the innermost recess under the fall, and dashing through its rushing waters, the next instant was at the side of Halbert.

"Faithful creature!" cried he, catching him in his arms, with all the joy of that moment which ends the anxious wish to learn tidings of what is dearest in the world, "how fares my Marion?"

"I am weary," cried the heart-stricken old man: "take me within your sanctuary, and I will tell you all."

Wallace perceived that his time-worn servant was indeed exhausted; and knowing the toils and hazards of the perilous track he must have passed over in his way to this fearful solitude; also remembering how, as he sat in his shelter, he had himself dreaded the effects of the storm upon so aged a traveler, he no longer wondered at the dispirited tone of his greeting, and readily accounted for the pale countenance and tremulous step which at first had excited his alarm.

Giving the old man his hand, he led him with caution to the brink of the Lynn; and then folding him in his arms, dashed with him through the tumbling water into the cavern he had chosen for his asylum. Halbert sunk against its rocky side, and putting forth his hand to catch some of the water as it fell, drew a few drops to his parched lips, and swallowed them. After this light refreshment, he breathed a little and turned his eyes upon his anxious master.

"Are you sufficiently recovered, Halbert, to tell me how you left my dearest Marion?"

Halbert dreaded to see the animated light which now cheered him from the eyes of his master, overclouded with the Cimmerian horrors his story must unfold: he evaded the direct reply: "I saw your guest in safety; I saw him and the iron box on their way to Bothwell."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "were we mistaken? was not the earl dead when we looked into the well?" Halbert replied in the negative, and was proceeding with a circumstantial

account of his recovery and his departure, when Wallace interrupted him.

"But what of my wife, Halbert? why tell me of others before of her? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" cried Halbert, throwing himself on his knees in a paroxysm of mental agony, "she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert!" cried Sir William, in a low and fearful voice, "what would you say? My Marion — speak! tell me in one word she lives!"

"In heaven!"

At this confirmation of a sudden terror, imbibed from the ambiguous words of Halbert, and which his fond heart would not allow him to acknowledge to himself, Wallace covered his face with his hands and fell with a deep groan against the side of the cavern. The horrid idea of premature maternal pains, occasioned by anguish for him; of her consequent death, involving perhaps that of her infant, struck him to the soul; a mist seemed passing over his eyes; life was receding; and gladly did he believe he felt his spirit on the eve of joining hers.

In having declared that the idol of his master's heart no longer existed for him in this world, Halbert thought he had revealed the worst, and he went on. "Her latest breath was spent in prayer for you. 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen, and with an instantaneous and dismal return was reëchoed from rock to rock. Halbert threw his arms round his master's knees. The frantic blaze of his eye struck him with affright. "Hear me, my lord; for the sake of your wife, now an angel hovering near you, hear what I have to say."

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "My Marion near me! Blessed spirit! Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe! Who made those wounds?" cried he, catching Halbert's arm with a tremendous though unconscious grasp; "tell me who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert.

"How? for what?" demanded Wallace, with the terrific glare of madness shooting from his eyes. "My wife! my wife! what had she done?"

"He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you and the earl of Mar and the box of treasure were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast." Wallace clenched his hands over his face, and Halbert went on. "Before he aimed a second blow, I had broken from the men who held me, and thrown myself on her bosom; but all could not save her: the villain's sword had penetrated her heart!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this murder?" His hands were stretched towards heaven; then falling on his knees, with his eyes fixed, "Give me power, Almighty Judge!" cried he, "to assert thy justice! Let me avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to thy mercy!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, seeing him rise with a stern composure, "here is the fatal sword: the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand. He gazed at it, touched it, and kissed it frantically. The blade was hardly yet dry, and the ensanguined hue came off upon the pressure. "Marion! Marion!" cried he, "is it thine? Does thy blood stain my lip?" He paused for a moment, leaning his burning forehead against the fatal blade; then looking up with a terrific smile, "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the lifeblood of thy murderer."

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert, viewing with increased alarm the resolute ferocity which now, blazing from every part of his countenance, seemed to dilate his figure with more than mortal daring. "What can you do? Your single arm——"

"I am not single — God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!" At the word he sprang from the cavern's mouth, and had already reached the topmost cliff when the piteous cries of Halbert penetrated his ear; they recalled him to recollection, and returning to his faithful servant, he tried to soothe his fears, and spoke in a composed though determined tone. "I will lead you from this solitude to the mountains, where the shepherds of Ellerslie are tending their flocks. With them you

will find a refuge, till you have strength to reach Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar will protect you for my sake."

Halbert now remembered the bugle, and putting it into his master's hand, with its accompanying message, asked for some testimony in return, that the earl might know he had delivered it safely. "Even a lock of your precious hair, my beloved master, will be sufficient."

"Thou shalt have it, severed from my head by this accursed steel," answered Wallace, taking off his bonnet, and letting his amber locks fall in tresses on his shoulders. Halbert burst into a fresh flood of tears, for he remembered how often it had been the delight of Marion to comb these bright tresses and to twist them round her ivory fingers. Wallace looked up as the old man's sobs became audible, and read his thoughts: "It will never be again, Halbert," cried he, and with a firm grasp of the sword he cut off a large handful of his hair.

"Marion, thy blood hath marked it!" exclaimed he; "and every hair on my head shall be dyed of the same hue, before this sword is sheathed upon thy murderers. Here, Halbert," continued he, knotting it together, "take this to the earl of Mar: it is all, most likely, he will ever see again of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth a patriot's hand. Let him act on that conviction, and Scotland may yet be free."

Halbert placed the lock in his bosom, but again repeated his entreaties, that his master would accompany him to Bothwell Castle. He urged the consolation he would meet from the good earl's friendship.

"If he indeed regard me," returned Wallace, "for my sake let him cherish you. My consolations must come from a higher hand: I go where it directs. If I live, you shall see me again, but twilight approaches — we must away. The sun must not rise again upon Heselrigge."

Halbert now followed the rapid steps of Wallace, who, assisting the feeble limbs of his faithful servant, drew him up the precipitous side of the Lynn, and then leaping from rock to rock, awaited with impatience the slower advances of the poor old harper, as he crept round a circuit of overhanging cliffs, to join him on the summit of the craigs.

Together they struck into the most inaccessible defiles of the mountains, and proceeded, till on discerning smoke whiten-

ing with its ascending curls the black sides of the impending rocks, Wallace saw himself near the object of his search. He sprang on a high cliff projecting over this mountain valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known *pibroch* of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes.

At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women with their babes eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly aroused genius of his country: his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens. Wallace raised his eyes — a clash as of the tumult of contending armies filled the sky, and flames, and flashing steel, and the horrid red of battle, streamed from the clouds upon the hills.

"Scotsmen!" cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of these northern lights, like a flaming brand, "behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come, in the midst of their fires, to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, of the wives of your bosoms, and the children in their arms, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed — innocence and age and infancy fall before it. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!"

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth, interrupted Wallace. "Vengeance! vengeance!" was the cry of the men, while tumultuous lamentations for the "sweet Lady of Ellerslie" filled the air from the women.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. "Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow."

"Lead on!" cried a vigorous old man. "I drew this stout claymore last in the battle of Largs. *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan of *Death and Lady Marion.*"

"Death and Lady Marion!" was echoed with shouts from mouth to mouth. Every sword was drawn; and those hardy peasants who owned none, seizing the instruments of pasturage, armed themselves with wolf spears, pickaxes, forks, and scythes.

Sixty resolute men now arranged themselves around their

chief. Wallace, whose widowed heart turned icy cold at the dreadful slogan of his Marion's name, more fiercely grasped his sword, and murmured to himself, "From this hour may Scotland date her liberty, or Wallace return no more! My faithful friends," cried he, turning to his men, and placing his plumed bonnet on his head, "let the spirits of your fathers inspire your souls; ye go to assert that freedom for which they died. Before the moon sets, the tyrant of Lanark must fall in blood."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut through a hitherto unexplored defile of the Cartlane Craigs, leaping chasms, and climbing perpendicular rocks, they suffered no obstacles to impede their steps, while thus rushing onward like lions to their prey.

Lanark Castle.

The women, and the men whom age withheld from so desperate an enterprise, now thronged around Halbert, to ask a circumstantial account of the disaster which had filled all with so much horror.

Many tears followed his recital; not one of his auditors was an indifferent listener; all had individually, or in persons dear to them, partaken of the tender Marion's benevolence. Their sick beds had been comforted by her charity; her voice had often administered consolation to their sorrows; her hand had smoothed their pillows, and placed the crucifix before their dying eyes. Some had recovered to bless her, and some departed to record her virtues in heaven.

"Ah! is she gone?" cried a young woman, raising her face, covered with tears, from the bosom of her infant; "is the loveliest lady that ever the sun shone upon, cold in the grave? Alas, for me! she it was that gave me the roof under which my baby was born; she it was who, when the Southron soldiers slew my father, and drove us from our home in Ayrshire, gave to my old mother, and my then wounded husband, our cottage by the burnside. Ah! well can I spare him now to avenge her murder."

The night being far advanced, Halbert retired, at the invi-

tation of this young woman, to repose on the heather bed of her husband, who was now absent with Wallace. The rest of the peasantry withdrew to their coverts, while she and some other women whose anxieties would not allow them to sleep, sat at the cavern's mouth watching the slowly moving hours.

The objects of their fond and fervent prayers, Wallace and his little army, were rapidly pursuing their march. It was midnight — all was silent as they hurried through the glen, as they ascended with flying footsteps the steep acclivities that led to the cliffs which overhung the vale of Ellerslie. Wallace must pass along their brow. Beneath was the tomb of his sacrificed Marion! He rushed forward to snatch one look, even of the roof which shrouded her beloved remains.

But in the moment before he mounted the intervening height, a soldier in English armor crossed the path, and was seized by his men. One of them would have cut him down, but Wallace turned away the weapon. "Hold, Scot!" cried he, "you are not a Southron, to strike the defenseless. This man has no sword."

The reflection on their enemy, which this plea of mercy contained, reconciled the impetuous Scots to the clemency of their leader. The rescued man joyfully recognizing the voice of Wallace, exclaimed, "It is my lord! It is Sir William Wallace that has saved my life a second time!"

"Who are you?" asked Wallace; "that helmet can cover no friend of mine."

"I am your servant Dugald," returned the man, "he whom your brave arm saved from the battle-ax of Arthur Heselrigge."

"I cannot now ask you how you came by that armor; but if you be yet a Scot, throw it off and follow me."

"Not to Ellerslie, my lord," cried he; "it has been plundered and burnt to the ground by the governor of Lanark."

"Then," exclaimed Wallace, striking his breast, "are the remains of my beloved Marion forever ravished from my eyes? Insatiate monster!"

"He is Scotland's curse," cried the veteran of Largs. "Forward, my lord, in mercy to your country's groans!"

Wallace had now mounted the craig which overlooked Ellerslie. His once happy home had disappeared, and all beneath lay a heap of smoking ashes. He hastened from the sight, and directing the point of his sword with a forceful action toward Lanark, reëchoed with supernatural strength, "Forward!"

With the rapidity of lightning his little host flew over the hills, reached the cliffs which divided them from the town, and leaped down before the outward trench of the castle of Lanark. In a moment Wallace sprang so feeble a barrier; and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, he rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate.

Here slept the governor. These opponents being slain by the first sweep of the Scottish swords, Wallace hastened onward, winged with twofold retribution. The noise of battle was behind him; for the shouts of his men had aroused the garrison and drawn its soldiers, half naked, to the spot. He reached the door of the governor. The sentinel who stood there flew before the terrible warrior that presented himself. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge! It was the husband of the defenseless woman he had murdered, come in the power of justice, with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes! With a terrific scream of despair, and an outcry for the mercy he dared not expect, he fell back into the bed and sought an unavailing shield beneath its folds.

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, through the coverlid, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiendlike yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done; and drawing out the sword he took the streaming blade in his hand. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried he: "thus, O God! do I henceforth divide self from my heart!" As he spoke he snapped the sword in twain, and throwing away the pieces, put back with his hand the impending weapons of his brave companions, who, having cleared the passage of their assailants, had hurried forward to assist in ridding their country of so detestable a tyrant.

"'Tis done," cried he. As he spoke he drew down the coverlid and discovered the body of the governor weltering in blood. The ghastly countenance, on which the agonies of hell seemed imprinted, glared horrible even in death.

Wallace turned away; but the men exulting in the sight, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland!" cried he: "from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country's freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause?"

"All! — with Wallace forever!"

The new clamor which this resolution excited, intimidated a fresh band of soldiers, who were hastening across the court-yard to seek the enemy in the governor's apartments. But on hearing the noise they hastily retreated, and no exertions of their officers could prevail on them to advance again, or even to appear in sight, when the resolute Scots with Wallace at their head soon afterwards issued from the great gate. The English commanders seeing the panic of their men, and which they were less able to surmount on account of the way to the gate being strewn with their slain comrades, fell back into the shadow of the towers, where by the light of the moon, like men paralyzed, they viewed the departure of their enemies over the trenches.

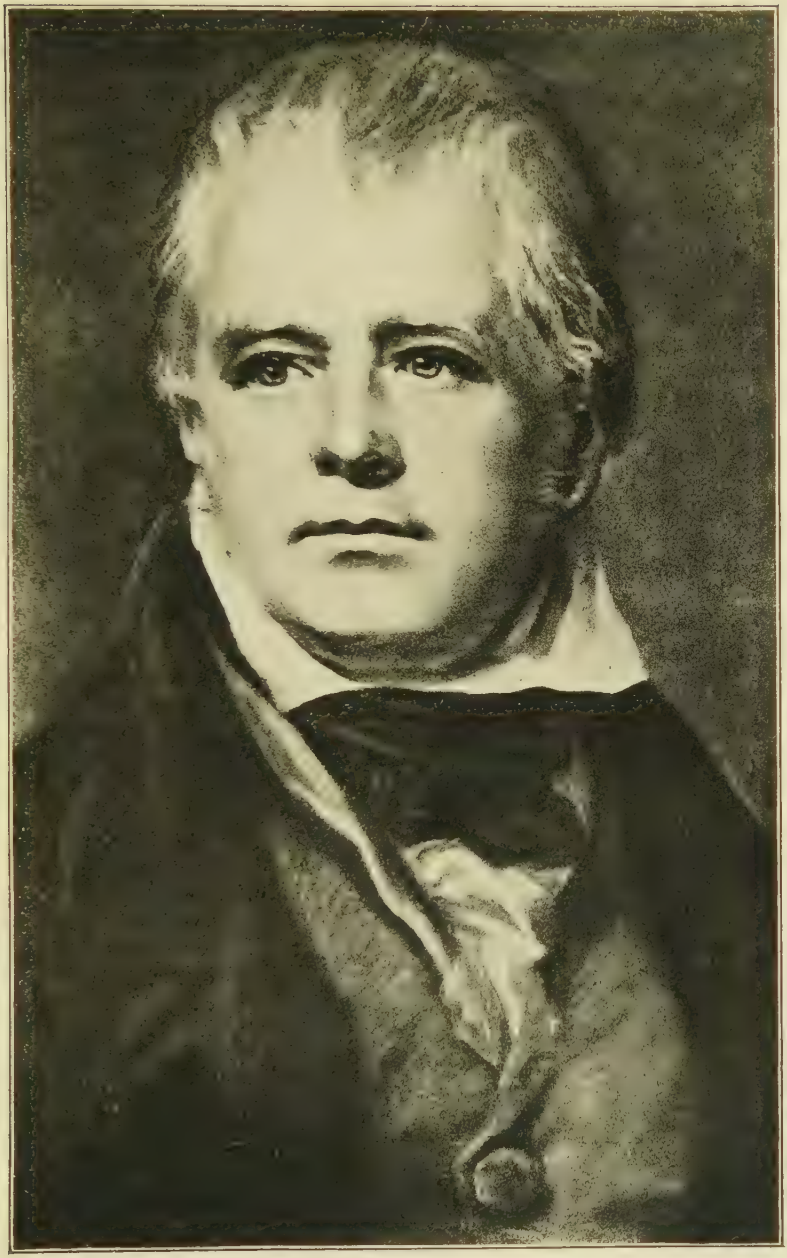
FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,



SIR WALTER SCOTT

From a painting by P. Krämer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as the rock's huge point he turned,
A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —
"A stranger." — "What dost thou require?" —
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No." —
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?" —
"I dare! to him and all his band
He brings to aid his murderous hand." —
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" —
"They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest." —
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed.—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn, —
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The Combat.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side; —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,

Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept, deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid:

Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
—"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung! for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yestermorn, I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,

Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him, grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile, —
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between: —
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply, —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

Answered Fitz-James, — "And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?" —
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go,
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury." —
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

"Have, then, thy wish!" — he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows:
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken brush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.

Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The lifeblood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
"Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; — I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved: — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor turf was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved;
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" — "No, Stranger, none!
And here, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'" —
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
See yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,

RODERICK DHU'S WATCHTOWER

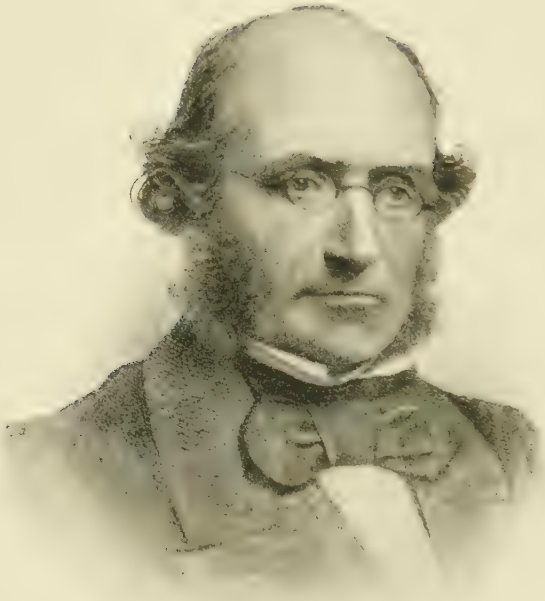
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage thou shalt stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name of Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! —
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;



DR. JOHN BROWN

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

MARJORIE FLEMING.[1]

By Dr. JOHN BROWN.

[John Brown: A Scotch physician and author; born in Lanarkshire, September, 1810; died May 11, 1882. He was one of the chief doctors of Edinburgh, taking his M.D. at that university in 1833; and the author of "Horæ Subsecivæ" (Leisure Hours) (1858, 1861, 1882), a volume of essays and sketches, containing the ever-popular "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie," etc.]

One November afternoon in 1810 — the year in which "Waverley" was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India — three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm in arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggled with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, "a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace," slight, with "small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering

[1] From "Horæ Subsecivæ." By permission of A. & C. Black. 3 vols., crown 8vo., price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-fo-getting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and, though lame, nimble and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills, — a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath, —

> And at the touch of wrong, without a strife
> Slipped in a moment out of life.

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the *Darsie Latimer* of "Redgauntlet," "a man," as Scott says, "of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been, — a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian, as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh,

the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw, — ay, that's the word, — on-ding ——" He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d—— it, it won't do, —

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of 'Waverley' to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gamboled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of

the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding,—that's odd,—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb —Maida gamboling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be,— "Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,— he saying it after her,—

> "Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
> Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
> Pin, pan, musky, dan;
> Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
> Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
> You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty and she rebuked him with

most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over "Gil Morrice" or the "Baron of Smailholm"; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in "King John," till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating: —

> "For I am sick, and capable of fears,
> Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
> A woman, naturally born to fears."
>
> "If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
> Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
> Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious ——"

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument," —

> "I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
> For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
> Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie, — before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshiped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old watermark, "Lingard,

1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him, — fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, willful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge: —

> O blessed vision, happy child!
> Thou art so exquisitely wild,
> I thought of thee with many fears,
> Of what might be thy lot in future years.
> I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
> Lord of thy house and hospitality;
> And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
> But when she sat within the touch of thee.
> Oh, too industrious folly!
> Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
> Nature will either end thee quite,
> Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
> Preserve for thee by individual right,
> A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines: —

> "Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
> And Innocence hath privilege in her,
> To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
> And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
> Of trespasses, affected to provoke
> Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
> And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
> And take delight in its activity,
> Even so this happy creature of herself

Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society; she fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed, you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant, Jeanie Robertson, who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella, — a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old, when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between, crying out, 'Pay [whip] Maidjie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements, when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch [catechism]" in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with, "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face, as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT," was the answer uniformly given.

"Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"My dear Isa, — I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay — birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? What other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *be*loving, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She periled her all upon it, and it may have been as well — we know, indeed, that it was far better — for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was indeed "her Lord and King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead: "The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey [Craigie], and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith — the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakyhall [Craigiehall] hand in hand in Innocence and matitation [meditation] sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds

are singing sweetly — the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession: "I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubt of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? It is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him! . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes — In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite!*) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronunced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch.

I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of that bad bad sina [senna] tea to-day," — a better excuse for bad humor and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful, — has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects his praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them" (this is a meditation physiological), "and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man dog than a woman dog, because they do not bear like women dogs; it is a hard case — it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial [phial] of rose oil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gude man o' Ballengiech," as a reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gypsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk, this Braehead, preserved almost as it was two hundred years ago. "Lot and his wife," mentioned by Maidie, — two quaintly cropped

yew trees, — still thrive; the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune, — as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful: "I am very sorry to say that I forgot God — that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me — if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me — I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin — how could I resist it O no I will never do it again — no no — if I can help it." (Canny wee wifie!) "My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again — but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it." (Poor little "habit and repute"!)

Her temper, her passion, and her "badness" are almost daily confessed and deplored: "I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God's assistance — I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa's health will be quite ruined by me — it will indeed." "Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me." "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it."

Poor dear little sinner! — Here comes the world again: "In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage — offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me." A fine scent for "breach of promise!"

This is abrupt and strong: "The Divil is curced and all works. 'Tis a fine work 'Newton on the profecies.' I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible." "Miss Potune" (her "simpliton" friend) "is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian." Here come her views on church government: "An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member

of — I am a Pisplekan [Episcopalian] just now, and" (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) "a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!" — (*Blandula! Vagula! cœlum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e. *trans Bodotriam*)*-curris!*) — "my native town." "Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it" (!) "I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body." "There is a new novel published, named 'Self-Control'" (Mrs. Brunton's) — "a very good maxim forsooth!" This is shocking: "Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man" (a fine directness this!) "was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman — Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings." "Mr. Banester's" (Bannister's) "Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally." You are right, Marjorie. "A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him — truly it is a most beautiful one." "I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients." "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. 'Macbeth' is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The 'Newgate Calender' is very instructive" (!) "A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love." This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: "Love is a very papithatick thing" (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), "as well as troublesome and tiresome — but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it." Here are her reflections on a pineapple: "I think the price of a pineapple is very dear: it is a whole bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family." Here is a new vernal simile: "The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*." "Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart." "Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I [illegible]

novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo, Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song: —

EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH — WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a nightcap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

Here are some bits at random: —

Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven
And makes us like for to be living.

"The casawary is a curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Still harping on the "Newgate Calendar"!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the toothake, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer — balmy sleep — but did not get it — a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again: "In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and it is too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's [Edgeworth's] tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories nowadays better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's "Lines on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle: "I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her biding me get up."

She begins thus loftily, —

> Death the righteous love to see,
> But from it doth the wicked flee.

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter), —

I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!

There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee.

I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words! — "I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the Arabian Nights, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains: —

Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair.

This is a higher flight: —

Dedicated to Mrs. H. Crawford by the Author, M. F.

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer — for that we are kneeling at the foot-stool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots : —

Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize —
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil!

She hits off Darnley well : —

A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.

"By some queer way or other," — is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

Sonnet to a Monkey.

O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh : —

> He was killed by a cannon splinter,
> Quite in the middle of the winter;
> Perhaps it was not at that time,
> But I can get no other rhyme!

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching: "My Dear Mother, — You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"Marjory Fleming.

"P.S. — An old pack of cards (!) would be very exeptible."

This other is a month earlier: "My dear little Mama, — I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo' — 'I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me. — I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you — to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child* — M. Fleming."

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811: —

There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt.
We would be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.
Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat;
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.
I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory.

In a letter from "Isa" to

Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,

she says: "I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee, — to come "quick to confusion." The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns, — heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment seat, — the publican's prayer in paraphrase: —

"Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

"Fain would I say, forgive my foul offense,
Fain promise nevermore to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,
Again in folly's path might go astray,
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

"O thou great Governor of all below,
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE."

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale, they are now: but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use, — that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

King Philip to Constance —
You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Constance —
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief.

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie: "Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest waxwork. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie

said of you would fill volumes; for you were the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then. 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother, mother!'"

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness, — not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come, — all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there, — all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy, — "hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;" and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equaled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and "Helvellyn," the ballad then much in vogue, and

all her *répertoire*, — Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following — and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations — to her sister: "Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles. I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead; but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy' for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of 'Early Lessons.' I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared."

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest': —

"Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;

Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
By timely culture, to their native skies;
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters."

We cannot better end than in words from this same pen: "I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, 'Just this once'; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth: —

"Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly.

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child, — Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark; — the words of Burns touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend, — *moriens canit*, — and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

By THOMAS MOORE.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

[Thomas Moore, Irish poet and song writer, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and educated at Dublin University. He began early to contribute to periodicals; in 1799 went to London, and published a translation of the "Anacreontics," and in 1802 the "Poems by the Late Thomas Little," which were frowned on for eroticism, but gave him repute and a government place in the Bermudas; he left a deputy to do the work, visited the United States, returned to England, and for many years was a lion of the best English society, his Irish odes to music sung by himself, his poetical epistles, and his "Twopenny Post Bag" setting him in high poetic place. In 1817 he began "Lalla Rookh"; tours through Europe produced, "The Fudge Family in Paris," "The Fudges in England," "Rhymes on the Road," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," etc. His Bermuda deputy's defalcation forced him to stay abroad 1819–1822; returning, he wrote the "Loves of the Angels," "The Epicurean" and its supplement "Alciphron," the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the "Life of Byron" (based on Byron's Memoirs, which he first sold to Murray, then bought back and destroyed), etc. He died February 25, 1852.]

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
  Of Life within like music flowing
And caught the light upon her wings
  Thro' the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there
  'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Tho' mine are the gardens of earth and sea
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

"Tho' sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
  And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Tho' bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
And the golden floods that thitherward stray
Yet — oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
  How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

LALLA ROOKH

From a painting by Hëva Coomans

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each thro' endless years
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of Light beheld her weeping,
And as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a teardrop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which — Bramins say —
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said — "One hope is thine.
"'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go seek it and redeem thy sin —
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the Sun; —
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven? — "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King JAMSHID,

With Life's elixir sparkling high —
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds,
Whose mountains pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun with diamonds teem,
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides,
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood — the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man the sacrifice of man
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades —
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?

'Tis He of GAZNA — fierce in wrath
He comes and INDIA's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path. —
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And thro' the war field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river, —
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft tho' pointed well;
The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell! —
Yet marked the PERI where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its freeborn spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Tho' foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For Liberty shed so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land. —
But see — alas! — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains
Far to the South the PERI lighted
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of their Nile
And hail the newborn Giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
  Her grots, and sepulchers of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves
  To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene: a Land more bright
  Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night
  Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heaven's serenest light,
Those groups of lovely date trees bending
  Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
  Warns them to their silken beds,
Those virgin lilies all the night
  Bathing their beauties in the lake
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
  When their beloved Sun's awake,
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
  Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting,
Fast from the moon unsheath its gleam,)
Some purple-winged Sultana sitting
  Upon a column motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird! —
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
Like plants where the Simoom hath past
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow
  Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pesthouse now

And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight and his carnage plies:—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower
Close by the Lake she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as tho' he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice well known thro' many a day
To speak the last, the parting word
Which when all other sounds decay
Is still like distant music heard;—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved and might have called his own
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
Safe in her father's princely halls
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, thro' moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses
And dips to bind his burning brow
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone—
Those lips that then so fearless grown
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death 'tis sweet to me!
There—drink my tears while yet they fall—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—

The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? — No, no —
When the stem dies the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baneful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast —
"Sleep on, in visions of odor rest
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird
Who sings at the last his own death lay
And in music and perfume dies away!"
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings thro' the place
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odor sleeping:
While that benevolent PERI beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,

Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart with hope elate
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed — "Not yet,"
The Angel said as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
"True was the maiden, and her story
Written in light o'er ALLA's head
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, PERI, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now upon SYRIA's land of roses
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls; —
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls

Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks
With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banqueting thro' the flowery vales;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine
And woods so full of nightingales.
But naught can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablets sealed
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where beneath the moon
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope she bends her thither, —
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither; —
When o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;

Chasing with eager hands and eyes
The beautiful blue damsel flies,
That fluttered round the Jasmine stems
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —
And near the boy, who tired with play
Now nestling mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child who fearless sat,
Tho' never yet hath day beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire
Like thunderclouds of gloom and fire;
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruined maid — the shrine profaned —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stained
With blood of guests! — *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play: —
Tho' still whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Thro' some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south

Lisping the eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight — that Heaven — that child —
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life
Nor found one sunny resting place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — "thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou
I looked and prayed like thee — but now ——"
He hung his head — each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour that instant came
Fresh o'er him and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
Falls thro' the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies! —
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Tho' foul thy fiery plagues within
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the enraptured PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done —
The Gates are past and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell ye odors of Earth that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh; —
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief; —
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote tree springing by ALLA'S throne
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
Joy, joy forever, — my task is done —
The Gates are past and Heaven is won!"

THE OLD SCOTTISH DOMESTIC SERVANT.

BY DEAN RAMSAY.

[EDWARD BANNERMAN BURNETT RAMSAY: The son of Alexander Burnett, an Edinburgh advocate; born at Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1793; died in 1872. He was educated in Yorkshire by his uncle, Sir Alexander Ramsay, whose name he

subsequently adopted; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and after occupying several subordinate posts in the Scottish Episcopal Church, became dean of the diocese of Edinburgh (1846). His most popular work was "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (1857; 22d ed. 1874).]

In many Scottish houses a great familiarity prevailed between members of the family and the domestics. For this many reasons might have been assigned. Indeed, when we consider the simple modes of life which discarded the ideas of ceremony or etiquette; the retired and uniform style of living which afforded few opportunities for any change in the domestic arrangements; and when we add to these a free, unrestrained, unformal, and natural style of intercommunion, which seems rather a national characteristic, we need not be surprised to find in quiet Scottish families a sort of intercourse with old domestics which can hardly be looked for at a time when habits are so changed, and where much of the quiet eccentricity belonging to us as a national characteristic is almost necessarily softened down or driven out. Many circumstances conspired to promote familiarity with old domestics which are now entirely changed. We take the case of a domestic coming early into service and passing year after year in the same family. The servant grows up into old age and confirmed habits when the laird is becoming a man, a husband, father of a family. The domestic cannot forget the days when his master was a child, riding on his back, applying to him for help in difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, his pony, his going to school. All the family know how attached he is; nobody likes to speak harshly to him. He is a privileged man. The faithful old servant of thirty, forty, or fifty years, if with a tendency to be jealous, cross, and interfering, becomes a great trouble. Still the relative position was the result of good feelings. If the familiarity sometimes became a nuisance, it was a wholesome nuisance, and relic of a simpler time gone by. But the case of the old servant, whether agreeable or troublesome, was often so fixed and established in the households of past days, that there was scarce a possibility of getting away from it. The well-known story of the answer of one of these domestic tyrants to the irritated master, who was making an effort to free himself from the thraldom, shows the idea entertained, by *one* of the parties at least, of the permanency of the tenure. I am assured by a friend that the true edition of the story was this: An old Mr. Erskine of Dun had one of these old retain-

ers, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and coolly replied, "What a big lee, it's a cauf." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the old domestic that they *must* part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of *his* dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir; whare ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame;" supposing that, if there were to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place. An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Indeed, we have heard of a still stronger assertion of his official position by one who met an order to quit his master's service by the cool reply, "Na, na; I'm no gangin'. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a gude servant, I ken whan I've a gude place."

It is but fair, however, to give an anecdote in which the master and the servant's position was *reversed*, in regard to a wish for change: An old servant of a relation of my own with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other, very shrewdly, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again." I remember well an old servant of the old school, who had been fifty years domesticated in a family. Indeed, I well remember the celebration of the half-century service completed. There were rich scenes with Sandy and his mistress. Let me recall you both to memory. Let me think of you, the kind, generous, warm-hearted mistress; a gentlewoman by descent and by feeling; a true friend, a sincere Christian. And let me think, too, of you, Sandy, an honest, faithful, and attached member of the family. For you were in that house rather as an humble friend

than a servant. But out of this fifty years of attached service there sprang a sort of domestic relation and freedom of intercourse which would surprise people in these days. And yet Sandy knew his place. Like Corporal Trim, who, although so familiar and admitted to so much familiarity with my Uncle Toby, never failed in the respectful address — never forgot to say "your honor." At a dinner party Sandy was very active about changing his mistress' plate, and whipped it off when he saw that she had got a piece of rich patty upon it. His mistress — not liking such rapid movements, and at the same time knowing that remonstrance was in vain — exclaimed, "Hout, Sandy, I'm no dune," and dabbed her fork into the patty as it disappeared, to rescue a morsel. I remember her praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy. One day she was telling me of a triumph Sandy had upon that subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, and added, "That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got." To Sandy's delight, this was a leg of *English* mutton his mistress had expressly chosen, and, as she significantly told me, "Sandy never let that down upon me."

On Deeside there existed, in my recollection, besides the Saunders Paul I have alluded to, a number of extraordinary acute and humorous Scottish characters amongst the lower classes. The native gentry enjoyed their humor, and hence arose a familiarity of intercourse which called forth many amusing scenes and quaint rejoinders. A celebrated character of this description bore the sobriquet of "Boaty." He had acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, and passed the boat over the river before there was a bridge. Boaty had many curious sayings recorded of him. When speaking of the gentry around, he characterized them according to their occupations and activity of habits — thus: "As to Mr. Russell of Blackha', he just works himsell like a paid laborer; Mr. Duncan's a' the day fish, fish; but Sir Robert's a perfect gentleman — he does naething, naething." Boaty was a first-rate salmon fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Banchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft — as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman

who was both skillful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish catched he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na; them 'at drink by themsells may just fish by themsells."

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous, exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference, which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought that he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

In my own family I know a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment; but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My granduncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the

retired life my granduncle had been leading, Jamie Layal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my granduncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Layal, and from respect to his late master's memory, and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty, and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys which were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed such a waste of food that the ground was actually covered with grain which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they sall get *nane ava!*" On another occasion a family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlor to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No; no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No; no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner party: the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper; at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither — that's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present

excellent and highly gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Ou, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, juist Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's juist twa o' them."

These dry answers of Newbattle servants remind us of a similar state of communication in a Yester domestic. Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving Yester for London he instructed his head keeper, a quaint body, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favorite dogs. Among the latter was an *especial* one, of the true Skye breed, called "Pickle," from which sobriquet we may form a tolerable estimate of his qualities.

It happened one day, in or about the year 1827, that poor Pickle during the absence of his master was taken unwell; and the watchful guardian immediately warned the marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days — for which he sent the three following laconic dispatches: —

Yester, May 1st, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle's no weel.
Your Lordship's humble servant, etc.

Yester, 2nd May, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle will no do!
I am, your Lordship's, etc.

Yester, 3rd May, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle's dead!
I am, your Lordship's, etc.

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note

to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle rinnin' here and rinnin' there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an earwitness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old farm servant, "I wonder ye're aye single yet!" "Me marry," said she, indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "Na, na, I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time — as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualing."

A country habit of making the gathering of the congregation in the churchyard previous to and after divine service an occasion for gossip and business, which I remember well, is thoroughly described in the following: A lady, on hiring

a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending the church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of the service. The lady, however, rather unexpectedly found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Then I canna engadge wi' ye, mem; for, 'deed I wadna gie the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon."

There is another story which shows that a greater importance might be attached to the crack i' the kirkyard than was done even by the servant lass mentioned above. A rather rough subject, residing in Galloway, used to attend church regularly, as it appeared, for the *sake* of the crack; for on being taken to task for absenting himself, he remarked, "There's nae need to gang to the kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper."

It has been suggested by my esteemed friend, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, that Scottish anecdotes deal too exclusively with the shrewd, quaint, and pawky *humor* of our countrymen, and have not sufficiently illustrated the deep pathos and strong loving-kindness of the "kindly Scot" — qualities which, however little appreciated across the Border, abound in Scottish poetry and Scottish life. For example, to take the case before us of these old retainers, although snappy and disagreeable to the last degree in their replies, and often most provoking in their ways, they were yet deeply and sincerely attached to the family where they had so long been domesticated; and the servant who would reply to her mistress' order to mend the fire by the short answer, "The fire's weel eneuch," would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist her in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy; as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner, "Press the jellies; they winna keep;" and had the hour of real trial and of difficulty come to the family, would have gone to the death for them, and shared their greatest privations. Dr. Alexander gives a very interesting example of kindness and affectionate attachment in an old Scottish domestic of his own family, whose quaint and odd familiarity was charming. I give it in his own words: "When I was a child, there was an old servant at Pinkieburn, where my early days were spent, who had been all her life, I may say, in the house — for she came to it a child, and lived,

without ever leaving it, till she died in it, seventy-five years of age. Her feeling to her old master, who was just two years younger than herself, was a curious compound of the deference of a servant and the familiarity and affection of a sister. She had known him as a boy, lad, man, and old man, and she seemed to have a sort of notion that without her he must be a very helpless being indeed. 'I aye keepit the house for him, whether he was hame or awa,' was a frequent utterance of hers; and she never seemed to think the intrusion even of his own nieces, who latterly lived with him, at all legitimate. When on her deathbed, he hobbled to her room with difficulty, having just got over a severe attack of gout, to bid her farewell. I chanced to be present, but was too young to remember what passed, except one thing, which probably was rather recalled to me afterwards than properly recollected by me. It was her last request. 'Laird,' said she (for so she always called him, though his lairdship was of the smallest), 'will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet.' I have always thought this characteristic of the old Scotch servant, and as such I send it to you."

And here I would introduce another story which struck me very forcibly as illustrating the union of the qualities referred to by Dr. Alexander. In the following narrative, how deep and tender a feeling is expressed in a brief dry sentence! I give Mr. Scott's language: "My brother and I were, during our High School vacation, some forty years ago, very much indebted to the kindness of a clever young carpenter employed in the machinery workshop of New Lanark Mills, near to which we were residing during our six weeks' holidays. It was he — Samuel Shaw, our dear companion — who first taught us to saw, and to plane, and to turn too; and who made us the bows and arrows in which we so much delighted. The vacation over, and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw forever, our mother sought to place some pecuniary recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he had shown her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed in a tone which had sorrow in it, 'Noo, Mrs. Scott, *ye hae spoilt a'*.' After such an appeal, it may be supposed no recompense, in silver or in gold, remained with Samuel Shaw."

On the subject of the old Scottish domestic, I have to ac-

knowledge a kind communication from Lord Kinloch, which I give in his lordship's words: "My father had been in the countinghouse of the well-known David Dale, the founder of the Lanark Mills, and eminent for his benevolence. Mr. Dale, who it would appear was a short stout man, had a person in his employment named Matthew, who was permitted that familiarity with his master which was so characteristic of the former generation. One winter day Mr. Dale came into the countinghouse, and complained that he had fallen on the ice. Matthew, who saw that his master was not much hurt, grinned a sarcastic smile. 'I fell all my length,' said Mr. Dale. 'Nae great length, sir,' said Matthew. 'Indeed, Matthew, ye need not laugh,' said Mr. Dale; 'I have hurt the sma' of my back.' 'I wunner whaur *that* is,' said Matthew." Indeed, specimens like Matthew of serving men of the former time have latterly been fast going out, but I remember one or two specimens. A lady of my acquaintance had one named John in her house at Portobello. I remember how my modern ideas were offended by John's familiarity when waiting at table. "Some more wine, John," said his mistress. "There's some i' the bottle, mem," said John. A little after, "Mend the fire, John." "The fire's weel eneuch, mem," replied the impracticable John. Another "John" of my acquaintance was in the family of Mrs. Campbell of Ardnave, mother of the Princess Polignac and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Macdonald. A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said very audibly, "There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun be keepit for the strangers."

The following was sent me by a kind correspondent — a learned Professor in India — as a sample of *squabbling* between Scottish servants. A mistress observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock." "Well, what has Jock been doing?" "Ou (with an indescribable but easily imaginable toss of the head), he was angry at me, an' misca'd me, an' I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, an' ——" "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord can hae had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie being the work of an idle moment was one the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

The following characteristic anecdote of a Highland servant I have received from the same correspondent. An English gentleman, traveling in the Highlands, was rather late of coming down to dinner. Donald was sent upstairs to intimate that all was ready. He speedily returned, nodding significantly, as much as to say that it was all right. "But, Donald," said the master, after some further trial of a hungry man's patience, "are ye sure you made the gentleman understand?" "*Understand?*" retorted Donald (who had peeped into the room and found the guest engaged at his toilet), "I'se warrant ye he understands; he's *sharping* his teeth"—not supposing the toothbrush could be for any other use.

There have been some very amusing instances given of the matter-of-fact obedience paid to orders by Highland retainers when made to perform the ordinary duties of domestic servants; as when Mr. Campbell, a Highland gentleman, visiting in a country house, and telling Donald to bring everything out of the bedroom, found all its movable articles—fender, fire irons, etc.—piled up in the lobby; so literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders! And of this he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh, by a very ludicrous exploit. When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "*Carry* any ladies that call upstairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress' orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and, in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

Another case of *literal* obedience to orders produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions *always* to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

I recollect, in Montrose (that fruitful field for old Scottish

stories!) a most naïve reply from an honest lass, servant to old Mrs. *Captain* Fullerton. A party of gentlemen had dined with Mrs. Fullerton, and they had a turkey for dinner. Mrs. F. proposed that one of the legs should be *deviled*, and the gentlemen have it served up as a relish for their wine. Accordingly one of the company skilled in the mystery prepared it with pepper, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, etc. He gave it to Lizzy, and told her to take it down to the kitchen, supposing, as a matter of course, she would know that it was to be broiled, and brought back in due time. But in a little while, when it was rung for, Lizzy very innocently replied that she had ate it up. As it was sent back to the kitchen, her only idea was that it must be for herself. But on surprise being expressed that she had eaten what was so highly peppered and seasoned, she very quaintly answered, "Ou, I liket it a' the better."

A well-known servant of the old school was John, the servant of Pitfour, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., himself a most eccentric character, long father of the House of Commons, and a great friend of Pitt. John used to entertain the tenants on Pitfour's brief visits to his estate with numerous anecdotes of his master and Mr. Pitt; but he always prefaced them with something in the style of Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et rex meus*, with "Me, and Pitt, and Pitfour," went somewhere, and performed some exploit. The famous Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to John (the name of this eccentric valet), and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he showed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said dryly, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."

An old domestic of this class gave a capital reason to his *young* master for his being allowed to do as he liked: "Ye needna find faut wi' me, Maister Jeems, *I hae been langer about the place than yersel'*."

ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

TAM O' SHANTER.

By ROBERT BURNS.

[Robert Burns, Scotch poet and song writer, was born January 25, 1759; the son of a struggling farmer, and himself hard-worked. Resolving to emigrate to Jamaica, he published his poems in 1786 to gain passage money; but the name they made him drew him to Edinburgh instead, and gained him an entrée into the best circles, where he made a deep impression; a second edition was issued in 1787. After that he never took money for any of his songs, and lived in voluntary hardship, though their sale would have put him at ease. He was made an exciseman in 1788, and took a farm also. His sympathies with the French Revolution hindered his promotion; and dissipated habits hastened his death, which occurred July 21, 1796.]

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
  This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).
  O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesyed that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;

Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;

Manuscript of Robert Burns.

Song "Here's Health to them that's awa," written in support of the Whigs, about the end of 1792. "Charlie" being Charles James Fox and "Tammie" Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine. The last verse is left unfinished.

Song.

Here's a health to them's that's awa,
Here's a health to them's that's awa,
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause
May never gude luck be their fa'!
Its gude to be merry and wise:
Its gude to be honest and true
Its gude to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.

Here's a health to them's that's awa,
Here's a health to them's that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan
Altho, that his band be sma.
May Liberty meet wi success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May Tyrants and Tyranny tire in the mist
And wander the way to the devil!

Here's a health, &c.,
Here's a health, &c.,
Here's a health to Tammie the Norland laddie
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read!
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's . . .

Song —

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude luck be their fa'! ——
It's gude to be merry & wise;
It's gude to be honest & true,
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff & the Blue. ——

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his hand be sma'. ——
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May Tyrants & Tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health &c.
Here's a health &c.
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!

There's

ROBERT BURNS.

Brit. Mus. Egerton Ms. 1,656, f. 27.

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. —
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! —
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,

"Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride"

From a painting by John Faed

(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!
But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowred, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

A VISION OF PURGATORY.

By WILLIAM MAGINN.

[William Maginn, Irish man of letters and typical bohemian, was born in Dublin, July 10, 1793. The son of an eminent schoolmaster, he carried on the school himself after graduation from Trinity College, Dublin; meanwhile becoming a voluminous contributor to *Blackwood's* and other periodicals under various pseudonyms (finally fixing on "Morgan O'Doherty"), suggesting the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and writing some of it, and in 1823 settling in London for a literary life. He was Murray's chief man on the *Representative*; its foreign correspondent in Paris; returning, was joint editor of the *Standard*, then on the scurrilous *Age*. He founded *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830, and made it the most brilliant in Great Britain; contributed to *Blackwood's* and *Bentley's* later; and in 1838 he wrote the "Homeric Ballads" for *Fraser's*. His literary feuds were endless and savage. After running down for years and once being in a debtor's prison (Thackeray portrays him as "Captain Shandon" in "Pendennis"), he died August 21, 1842.]

The churchyard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day or avoid on a winter's night. It is situated in a narrow valley, at the bottom of three low, barren, miserable hills, on which there is nothing green to meet the eye — tree or shrub, grass or weed. The country beyond these hills is pleasant and smiling: rich fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams of water, houses beautifully dotting the scenery, which gently undulates round and round as far as the eye can reach; but once across the north side of Inistubber Hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the hollow, the solitary

"Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail"

From a painting by John Faed

churchyard with its broken wall, and the long lank grass growing over the gravestones, mocking with its melancholy verdure the barrenness of the rest of the landscape. It is a sad thing to reflect that the only green spot in the prospect springs from the grave!

Under the east window is a moldering vault of the De Lacys, a branch of a family descended from one of the conquerors of Ireland; and there they are buried when the allotted time calls them to the tomb. On these occasions a numerous cavalcade, formed from the adjoining districts in all the pomp and circumstance of woe, is wont to fill the deserted churchyard, and the slumbering echoes are awakened to the voice of prayer and wailing, and charged with the sigh that marks the heart bursting with grief, or the laugh escaping from the bosom mirth-making under the cloak of mourning. Which of these feelings was predominant when Sir Theodore de Lacy died is not written in history; nor is it necessary to inquire. He had lived a jolly, thoughtless life, rising early for the hunt, and retiring late from the bottle; a good-humored bachelor who took no care about the management of his household, provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready on his coming in; as for the rest, an easy landlord, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to poachers), and a very excellent foreman of a grand jury. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly thrice a week for the last fifteen years of his life; and his spirit mingled with the claret.

In former times, when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The keeners lamented; the country people had a wake before the funeral and a dinner after it — and there was an end. But with the march of mind came trouble and vexation. A man has nowadays no certainty of quietness in his coffin — unless it be a patent one. He is laid down in the grave and, the next morning, finds himself called upon to demonstrate an interesting fact! No one, I believe, admires this ceremony; and it is not to be wondered at that Sir Theodore de Lacy held it in especial horror. "I'd like," he said one evening, "to catch one of the thieves coming after me when I'm dead. By the God of War, I'd break every bone in his body! But," he added with a sigh, "as I suppose I'll not be able to take my own part then, upon you I leave it,

Larry Sweeney, to watch me three days and three nights after they plant me under the sod. There's Dr. Dickenson there — I see the fellow looking at me. Fill your glass, Doctor: here's your health! And shoot him, Larry (do you hear?), shoot the doctor like a cock if he ever comes stirring up my poor old bones from their roost of Inistubber."

"Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the glass which followed this command, "long life to both your honors; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into Dr. Dickenson — Heaven between him and harm! — for wanting your honor away, as if you was a horse's head, to a bonfire. There's nothing, I 'shure you, gintlemin, poor as I am, that would give me greater pleasure."

"We feel obliged, Larry," said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes."

"Is it I pull you out of the grave, indeed?" continued the whipper-in (for such he was); "I'd let nobody pull your honor out of any place, saving 'twas Purgatory; and out of that I'd pull you myself, if I saw you going *there*."

"I am of opinion, Larry," said Dr. Dickenson, "you'd turn tail if you saw Sir Theodore on that road. You might go farther and fair worse, you know."

"Turn tail!" replied Larry. "It's I that wouldn't — I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond" — pointing to a picture of the Prime Saint of Ireland which hung in gilt daubery behind his master's chair, right opposite to him.

To Larry's horror and astonishment the picture, fixing its eyes upon him, winked with the most knowing air, as if acknowledging the appeal.

"What makes you turn so white, then, at the very thought?" said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of our hero in his own way.

"Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a wakeness has come strong over me, gintlemin; and, if you have no objection, I'd like to go into the air for a bit."

Leave was of course granted, and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests: but, as he retreated, he could not avoid casting a glance on the awful picture; and again the Saint winked, with a most malicious smile. It was impossible to endure the repeated infliction, and Larry rushed down the stairs in an agony of fright and amazement.

"Maybe," thought he, "it might be my own eyes that

wasn't quite steady — or the flame of the candle. But no! He winked at me as plain as ever I winked at Judy Donaghue of a May morning. What he manes by it I can't say; but there's no use of thinking about it; no, nor of talking neither, for who'd believe me if I tould them of it?"

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been mentioned, and in due time thereafter was buried, according to the custom of the family, by torchlight in the churchyard of Inistubber. All was fitly performed; and although Dickenson had no design upon the jovial knight — and, if he had not, there was nobody within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such an outrage — yet Larry Sweeney was determined to make good his promise of watching his master. "I'd think little of telling a lie to him, by the way of no harm, when he was alive," said he, wiping his eyes as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead — God rest his soul! — I'd scorn it. So Jack Kinaley, as behooves my first cousin's son, stay you with me here this blessed night, for betune you and I it ain't lucky to stay by one's self in this ruinated old rookery, where ghosts (God help us!) is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar."

"Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinaley, a discharged soldier who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula: "never mind, I say, such botherations. Hain't I lain in bivouac on the field at Salamanca, and Tallawora, and the Pyrumnees, and many another place beside, when there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than kneebuckles in a ridgemint of Highlanders. Here! Let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle. We'll stay snug under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy ——"

"None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin. "As for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed a-fighting, sure that's nothing to the dead — God rest 'em! — that's here. There, you see, they had company, one with the other, and, being killed freshlike that morning, had no heart to stir; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another color."

"Maybe it is," said Jack; "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you see anything; and, after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side under shelter of a grave, and, as his libations had been rather copious during

the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts. He whistled; but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment. He sang; but, when no more than five notes had passed his lips, he found it impossible to get out a sixth, for the chorus reverberated from the ruinous walls was destruction to all earthly harmony. He cleared his throat; he hummed; he stamped; he endeavored to walk. All would not do. He wished sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to Heaven — he dared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other region — without leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his mortal remains in so desperate a place. Flesh and blood could hardly resist it! Even the preternatural snoring of Jack Kinaley added to the horrors of his position; and, if his application to the spirituous soother of grief beside him was frequent, it is more to be deplored on the score of morality than wondered at on the score of metaphysics. He who censures our hero too severely has never watched the body of a dead baronet in the churchyard of Inistubber at midnight. "If it was a common, dacent, quite, well-behaved churchyard a'self," thought Larry, half aloud; "but when 'tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin' ground, which is noted for villainy ——"

"For what, Larry?" inquired a gentleman stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of St. Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high-careering moon.

"For what, Larry?" said the gentleman; "for what do you say the churchyard is noted?"

"For nothing at all, please your honor," replied Larry, "except the height of gentility."

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called glowing garments if, in spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique miter upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral

crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not well be said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror on looking up at the niche, it was no other than St. Colman himself, who had stepped forth indignant, in all probability, at the stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the churchyard of which his Saintship was patron.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity — just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any) — at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. "Well," said he, "Lawrence Sweeney ——"

"How well the old rogue," thought Larry, "knows my name!"

"Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the churchyard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I show you the civilities of the place, for I'm master here, and must do the honors."

"Willingly would I go with your worship," replied our friend; "but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when everything was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir."

"Sir Theodore," said the saint, "will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not."

"But then ——" said Larry.

"Follow me!" cried the saint in a hollow voice; and, casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner, or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, "as a jaw tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers."

The saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry's shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault situated at the west end of the church. In accomplishing this, poor Larry contrived to bestow upon his head an additional organ, the utility of which he was not craniologist enough to discover.

The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in various degrees of decomposition; and excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily

on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followed. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor; but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the Devil drives. I see it's much the same when a Saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end; and, not a little to Larry's amazement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light as from a sky." From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterranean catch club were not idly employed over the bottle.

"Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of St. Colman.

"Be so good," said the saint, mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing."

"Maybe so," thought Larry; "but what that business may be is more than I can tell."

The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamor, and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend when compared with these underground revelers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low arched room where the company was assembled.

And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three and twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitered, stoled, and crosiered, — all living statues of stone, like the saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon, and stars — the inexplicable bear — the mystic temple built by the hand of Hiram — and other symbols of which the uninitiated know nothing. The square, the line, the trowel were

not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labor, however, was over, and, the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the miters, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized compotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Ross, and others of that holy brotherhood. A vacant place, which completed the four and twentieth, was kept for St. Colman, who, as everybody knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the President to inform him that he had brought the man.

The man (Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself, and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight and forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself.

"You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry," said St. Patrick. "This is our chapter night, and myself and brethren are here assembled on merry occasion! — You know who I am?"

"God bless your Riverince!" said Larry, "it's I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is" — lowering his voice — "pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church."

"You may as well say it out, Larry," said St. Patrick. "And don't think I'm going to be angry with you about it, for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember the other night saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of Purgatory if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words."

"Y-e-e-s," said Larry, most mournfully, for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture.

"And," continued St. Patrick, "you remember also that I gave you a wink, which, you know, is as good any day as a nod — at least, to a blind horse."

"I'm sure your Riverince," said Larry, with a beating heart, "is too much of a gintleman to hold a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening; and therefore ——"

"I was thinking so," said the saint. "I guessed you'd

prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?"

A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly. The verdict was short but decisive: —

"Knock out his brains!"

And, in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four and twenty rose at once, and, with their immovable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero, — who, horror-struck with the sight as he was, could not close his, — they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loophole of retreat — there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted crosiers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained — and Larry sank upon his knees.

"Ah then!" said he; "gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to — no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name — might I not as well make up my mind to go there alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him, as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a pat-thren?"

"You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crosier the advancing assailants, who thereupon returned to their seats. "I'm glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey."

"And how, please your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry.

"Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you aren't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you."

"And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin saint (perhaps Michan), "take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest."

"Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start."

"All right behind?" cried St. Patrick.

"All right!" was the reply.

In an instant vault, table, saints, bell, church faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard, and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. [It was in all probability the flight of the saints returning to Heaven; but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing.] He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid-sky to the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length a long white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight.

"That," said St. Colman, "is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read ——"

"And how could I, please your worship," said Larry, "seein' I don't know a B from a bull's foot?"

"Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools; and, if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north you see a bright speck?"

"I do."

"That marks the upward path — narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road — broad, smooth, and easy of descent. That is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best; be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences."

His guide had scarcely vanished when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance; and, turning his eyes in the

quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a host of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group Larry recognized his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others recognized the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron.

"What brings a living person," said the man in black, "on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeney, for trespassing. You have no business here."

"I have come," said Larry, plucking up courage, "to bring your honor's glory a letter from a company of gintlemin with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening underneath the ould church of Inistubber."

"A letter?" said the man in black. "Where is it?"

"Here, my lord," said Larry.

"Ho!" cried the black gentleman on opening it; "I know the handwriting. It won't do, however, my lad; — I see they want to throw dust in my eyes."

"Whew!" thought Larry. "That's the very thing. 'Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I'd lay a ten-penny to a brass farthing that it's filled with Lundyfoot."

Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied in reading the letter; — and the experiment was successful.

"Curses! Tche — tche — tche — curses on it!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.

"Run, you villains, run," cried Larry to the ghosts; "run, you villains, now that his eyes are off you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! Run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck!"

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with the measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their

shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some, scudding about at random, took the right-hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck is not recorded; but, as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice.

Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching; and, looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for in his haste he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon? Up started Larry; — away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church. Thither ran our hero,

> As darts the dolphin from the shark,
> Or the deer before the hounds;

and after him — fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds — fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared, the chancel entered, and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is impossible; the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair.

"You are mine!" cried the demon. "If I have lost any of my flock, I have at least got you!"

"O St. Patrick!" exclaimed our hero in horror. "O St. Patrick, have mercy upon me, and save me!"

"I tell you what, Cousin Larry," said Kinaley, chucking him up from behind a gravestone where he had fallen, "all the St Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton if he caught you sleeping on your post as I've caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier he'd have had the provost marshal upon you, and I'd not give twopence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?"

"Nothing at all," said Larry, scratching his head; "but it was an unlucky dream, and I'm glad it's over."

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

[Richard Harris Barham, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"
My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"
Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him banged:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Ropedancers a score
I've seen before —
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab —
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street, and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay —
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall;
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the ginshop, and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * * * *

The clock strikes twelve — it is dark midnight —
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *within*," "heavy wet,"
Ale glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys — rare work for the jaws, —
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin toddy,
And laughing at everything, and everybody.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
— "Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!
Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and sinks,
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptances all the bill brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
It seemed that the mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all — save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery —
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree!

And hark! — a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulcher's tower strikes — Eight! —
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell —
And see, — from forth that opening door
They come! — He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
— God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer;
That heaving chest! — Enough, — 'tis done!
The bolt has fallen! — the spirit is gone —
For weal or for woe is known but to One! —
— Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! — Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past; — with its earliest chime
The chord is severed, its lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine! — 'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then — my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!

And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hollo! hollo!
Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—
What's to be done?
We've missed all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.
What was to be done!—The man was dead!
Naught *could* be done—naught could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

THE AULD LICHTS.[1]

By J. M. BARRIE.

[James Matthew Barrie: A Scotch novelist and playwright; born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, May 9, 1860. He graduated at Edinburgh University in 1882. He engaged first in provincial and then in London journalism, his first great work being the "Auld Licht Idylls," contributed to the *St. James' Gazette*, and collected in 1887. The best of his others are: "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," and a biography of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy." For the stage he has written the successful comedies "Walker, London," "The Professor's Love Story," and "The Little Minister," a dramatization of his own novel.]

Lads and Lasses.

With the severe Auld Lichts the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road; Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty [resiny] roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes. This ceremony was common to all; but here divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his high-backed arm-

[1] By permission of Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 6s.)

AULD LICHTS

From a painting by Thomas Faed

chair by the hearth, Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress" in hand, occasionally lapsing into slumber. But — though, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk — there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dandered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysteriously of women.

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Cœlebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the townhouse clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, taking in the situation, slowly wend his way home. On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lichts being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keep as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents; but they were generally on the brink of twenty before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance — filling a maid's water pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some heartburning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom loitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark.

A month ago, passing through the shabby familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders; and though Auld Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not immediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervent lover whom I had the right to call my friend.

Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a moonlight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Craigiebuckle. Buxom were Craigiebuckle's "dochters," and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. It was a muddy road through damp grass, and we picked our way silently over its ruts and pools. "I'm thinkin'," Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, "that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty." Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the allotted span of life, the "poors-house" will never know them. As for bonny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lichts groaned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tammas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, too, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Betsy Munn, who vouches for the truth of the story) graciously asked her to come up to the manse on Thursday, at 4 P.M., and drink a dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of course begged modestly to be excused; but a coolness arose over the invitation between her and Janet — who felt slighted — that was only made up at the laying-out of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy nicht, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost, and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles.

Thus the courtship began — often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she "fittit" a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny's grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell's prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father's peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks' eggs on which Bell's clockin hen was to sit, performing some sleight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell's light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have "seen him to the door," and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good night. The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, "Will ye hae's, Bell?" would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, "Ay," with her thumb in her mouth. "Guid nicht to ye, Bell," would be the next remark — "Guid nicht to ye, Jeames," the answer; the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lichts, a man can draw back in certain circumstances, without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Licht lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie's brother looked softly into Easie Tamson's eyes and whispered, "Do you swite [sweat]?" Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie's eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he had to be told of it.

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lichts that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jinny Whamond took, sought to sow the seeds of strife by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and I remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he best kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lichts were only ignorant of the grieve's lass' theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims, too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joey Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and, hastily donning her black mutch, received Willie on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but he had come with the compliments of Tibbie's mother, requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterwards Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I

elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women, and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess' head showed on the window blind, and Andra hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lichts by showers of ha'pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen, seethed in front, and making a bolt for it to the "'Soah," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first," the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening wynd.

The guests were packed hot and solemn in Johnny Allardice's "room": the men anxious to surrender their seats to the ladies who happened to be standing, but too bashful to propose it; the ham and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hissing out every now and then to let all whom it might concern know that Janet Craik was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never lived; but, oh, the hypocrisy of the face that beamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but politely show them in, and gasped next moment with upraised arms, over what was nearly a fall in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spleet new" merino dress fell, to the pulling of a string, over her homemade petticoat, like the drop scene in a theater, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotlessness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lichts was on all occasions as somber as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lichts congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols; but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at curls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed

into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eyes closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings, the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshiping him (though he never hesitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoying; and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice, our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty tea. Mr. Dishart presided with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marveled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."

Sam'l's station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lichts sprung than the penny wedding, where the only revelers that were not out of pocket by it were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding. The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an

adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus' sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board; but though fowls were plentiful, and even white bread too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled, — without exception, so far as my memory carries me, — the guidwife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whisky and water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry, with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn, the more their host smiled and rubbed his hands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at his penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other.

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding chariots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lichts being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tea over, we formed in couples, and — the best man with the bride, the bridegroom with the best maid, leading the way — marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibbie's new home, between lines of hoarse and eager onlookers. An attempt was made by an itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abhorrent to sound Auld Lichts, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the

ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bareheaded and solemn, into the newly married couple's house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous arm, in a disheveled sleeve, pounding a pair of urchins who had got between her and a muddy ha'penny.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lichts took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas' request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whisky and refused it, the others, as if pained even at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dying fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

Davit Lunan's Political Reminiscences.

When an election day comes round now, it takes me back to the time of 1832. I would be eight or ten year old at that time. James Strachan was at the door by five o'clock in the morning in his Sabbath clothes, by arrangement. We was to go up to the hill to see them building the bonfire. Moreover, there was word that Mr. Scrimgour was to be there tossing pennies, just like at a marriage. I was wakened before that by my mother at the pans and bowls. I have always associated elections since that time with jelly making; for just as my mother would fill the cups and tankers and bowls with jelly to save cans, she was emptying the pots and pans to make way for the ale and porter. James and me was to help to carry it home from the square — him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, because I was silly for my age and not strong in the arms.

It was a very blowy morning, though the rain kept off, and what part of the bonfire had been built already was found scattered to the winds. Before we rose a great mass of folk was getting the barrels and things together again; but some of

them was never recovered, and suspicion pointed to William Geddes, it being well known that William would not hesitate to carry off anything if unobserved. More by token Chirsty Lamby had seen him rolling home a barrowful of firewood early in the morning, her having risen to hold cold water in her mouth, being down with the toothache. When we got up to the hill everybody was making for the quarry, which being more sheltered was now thought to be a better place for the bonfire. The masons had struck work, it being a general holiday in the whole country side. There was a great commotion of people, all fine dressed and mostly with glengarry bonnets; and me and James was well acquaint with them, though mostly weavers and the like and not my father's equal. Mr. Scrimgour was not there himself; but there was a small active body in his room as tossed the money for him fair enough; though not so liberally as was expected, being mostly ha'pence where pennies was looked for. Such was not my father's opinion, and him and a few others only had a vote. He considered it was a waste of money giving to them that had no vote and so taking out of other folks' mouths, but the little man said it kept everybody in good humor and made Mr. Scrimgour popular. He was an extraordinary affable man and very spirity, running about to waste no time in walking, and gave me a shilling, saying to me to be a truthful boy and tell my father. He did not give James anything, him being an orphan, but clapped his head and said he was a fine boy.

The Captain was to vote for the Bill if he got in, the which he did. It was the Captain was to give the ale and porter in the square like a true gentleman. My father gave a kind of laugh when I let him see my shilling, and said he would keep care of it for me; and sorry I was I let him get it, me never seeing the face of it again to this day. Me and James was much annoyed with the women, especially Kitty Davie, always pushing in when there was tossing, and tearing the very ha'pence out of our hands: us not caring so much about the money, but humiliated to see women mixing up in politics. By the time the topmost barrel was on the bonfire there was a great smell of whisky in the quarry, it being a confined place. My father had been against the bonfire being in the quarry, arguing that the wind on the hill would have carried off the smell of the whisky; but Peter Tosh said they did not want the smell carried off, — it would be agreeable to the masons for weeks to

come. Except among the women there was no fighting nor wrangling at the quarry, but all in fine spirits.

I misremember now whether it was Mr. Scrimgour or the Captain that took the fancy to my father's pigs; but it was this day, at any rate, that the Captain sent him the gamecock. Whichever one it was that fancied the litter of pigs, nothing would content him but to buy them, which he did at thirty shillings each, being the best bargain ever my father made. Nevertheless I'm thinking he was windier of the cock. The Captain, who was a local man when not with his regiment, had the grandest collection of fighting cocks in the county, and sometimes came into the town to try them against the town cocks. I mind well the large wicker cage in which they were conveyed from place to place, and never without the Captain near at hand. My father had a cock that beat all the other town cocks at the cockfight at our school, which was superintended by the elder of the kirk to see fair play; but the which died of its wounds the next day but one. This was a great grief to my father, it having been challenged to fight the Captain's cock. Therefore it was very considerate of the Captain to make my father a present of his bird; father, in compliment to him, changing its name from the "Deil" to the "Captain."

During the forenoon, and I think until well on in the day, James and me was busy with the pitcher and the flagon. The proceedings in the square, however, was not so well conducted as in the quarry, many of the folk there assembled showing a mean and grasping spirit. The Captain had given orders that there was to be no stint of ale and porter, and neither there was; but much of it lost through hastiness. Great barrels was hurled into the middle of the square, where the country wives sat with their eggs and butter on market day, and was quickly stove in with an ax or paving stone or whatever came handy. Sometimes they would break into the barrel at different points; and then, when they tilted it up to get the ale out at one hole, it gushed out at the bottom till the square was flooded. My mother was fair disgusted when told by me and James of the waste of good liquor. It is gospel truth I speak when I say I mind well of seeing Singer Davie catching the porter in a pan as it ran down the sire, and, when the pan was full to overflowing, putting his mouth to the stream and drinking till he was as full as the pan. Most of the men, however, stuck to the barrels, the drink running in the street being ale and porter

mixed, and left it to the women and the young folk to do the carrying. Susy M'Queen brought as many pans as she could collect on a barrow, and was filling them all with porter, rejecting the ale; but indignation was aroused against her, and as fast as she filled, the others emptied.

My father scorned to go to the square to drink ale and porter with the crowd, having the election on his mind and him to vote. Nevertheless he instructed me and James to keep up a brisk trade with the pans, and run back across the gardens in case we met dishonest folk in the streets who might drink the ale. Also, said my father, we was to let the excesses of our neighbors be a warning in sobriety to us; enough being as good as a feast, except when you can store it up for the winter. By and by my mother thought it was not safe me being in the streets with so many wild men about, and would have sent James himself, him being an orphan and hardier; but this I did not like, but, running out, did not come back for long enough. There is no doubt that the music was to blame for firing the men's blood, and the result most disgraceful fighting with no object in view. There was three fiddlers and two at the flute, most of them blind, but not the less dangerous on that account; and they kept the town in a ferment, even playing the country-folk home to the farms, followed by bands of townsfolk. They were a quarrelsome set, the plowmen and others; and it was generally admitted in the town that their overbearing behavior was responsible for the fights. I mind them being driven out of the square, stones flying thick; also some stand-up fights with sticks, and others fair enough with fists. The worst fight I did not see. It took place in a field. At first it was only between two who had been miscalling one another; but there was many looking on, and when the town man was like getting the worst of it the others set to, and a most heathenish fray with no sense in it ensued. One man had his arm broken. I mind Hobart the bellman going about ringing his bell and telling all persons to get within doors; but little attention was paid to him, it being notorious that Snecky had had a fight earlier in the day himself.

When James was fighting in the field, according to his own account, I had the honor of dining with the electors who voted for the Captain, him paying all expenses. It was a lucky accident my mother sending me to the townhouse, where the dinner came off, to try to get my father home at a decent hour,

me having a remarkable power over him when in liquor but at no other time. They were very jolly, however, and insisted on my drinking the Captain's health and eating more than was safe. My father got it next day from my mother for this; and so would I myself, but it was several days before I left my bed, completely knocked up as I was with the excitement and one thing or another. The bonfire, which was built to celebrate the election of Mr. Scrimgour, was set ablaze, though I did not see it, in honor of the election of the Captain; it being thought a pity to lose it, as no doubt it would have been. That is about all I remember of the celebrated election of '32 when the Reform Bill was passed.

RORY O'MORE'S PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

[Samuel Lover, Irish artist, songster, and story-teller, was born in Dublin in 1797. He began as an artist, acquiring repute as a miniature painter and becoming secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. His "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831) gave him reputation as an author. About 1835 he went to London, and became very popular as an entertainer, singing his own songs in companies, to his own music (collected 1839). In 1837 he published the novel "Rory O'More," which was a great success and was dramatized; in 1842 "Handy Andy" appeared. In 1844 he began giving public entertainments with his own songs and recitations, which had great vogue in England and America. He died July 6, 1868.]

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see; — whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sich as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots; — and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. — 'You

can thry them,' says he. — 'How can I thry them?' says I. — 'Pull them on you,' says he. — 'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sich a liberty with them,' says I. — 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. — 'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I. — 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. — 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' — 'How should I know?' says he. — 'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' — 'How do I know his size?' says he. — 'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sich great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveler.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. — 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' — 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. — 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefutted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveler, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the counthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; — but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveler.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed.

"But what I mane is — where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest? — wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop? — yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidince, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sich another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet — and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there; — and lovely cray-thurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon — and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick, — for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for' — and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveler.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveler.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin' — a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it — for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I — and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a

good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! — to call a stick good and light — as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! — to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy' — lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin' sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'* sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins — divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveler.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveler, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveler, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the

counthry. The priest join it! — Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disparse thim — scatther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim: and why should he? — he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveler, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? — sure that's nothin' to his tongue — his words is like swoords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveler.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop: and afther spendin' over an hour — would you b'lieve it? — divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveler.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it — I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop halfway down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I wint back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present? — hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk — but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threwn it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the counthry, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

RORY O'MORE.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more, —
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

DEPENDING UPON OTHERS.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

[Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall (Anna Maria Fielding): An Irish novelist; born in Dublin, January, 1800; died in 1881. At fifteen she removed to London and married (1824) S. C. Hall, editor and critic, with whom she wrote many volumes. Her own works include: "Sketches of Irish Character"

(1828), "The Buccaneer," "The Outlaw," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Character," "Tales of the Irish Peasantry," and numerous short stories. She received a pension of one hundred pounds in 1868.]

"INDEPENDENCE" — it is the word, of all others, that Irishmen, women, and children least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land" or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let me select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighborhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, "as clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with, — those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane."

"Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest? — it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure, — the Lord be praised!"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?"

"To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, — saving your presence, — for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen, he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, anyhow. The child's taken the smallpox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor;

but out o' sight, out o' mind, — the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble, — to say nothing o' myself, — and it is the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane."

"Bad cess to the wheel! I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: 'Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I am yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' says he; 'and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful, and we took a strong cup on the strength of it, and *depinding* on that, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place, — talked the squire over to be sure, — and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house, and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on."

TO A SKYLARK.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

MR. COLLINS' COURTSHIP.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

[JANE AUSTEN: An English novelist, daughter of the rector of Steventon, Hampshire; born December 16, 1775. She resided with her family first at Bath, and finally at Winchester, where she died July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral. Her life was uneventful, and it was not until about 1830 that her works received the recognition they deserved. Of her novels the best-known are: "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), "Pride and Prejudice" (written in 1796, but not published until 1813), "Mansfield Park" (1814), "Persuasion" (1818).]

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: —

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered: —

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy — I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out: —

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins!"

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment,

THE HOME OF JANE AUSTEN AT CHAWTON, WHERE HER PRINCIPAL NOVELS WERE WRITTEN

the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began : —

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying — and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued : —

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool — that she said : 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own ; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ;

and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place — which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent: and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn,' replied Mr Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar erelong."

"Upon my word, sir,' cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my

refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are

circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in willful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library: —

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I

am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news; and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. *I* shall not be able to keep you — and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls: —

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of

Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all — the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismission from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."

ELIZABETH AND LADY CATHERINE.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage

did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth: —

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added: —

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth: —

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner: —

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall

certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it, — if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place — no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this — that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied: —

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you willfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the deter-

mined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? — the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune! Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation: —

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished! I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would

my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement; I know it all — that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honor and credit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duty, honor, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added: —

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter; "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

By THOMAS HOOD.

[Thomas Hood, English poet, was born May 23, 1798, in London; son of a bookseller and nephew of an engraver. A merchant's clerk at thirteen, the engraver's apprentice at nineteen, his health gave out from the confinement of each; he next became a subeditor of the *London Magazine* for two years; then a professional man of letters, editing *The Gem* in 1829, starting the *Comic Annual* in 1830, succeeding Hook as editor of the *New Monthly* in 1841, and starting *Hood's Own* in 1844. He died May 3, 1845. An eleven-volume edition of his works was issued 1882–1884. His fame rests chiefly on his matchless lines "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Fair Ines," "A Deathbed," "I Remember," "Eugene Aram's Dream," etc.; but his humorous pieces, like "The Lost Heir," "Ode to a Child," etc., the tragi-grotesque "Miss Kilmansegg," and others, swell its volume.]

"Drowned! drowned!" — *Hamlet.*

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest. —
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

FROM "HEADLONG HALL."

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[Thomas Love Peacock, English novelist and scholar, was born October 18, 1785, at Weymouth; son of a manufacturer. He was a precocious student; wrote several volumes of verse not memorable (1804–1812), and experimented in drama; was coexecutor of Shelley with Lord Byron; 1815–1817 wrote the novels "Headlong Hall," "Melincourt," and "Nightmare Abbey," and the poem "Rhododaphne." In 1819 he became examiner at the India House with James Mill, and was a valuable official of the East India Company for nearly forty years. He published "Maid Marian" in 1822, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" in 1829, "Crotchet Castle" in 1831. His last novel, "Gryll Grange," appeared in 1860. He also did some good magazine work. He died January 23, 1866.]

The Skull.

When Mr. Escot entered the breakfast room he found the majority of the party assembled, and the little butler very active at his station. Several of the ladies shrieked at the sight of the skull; and Miss Tenorina, starting up in great haste and terror, caused the subversion of a cup of chocolate, which a servant was handing to the Reverend Doctor Gaster, into the nape of the neck of Sir Patrick O'Prism. Sir Patrick, rising impetuously, *to clap an extinguisher*, as he expressed himself, *on the farthing rushlight of the rascal's life*, pushed over the chair of Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire, who, catching for support at the first thing that came in his way, which happened unluckily to be the corner of the tablecloth, drew it instantaneously with him to the floor, involving plates, cups, and saucers in one promiscuous ruin. But as the principal *matériel* of the breakfast apparatus was on the little butler's side table, the confusion occasioned by this accident was happily greater than the damage. Miss Tenorina was so agitated that she was obliged to retire: Miss Graziosa accompanied her through pure sisterly affection and sympathy, not without a lingering look at Sir Patrick, who likewise retired to change his coat, but was very expeditious in returning to resume his attack on the cold partridge. The broken cups were cleared away, the cloth relaid, and the array of the table restored with wonderful celerity.

Mr. Escot was a little surprised at the scene of confusion which signalized his entrance; but, perfectly unconscious that it originated with the skull of Cadwallader, he advanced to seat himself at the table by the side of the beautiful Cephalis, first

placing the skull in a corner, out of the reach of Mr. Cranium, who sat eying it with lively curiosity, and after several efforts to restrain his impatience, exclaimed, "You seem to have found a rarity."

"A rarity indeed," said Mr. Escot, cracking an egg as he spoke; "no less than the genuine and indubitable skull of Cadwallader."

"The skull of Cadwallader!" vociferated Mr. Cranium; "O treasure of treasures!"

Mr. Escot then detailed by what means he had become possessed of it, which gave birth to various remarks from the other individuals of the party: after which, rising from table, and taking the skull again in his hand,

"This skull," said he, "is the skull of a hero, *πάλαι κατατεθνειῶτος*, and sufficiently demonstrates a point, concerning which I never myself entertained a doubt, that the human race is undergoing a gradual process of diminution in length, breadth, and thickness. Observe this skull. Even the skull of our reverend friend, which is the largest and thickest in the company, is not more than half its size. The frame this skull belonged to could scarcely have been less than nine feet high. Such is the lamentable progress of degeneracy and decay. In the course of ages, a boot of the present generation would form an ample chateau for a large family of our remote posterity. The mind, too, participates in the contraction of the body. Poets and philosophers of all ages and nations have lamented this too visible process of physical and moral deterioration. 'The sons of little men,' says Ossian. '*Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσίν*,' says Homer: 'such men as live in these degenerate days.' 'All things,' says Virgil, 'have a retrocessive tendency, and grow worse and worse by the inevitable doom of fate.' 'We live in the ninth age,' says Juvenal, 'an age worse than the age of iron; nature has no metal sufficiently pernicious to give a denomination to its wickedness.' 'Our fathers,' says Horace, 'worse than our grandfathers, have given birth to us, their more vicious progeny, who, in our turn, shall become the parents of a still viler generation.' You all know the fable of the buried Piet, who bit off the end of a pickax, with which sacrilegious hands were breaking open his grave, and called out with a voice like subterranean thunder, *I perceive the degeneracy of your race by the smallness of your little finger!* videlicet, the pickax. This, to be sure, is a fiction; but it shows the preva-

lent opinion, the feeling, the conviction, of absolute, universal, irremediable deterioration."

"I should be sorry," said Mr. Foster, "that such an opinion should become universal, independently of my conviction of its fallacy. Its general admission would tend, in a great measure, to produce the very evils it appears to lament. What could be its effect, but to check the ardor of investigation, to extinguish the zeal of philanthropy, to freeze the current of enterprising hope, to bury in the torpor of skepticism and in the stagnation of despair every better faculty of the human mind, which will necessarily become retrograde in ceasing to be progressive?"

"I am inclined to think, on the contrary," said Mr. Escot, "that the deterioration of man is accelerated by his blindness — in many respects willful blindness — to the truth of the fact itself, and to the causes which produce it; that there is no hope whatever of ameliorating his condition but in a total and radical change of the whole scheme of human life, and that the advocates of his indefinite perfectibility are in reality the greatest enemies to the practical possibility of their own system, by so strenuously laboring to impress on his attention that he is going on in a good way, while he is really in a deplorably bad one."

"I admit," said Mr. Foster, "there are many things that may, and therefore will, be changed for the better."

"Not on the present system," said Mr. Escot, "in which every change is for the worse."

"In matters of taste I am sure it is," said Mr. Gall: "there is, in fact, no such thing as good taste left in the world."

"Oh, Mr. Gall!" said Miss Philomela Poppyseed, "I thought my novel ——"

"My paintings," said Sir Patrick O'Prism ——

"My ode," said Mr. MacLaurel ——

"My ballad," said Mr. Nightshade ——

"My plan for Lord Littlebrain's park," said Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire ——

"My essay," said Mr. Treacle ——

"My sonata," said Mr. Chromatic ——

"My claret," said Squire Headlong ——

"My lectures," said Mr. Cranium ——

"Vanity of vanities," said the Reverend Doctor Gaster, turning down an empty egg-shell; "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The Proposals.

The chorus which celebrated the antiquity of her lineage, had been ringing all night in the ears of Miss Brindle-mew Grimalkin Phœbe Tabitha Ap-Headlong, when, taking the squire aside, while the visitors were sipping their tea and coffee, "Nephew Harry," said she, "I have been noting your behavior, during the several stages of the ball and supper; and, though I cannot tax you with any want of gallantry, for you are a very gallant young man, Nephew Harry, very gallant —I wish I could say as much for every one" (added she, throwing a spiteful look towards a distant corner, where Mr. Jenkison was sitting with great *nonchalance*, and at the moment dipping a rusk in a cup of chocolate); "but I lament to perceive that you were at least as pleased with your lakes of milk punch, and your bottles of Champagne and Burgundy, as with any of your delightful partners. Now, though I can readily excuse this degree of incombustibility in the descendant of a family so remarkable in all ages for personal beauty as ours, yet I lament it exceedingly, when I consider that, in conjunction with your present predilection for the easy life of a bachelor, it may possibly prove the means of causing our ancient genealogical tree, which has its roots, if I may so speak, in the foundations of the world, to terminate suddenly in a point: unless you feel yourself moved by my exhortations to follow the example of all your ancestors, by choosing yourself a fitting and suitable helpmate to immortalize the pedigree of Headlong Ap-Rhaiader."

"Egad!" said Squire Headlong, "that is very true; I'll marry directly. A good opportunity to fix on some one, now they are all here; and I'll pop the question without further ceremony."

"What think you," said the old lady, "of Miss Nanny Glen-Du, the lineal descendant of Llewelyn Ap-Yorwerth?"

"She won't do," said Squire Headlong.

"What say you, then," said the lady, "to Miss Williams, of Pontyglasrhydyrallt, the descendant of the ancient family of——?"

"I don't like her," said Squire Headlong; "and as to her ancient family, that is a matter of no consequence. I have antiquity enough for two. They are all moderns, people of

yesterday, in comparison with us. What signify six or seven centuries, which are the most they can make up?"

"Why, to be sure," said the aunt, "on that view of the question, it is no consequence. What think you, then, of Miss Owen, of Nidd-y-Gygfraen? She will have six thousand a year."

"I would not have her," said Squire Headlong, "if she had fifty. I'll think of somebody presently. I should like to be married on the same day with Caprioletta."

"Caprioletta!" said Miss Brindle-mew; "without my being consulted."

"Consulted!" said the squire: "I was commissioned to tell you, but somehow or other I let it slip. However, she is going to be married to my friend Mr. Foster, the philosopher."

"Oh!" said the maiden aunt, "that a daughter of our ancient family should marry a philosopher! It is enough to make the bones of all the Ap-Rhaiaders turn in their graves!"

"I happen to be more enlightened," said Squire Headlong, "than any of my ancestors were. Besides, it is Caprioletta's affair, not mine. I tell you, the matter is settled, fixed, determined; and so am I, to be married on the same day. I don't know, now I think of it, whom I can choose better than one of the daughters of my friend Chromatic."

"A Saxon!" said the aunt, turning up her nose, and was commencing a vehement remonstrance; but the squire, exclaiming "Music has charms!" flew over to Mr. Chromatic, and, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, asked him "how he should like him for a son-in-law?" Mr. Chromatic, rubbing his shoulder, and highly delighted with the proposal, answered, "Very much indeed:" but, proceeding to ascertain which of his daughters had captivated the squire, the squire demurred, and was unable to satisfy his curiosity. "I hope," said Mr. Chromatic, "it may be Tenorina; for I imagine Graziosa has conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism."—"Tenorina, exactly," said Squire Headlong; and became so impatient to bring the matter to a conclusion, that Mr. Chromatic undertook to communicate with his daughter immediately. The young lady proved to be as ready as the squire, and the preliminaries were arranged in a little more than five minutes.

Mr. Chromatic's words, that he imagined his daughter Graziosa had conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism, were not lost on the squire, who at once determined to have as

many companions in the scrape as possible, and who, as soon as he could tear himself from Mrs. Headlong elect, took three flying bounds across the room to the baronet, and said, "So, Sir Patrick, I find you and I are going to be married?"

"Are we?" said Sir Patrick: "then sure won't I wish you joy, and myself too? for this is the first I have heard of it."

"Well," said Squire Headlong, "I have made up my mind to it, and you must not disappoint me."

"To be sure I won't, if I can help it," said Sir Patrick; "and I am very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble off my hands. And pray, now, who is it that I am to be metamorphosing into Lady O'Prism?"

"Miss Graziosa Chromatic," said the squire.

"Och violet and vermilion!" said Sir Patrick; "though I never thought of it before, I dare say she will suit me as well as another: but then you must persuade the ould Orpheus to draw out a few *notes* of rather a more magical description than those he is so fond of scraping on his crazy violin."

"To be sure he shall," said the squire; and, immediately returning to Mr. Chromatic, concluded the negotiation for Sir Patrick as expeditiously as he had done for himself.

The squire next addressed himself to Mr. Escot: "Here are three couple of us going to throw off together, with the Reverend Doctor Gaster for whipper-in: now, I think you cannot do better than make the fourth with Miss Cephalis; and then, as my father-in-law that is to be would say, we shall compose a very harmonious octave."

"Indeed," said Mr. Escot, "nothing would be more agreeable to both of us than such an arrangement: but the old gentleman, since I first knew him, has changed, like the rest of the world, very lamentably for the worse: now, we wish to bring him to reason, if possible, though we mean to dispense with his consent, if he should prove much longer refractory."

"I'll settle him," said Squire Headlong, and immediately posted up to Mr. Cranium, informing him that four marriages were about to take place by way of a merry winding up of the Christmas festivities.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Cranium; "and who are the parties?"

"In the first place," said the squire, "my sister and Mr. Foster: in the second, Miss Graziosa Chromatic and Sir Patrick O'Prism: in the third, Miss Tenorina Chromatic and your

humble servant: and in the fourth, to which, by the bye, your consent is wanted ——"

"Oho!" said Mr. Cranium.

"Your daughter," said Squire Headlong.

"And Mr. Panscope?" said Mr. Cranium.

"And Mr. Escot," said Squire Headlong. "What would you have better? He has ten thousand virtues."

"So has Mr. Panscope," said Mr. Cranium; "he has ten thousand a year."

"Virtues?" said Squire Headlong.

"Pounds," said Mr. Cranium.

"I have set my mind on Mr. Escot," said the squire.

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Cranium, "for dethroning me from my paternal authority."

"Who fished you out of the water?" said Squire Headlong.

"What is that to the purpose?" said Mr. Cranium. "The whole process of the action was mechanical and necessary. The application of the poker necessitated the ignition of the powder: the ignition necessitated the explosion: the explosion necessitated my sudden fright, which necessitated my sudden jump, which, from a necessity equally powerful, was in a curvilinear ascent: the descent, being in a corresponding curve, and commencing at a point perpendicular to the extreme line of the edge of the tower, I was, by the necessity of gravitation, attracted, first, through the ivy, and secondly through the hazel, and thirdly through the ash, into the water beneath. The motive or impulse thus adhibited in the person of a drowning man, was as powerful on his material compages as the force of gravitation on mine; and he could no more help jumping into the water than I could help falling into it."

"All perfectly true," said Squire Headlong; "and, on the same principle, you make no distinction between the man who knocks you down and him who picks you up."

"I make this distinction," said Mr. Cranium, "that I avoid the former as a machine containing a peculiar *cataballitive* quality, which I have found to be not consentaneous to my mode of pleasurable existence; but I attach no moral merit or demerit to either of them, as these terms are usually employed, seeing that they are equally creatures of necessity, and must act as they do from the nature of their organization. I no more blame or praise a man for what is called vice or virtue, than I tax a tuft of hemlock with malevolence, or discover great philan-

thropy in a field of potatoes, seeing that the men and the plants are equally incapacitated, by their original internal organization, and the combinations and modifications of external circumstances, from being anything but what they are. *Quod victus fateare necesse est.*"

"Yet you destroy the hemlock," said Squire Headlong, "and cultivate the potato; that is my way, at least."

"I do," said Mr. Cranium; "because I know that the farinaceous qualities of the potato will tend to preserve the great requisites of unity and coalescence in the various constituent portions of my animal republic; and that the hemlock, if gathered by mistake for parsley, chopped up small with butter, and eaten with a boiled chicken, would necessitate a great derangement, and perhaps a total decomposition, of my corporeal mechanism."

"Very well," said the squire; "then you are necessitated to like Mr. Escot better than Mr. Panscope?"

"That is a *non sequitur*," said Mr. Cranium.

"Then this is a *sequitur*," said the squire: "Your daughter and Mr. Escot are necessitated to love one another; and, unless you feel necessitated to adhibit your consent, they will feel necessitated to dispense with it; since it does appear to moral and political economists to be essentially inherent in the eternal fitness of things."

Mr. Cranium fell into a profound reverie: emerging from which, he said, looking Squire Headlong full in the face, "Do you think Mr. Escot would give me that skull?"

"Skull!" said Squire Headlong.

"Yes," said Mr. Cranium, "the skull of Cadwallader."

"To be sure he will," said the squire.

"Ascertain the point," said Mr. Cranium.

"How can you doubt it?" said the squire.

"I simply know," said Mr. Cranium, "that if it were once in my possession, I would not part with it for any acquisition on earth, much less for a wife. I have had one: and, as marriage has been compared to a pill, I can very safely assert that *one is a dose;* and my reason for thinking that he will not part with it is, that its extraordinary magnitude tends to support his system, as much as its very marked protuberances tend to support mine; and you know his own system is of all things the dearest to every man of liberal thinking and a philosophical tendency."

The squire flew over to Mr. Escot. "I told you," said he, "I would settle him: but there is a very hard condition attached to his compliance."

"I submit to it," said Mr. Escot, "be it what it may."

"Nothing less," said Squire Headlong, "than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the skull of Cadwallader."

"I resign it," said Mr. Escot.

"The skull is yours," said the squire, skipping over to Mr. Cranium.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Cranium.

"The lady is yours," said the squire, skipping back to Mr. Escot.

"I am the happiest man alive," said Mr. Escot.

"Come," said the squire, "then there is an amelioration in the state of the sensitive man."

"A slight oscillation of good in the instance of a solitary individual," answered Mr. Escot, "by no means affects the solidity of my opinions concerning the general deterioration of the civilized world; which when I can be induced to contemplate with feelings of satisfaction, I doubt not but that I may be persuaded *to be in love with tortures, and to think charitably of the rack.*" [Jeremy Taylor.]

Saying these words, he flew off as nimbly as Squire Headlong himself, to impart the happy intelligence to his beautiful Cephalis.

Mr. Cranium now walked up to Mr. Panscope, to condole with him on the disappointment of their mutual hopes. Mr. Panscope begged him not to distress himself on the subject, observing, that the monotonous system of female education brought every individual of the sex to so remarkable an approximation of similarity, that no wise man would suffer himself to be annoyed by a loss so easily repaired; and that there was much truth, though not much elegance, in a remark which he had heard made on a similar occasion by a post captain of his acquaintance, "that there never was a fish taken out of the sea, but left another as good behind."

Mr. Cranium replied that no two individuals having all the organs of the skull similarly developed, the universal resemblance of which Mr. Panscope had spoken could not possibly exist. Mr. Panscope rejoined; and a long discussion ensued, concerning the comparative influence of natural organization and artificial education, in which the beautiful Cephalis was

totally lost sight of, and which ended, as most controversies do, by each party continuing firm in his own opinion, and professing his profound astonishment at the blindness and prejudices of the other.

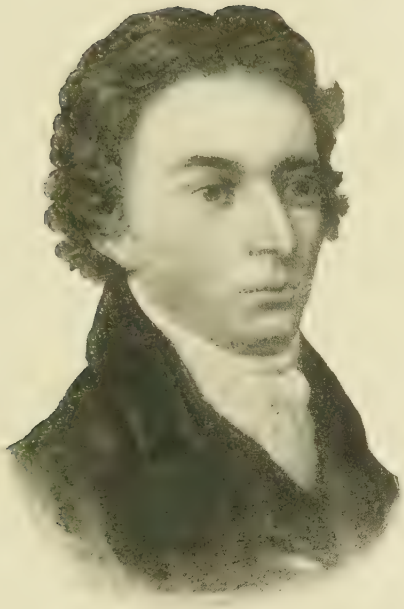
In the mean while, a great confusion had arisen at the outer doors, the departure of the ball visitors being impeded by a circumstance which the experience of ages had discovered no means to obviate. The grooms, coachmen, and postilions were all drunk. It was proposed that the gentlemen should officiate in their places: but the gentlemen were almost all in the same condition. This was a fearful dilemma: but a very diligent investigation brought to light a few servants and a few gentlemen not above *half-seas-over;* and by an equitable distribution of these rarities, the greater part of the guests were enabled to set forward, with very nearly an even chance of not having their necks broken before they reached home.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, English man of letters, was born in Bristol, August 12, 1774. He was a precocious bookworm, but at cross-purposes with all his schools, which ended at Balliol, Oxford. After toying with a communistic scheme called "Pantisocracy," traveling somewhat, and making essays in the "learned professions," he settled down to the life of a literary producer in all forms, in a permanent home at Greta Hall, where Coleridge's family came to live with him. He was made poet laureate in 1813, and died March 21, 1843. His poems fill ten volumes and his prose works some forty, few of them remembered now, though his name is part of familiar literary history. Of his prose, the "Lives" of Nelson, Cowper, and Wesley are best; of his poems, a few short ones — "The Battle of Blenheim," "The Cataract of Lodore," "You are Old, Father William," etc. — are stock pieces, while "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," and "The Vision of Judgment" are familiar names from the burlesques they incited.]

How does the water come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time,
Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.



ROBERT SOUTHEY

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter — hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—

THE HOME OF SOUTHEY, GRETA HALL, NEAR KESWICK, WHERE S. T. COLERIDGE ALSO LIVED FOR A TIME

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

By CHARLES LAMB.

[Charles Lamb: An English essayist; born in London, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, December, 1834. He was a fellow-pupil with Coleridge at the school of Christ's Hospital; in 1789 obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House; from 1792 to 1825 was an accountant in the East India Company, then retiring on a pension. His "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poetry for Children," with his sister Mary Lamb, are permanently popular; but his fame rests on a series of essays contributed to the *London Magazine*, appearing in collected form as the "Essays of Elia" (1823) and "Last Essays of Elia" (1833), and on his delightful letters.]

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may

think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord!" — with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and

the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbledehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous. O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food, the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing" — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars.

See him in the dish his second cradle, how meek he lieth! wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away —

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coal heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent; a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish, but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig, let me speak his praise, is no less provocative of the

appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like *Lear*, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined; I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of the day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in

thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake, and what should I say to her the next time I saw her; how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

CHARLES LAMB.[1]

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Mr. Walter Bagehot preferred Hazlitt to Lamb, reckoning the former much the greater writer. The preferences of such a man as Bagehot are not to be lightly disregarded, least of all when their sincerity is vouched for, as in the present case, by half a hundred quotations from the favored author. Certainly no writer repays a literary man's devotion better than Hazlitt, of whose twenty seldom-read volumes hardly a page but glitters with quotable matter, — the true ore, to be had for the cost of cartage. You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas. Opinions, no doubt, differ as to how many quotations a writer is entitled to, but, for my part, I like to see an author leapfrog into his subject over the back of a brother.

I do not remember whether Bagehot has anywhere given his reasons for his preference — the open avowal whereof drove Crabb Robinson well-nigh distracted; and it is always rash to find reasons for a faith you do not share; but probably they partook of the nature of a complaint that Elia's treatment of men and things (meaning by things, books) is often fantastical, unreal, even a shade insincere; whilst Hazlitt always at least aims at the center, whether he hits it or not. Lamb dances round a subject; Hazlitt grapples with it. So far as Hazlitt is concerned, doubtless this is so; his literary method seems to realize the agreeable aspiration of Mr. Browning's "Italian in England": —

> I would grasp Metternich until
> I felt his wet red throat distill
> In blood thro' these two hands.

Hazlitt is always grasping some Metternich. He said himself that Lamb's talk was like snapdragon, and his own "not very much unlike a game of ninepins." Lamb, writing to him on one occasion about his son, wishes the little fellow a "smoother head of hair and somewhat of a better temper than his father"; and the pleasant words seem to call back from the past the stormy figure of the man who loved art, literature, and the drama with a consuming passion, who has described books and

[1] By permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.

CHARLES LAMB

plays, authors and actors, with a fiery enthusiasm and reality quite unsurpassable, and who yet, neither living nor dead, has received his due meed of praise. Men still continue to hold aloof from Hazlitt, his shaggy head and fierce scowling temper still seem to terrorize, and his very books, telling us though they do about all things most delightful,— poems, pictures, and the cheerful playhouse,— frown upon us from their upper shelf. From this it appears that would a genius insure for himself immortality, he must brush his hair and keep his temper ; but alas ! how seldom can he be persuaded to do either. Charles Lamb did both; and the years as they roll do but swell the rich revenues of his praise.

Lamb's popularity shows no sign of waning. Even that most extraordinary compound, the rising generation of readers, whose taste in literature is as erratic as it is pronounced; who have never heard of James Thomson who sang "The Seasons" (including the pleasant episode of Musidora bathing), but understand by any reference to that name only the striking author of "The City of Dreadful Night"; even these wayward folk — the dogs of whose criticism, not yet full grown, will, when let loose, as some day they must be, cry "havoc" amongst established reputations — read their Lamb, letters as well as essays, with laughter and with love.

If it be really seriously urged against Lamb as an author that he is fantastical and artistically artificial, it must be owned he is so. His humor, exquisite as it is, is modish. It may not be for all markets. How it affected the Scottish Thersites we know only too well,— that dour spirit required more potent draughts to make him forget his misery and laugh. It took Swift or Smollett to move his mirth, which was always, three parts of it, derision. Lamb's elaborateness, what he himself calls his affected array of antique modes and phrases, is sometimes overlooked in these strange days, when it is thought better to read about an author than to read him. To read aloud the "Praise of Chimney Sweepers" without stumbling or halting, not to say mispronouncing, and to set in motion every one of its carefully swung sentences, is a very pretty feat in elocution, for there is not what can be called a natural sentence in it from beginning to end. Many people have not patience for this sort of thing; they like to laugh and move on. Other people again like an essay to be about something really important, and to conduct them to conclusions they deem worth

carrying away. Lamb's views about indiscriminate almsgiving, so far as these can be extracted from his paper "On the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," are unsound, whilst there are at least three ladies still living (in Brighton) quite respectably on their means, who consider the essay entitled "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People" improper. But, as a rule, Lamb's essays are neither unsound nor improper; none the less they are, in the judgment of some, things of naught — not only lacking, as Southey complained they did, "sound religious feeling," but everything else really worthy of attention.

To discuss such congenital differences of taste is idle; but it is not idle to observe that when Lamb is read, as he surely deserves to be, as a whole — letters and poems no less than essays — these notes of fantasy and artificiality no longer dominate. The man Charles Lamb was far more real, far more serious, despite his jesting, more self-contained and self-restrained, than Hazlitt, who wasted his life in the pursuit of the veriest will-o'-the-wisps that ever danced over the most miasmatic of swamps, who was never his own man, and who died, like Brian de Bois Guilbert, "the victim of contending passions." It should never be forgotten that Lamb's vocation was his life. Literature was but his byplay, his avocation in the true sense of that much-abused word. He was not a fisherman but an angler in the lake of letters, — an author by chance and on the sly. He had a right to disport himself on paper, to play the frolic with his own fancies, to give the decalogue the slip, whose life was made up of the sternest stuff, of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense.

Lamb's letters from first to last are full of the philosophy of life; he was as sensible a man as Dr. Johnson. One grows sick of the expressions, "poor Charles Lamb," "gentle Charles Lamb," as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own *ego;* poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs, where he

> Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
> Tormenting himself with his prickles—

call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb, who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned,— and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called "social noise," you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have labored and saved; talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy; least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women, for all will avail you nothing. You get drunk,— and the heartless and the selfish and the lewd crave the privilege of pitying you and receiving your name with an odious smile. It is really too bad.

The completion of Mr. Ainger's edition of Lamb's works deserves a word of commemoration. In our judgment it is all an edition of Lamb's works should be. Upon the vexed question, nowadays so much agitated, whether an editor is to be allowed any discretion in the exclusion from his edition of the rinsings of his author's desk, we side with Mr. Ainger, and think more nobly of the editor than to deny him such a discretion. An editor is not a sweep, and, by the love he bears the author whose fame he seeks to spread abroad, it is his duty to exclude what he believes does not bear the due impress of the author's mind. No doubt as a rule editors have no discretion to be trusted; but happily Mr. Ainger has plenty, and most sincerely do we thank him for withholding from us "A Vision of Horns" and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter." Boldly to assert, as some are found to do, that the editor of a master of style has no choice but to reprint the scraps or notelets that a misdirected energy may succeed in disinterring from the grave the writer had dug for them, is to fail to grasp the distinction between a collector of *curios* and a lover of books. But this policy of exclusion is no doubt a perilous one. Like the Irish members, or Mark Antony's wife, — the "shrill-toned Fulvia," — the missing essays are "good, being gone." Surely, so we are inclined to grumble, the taste was severe that led Mr. Ainger

to dismiss "Juke Judkins." We are not, indeed, prepared to say that Judkins has been wrongfully dismissed, or that he has any right of action against Mr. Ainger, but we could have put up better with his presence than his absence.

Mr. Ainger's introduction to the "Essays of Elia" is admirable; here is a bit of it: —

"Another feature of Lamb's style is its allusiveness. He is rich in quotations, and in my notes I have succeeded in tracing most of them to their source, a matter of some difficulty in Lamb's case, for his inaccuracy is all but perverse. But besides those avowedly introduced as such, his style is full of quotations held, if the expression may be allowed, in solution. One feels, rather than recognizes, that a phrase or idiom or turn of expression is an echo of something that one has heard or read before. Yet such is the use made of the material, that a charm is added by the very fact that we are thus continually renewing our experience of an older day. This style becomes aromatic, like the perfume of faded rose leaves in a china jar. With such allusiveness as this I need not say that I have not meddled in my notes; its whole charm lies in recognizing it for ourselves. The 'prosperity' of an allusion, as of a jest, 'lies in the ear of him that hears it,' and it were doing a poor service to Lamb or his readers to draw out and arrange in order the threads he has wrought into the very fabric of his English."

Then Mr. Ainger's notes are not meddlesome notes, but truly explanatory ones, genuine aids to enjoyment. Lamb needs notes, and yet the task of adding them to a structure so fine and of such nicely studied proportions is a difficult one; it is like building a tool house against La Sainte Chapelle. Deftly has Mr. Ainger inserted his notes, and capital reading do they make; they tell us all we ought to want to know. He is no true lover of Elia who does not care to know who the "Distant Correspondent" was. And Barbara S——. "It was not much that Barbara had to claim." No, dear child! it was not — "a bare half-guinea"; but you are surely also entitled to be known to us by your real name. When Lamb tells us Barbara's maiden name was Street, and that she was three times married — first to a Mr. Dancer, then to a Mr. Barry, and finally to a Mr. Crawford, whose widow she was when he first knew her — he is telling us things that were not, for the true Barbara died a spinster, and was born a Kelly.

Mr. Ainger, as was to be expected, has a full, instructive

note anent the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple. Some hasty editors, with a sorrowfully large experience of Lamb's unblushing fictions and Defoe-like falsehoods, and who, perhaps, have wasted good hours trying to find out all about Miss Barbara's third husband, have sometimes assumed that at all events most of the names mentioned by Lamb in his immortal essay on the Benchers are fictitious. Mr. Ainger, however, assures us that the fact is otherwise. Jekyl, Coventry, Pierson, Parton, Read, Wharry, Jackson, and Mingay, no less than "unruffled Samuel Salt," were all real persons, and were called to the Bench of the Honorable Society by those very names. One mistake, indeed, Lamb makes — he writes of Mr. Twopenny as if he had been a Bencher. Now there never yet was a Bencher of the name of Twopenny, though the mistake is easily accounted for. There was a Mr. Twopenny, a very thin man too, just as Lamb described him, who lived in the Temple; but he was not a Bencher, he was not even a barrister; he was a much better thing, namely, stockbroker to the Bank of England. The holding of this office, which Mr. Ainger rightly calls important, doubtless accounts for Twopenny's constant good humor and felicitous jesting about his own person. A man who has a snug berth other people want feels free to crack such jokes.

Of the contents of these three volumes we can say deliberately what Dr. Johnson said, surely in his haste, of Baxter's three hundred works, "Read them all, they are all good." . Do not be content with the essays alone. It is shabby treatment of an author who has given you pleasure to leave him half unread; it is nearly as bad as keeping a friend waiting. Anyhow, read "Mrs. Leicester's School"; it is nearly all Mary Lamb's, but the more you like it on that account the better pleased her brother would have been.

We are especially glad to notice that Mr. Ainger holds us out hopes of an edition, uniform with the works, of the letters of Charles Lamb [since published]. Until he has given us these, also with notes, his pious labors are incomplete. Lamb's letters are not only the best text of his life, but the best comment upon it. They reveal all the heroism of the man and all the cunning of the author; they do the reader good by stealth. Let us have them speedily, so that honest men may have in their houses a complete edition of at least one author of whom they can truthfully say that they never know whether they most admire the writer or love the man.

THE OWL.

PROBABLY BY JOHN WILSON.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine.*)

[JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North"), the well-known Scotch poet and essayist, was the son of a wealthy manufacturer at Paisley, where he was born May 19, 1785. He attended the University of Glasgow and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a scholar and athlete. On leaving the university, he resided at his beautiful estate of Elleray, on Lake Windermere, and lived in intimate intercourse with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and De Quincey. Losing most of his inherited fortune, he removed to Edinburgh and studied law. In 1820 he was called to the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, retiring in 1853. He died in 1854. His reputation is founded principally upon the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," essays and sketches originally contributed to *Blackwood's* (1822–1835). Other works are the poems "The Isle of Palms" and "The City of the Plague"; "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"; "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," a novel; "Recreations of Christopher North."]

THERE sat an Owl in an old oak tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three!

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song,
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peered for his dad, and said "You're long;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his claw.
Oh, what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do?
Ah! Not so gay was his next to-whoo!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,

He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-whoo;
"Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He called once more, and he shuddered when
No voice replied to his again;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
"Ha — ha — they play me a trick," quoth he,
"They will not speak, — well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the father Owl?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young boy's captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, "Blind, they'll learn to sing;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
It quailed him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo! the little birds are dead."

—But the father Owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, recked not, where!

But whither went the father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he screamed, as they screamed when he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons traveled he
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain,
Many seasons, many years,
Numbered by his burning tears;
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveler passing by;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were, there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
For his only company—
He heard something like a sound
Of horse hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,
A stranger, and a lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew why;
The spoiler looked, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found.—
Starting he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream;
And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry"—
He said—and fled through the forest fast;
The Owl has punished his foe at last—

For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight:
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering!—
Naught could cheer him!—the pale moon,
In whose soft beam he took delight,
He looked at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her—but still she shone—
And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny,
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely lady bright.

The Owl was dozing—but a stroke,
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak,
Shook him from his reverie—
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree.
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him!—he was glad!

And the lovely lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were sealed in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream,
That from a wound on her bosom white—
(Ah! that man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness)—
Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave — the bird
Shrieked aloud — the murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam —
And "Curse on the fiend!" he cried, and flung
His mattock up — it caught and hung —
The felon stood awhile aghast —
Then fled through the forest, fast, fast, fast!

The hardened murderer hath fled —
But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless dead,
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away —
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "Huzza"?
And why is yonder felon given
Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave? — not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high —
There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
With a staring eye and a dismal scowl:
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet!

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